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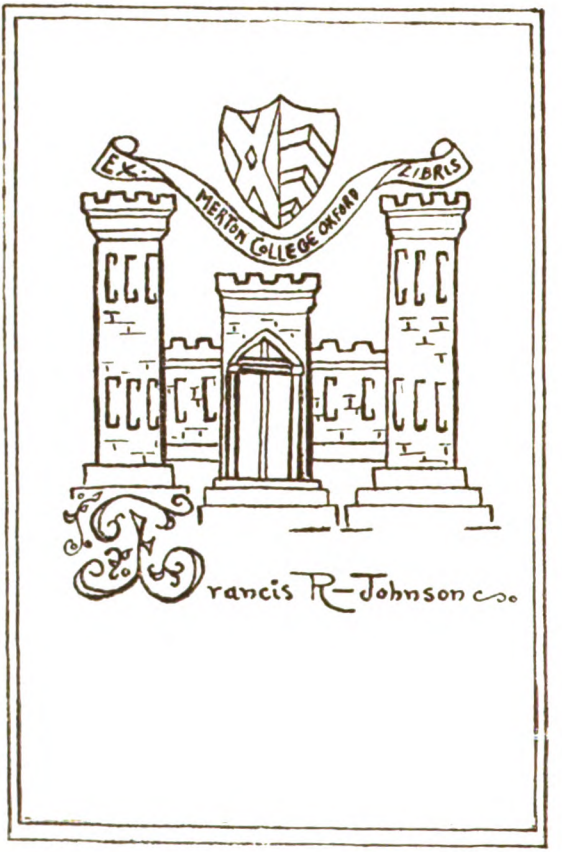

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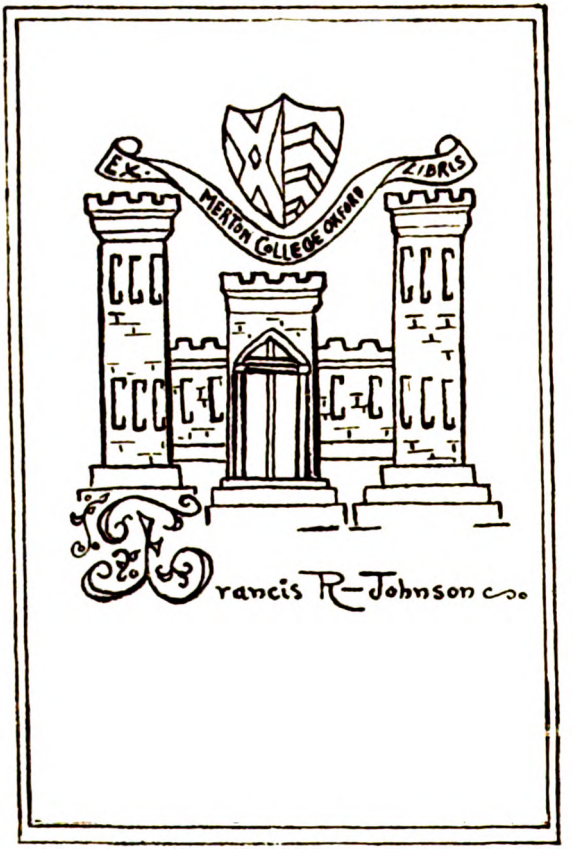

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THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER

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Portrait prefixed to certain editions of *Recreations with the Muses.*

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Stirling, William Alexander

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER

Earl of Stirling

Edited by

L. E. Kastner, M.A.

Professor of French Language and Literature in the University of Manchester

and

H. B. Charlton, M.A.

Senior Lecturer in English Literature in the University of Manchester

Volume the First

THE DRAMATIC WORKS

With an Introductory Essay on the Growth of the Senecan Tradition in Renaissance Tragedy

Printed for the Society by

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS

EDINBURGH AND LONDON

1921

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To the Memory

OF

PRIVATE JOHN LESLIE CHARLTON

EAST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT

WHO WAS KILLED IN ACTION NEAR MAILLET-MAILLY

AUGUST 15, 1918

AND OF

SOUS-LIEUTENANT LOUIS LAILAVOIX

CROIX DE GUERRE

79E RÉGIMENT DE LIGNE

WHO FELL AT VERDUN, APRIL 9, 1916

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PREFACE.

THE attention which scholars in England and abroad are devoting to the side-tracks of Elizabethan literature provides a sufficient reason for collecting and publishing the works of many a minor poet, simply in order that the text may be easily accessible to professed students. And often these second- or third-rate poets throw much more light than their greater brethren on the problems which confront literary historians. Still further, if a particular minor poet happens at the same time to be a person of some consequence apart from his literary activities, it is perhaps not unreasonable to believe that his poems may be of interest to a much larger public. Considerations such as these have prompted us to prepare the present edition of the Poetical Works of Sir William Alexander.

We do not for a moment claim great aesthetic merit for Sir William Alexander; but we would urge that his poetry is an invaluable document for literary historians on account of its relation to the literary movements of his day. In the first place, the greater part of his work was written in the crucial years of the passing from Elizabethan to Jacobean ideals in literature. Moreover, his poetry is the first literary counterpart of the political union of the crowns of England and Scotland, the embodiment of an Anglo-Scottish confederacy in letters. It may, of course, well be that neither country finds much of value in the alliance; and that to a Scot, indeed, Sir William Alexander's eagerness to purge away the outward marks of his

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to add also a Life of Sir William Alexander; but the project is at least deferred and possibly suspended. No less than six biographies,[1] apart from those in standard biographical collections, are available; and although we believe that the question of Sir William Alexander's birth and youth is likely to be further elucidated, and that beyond doubt the history of his colonial experiments needs correction and extension in the light of modern research, we feel that our discoveries up to the present are neither sufficiently important nor sufficiently extensive to justify another complete biography.

Perhaps our decision to issue Volume I., the Dramatic Works, as a separate volume, before Volume II. is quite ready, calls for explanation. We have felt that the material did in fact constitute a volume with a unity and completeness of its own; and that it was that section of his poems to which the author himself attached most importance. These reasons have also prompted us to include the lengthy introductory essay. It is, of course, deliberately entitled "introductory": a separate treatise on the subject would require a different proportioning of the topics handled, and an extension of the data used. Fortunately we can atone somewhat for the space devoted to the essay by economy in that required for the notes; for of the various sorts of material which swell the amount of annotation, luckily Sir William Alexander's dramas call for but few. All that we have thought necessary are

[1] Laing included one in his edition of *The Royal Letters, Charters, and Tracts relating to the Colonization of New Scotland* (Bannatyne Club, 1867). This was followed by E. F. Slafter's *Sir William Alexander and American Colonization* (Boston, the Prince Society, 1873), a book very difficult to procure, which was the main source of the part concerning Alexander himself in the Rev. C. Rogers's *Memorials of the Earl of Stirling and of the House of Alexander* (2 vols., Edinburgh, 1877), although the indebtedness is neither clearly nor fully admitted. Mr. Rogers recounted Alexander's life again in the introduction to his edition of *The Earl of Stirling's Register of Royal Letters, relative to the Affairs of Scotland and Nova Scotia from 1615–1635* (2 vols., Edinburgh, 1885). A biography is also contained in Dr. H. Patterson's "Sir William Alexander and the Scottish Attempt to colonise Arcadia," published in the *Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*, vol. x. (1892). Finally, a further Life of Alexander is dispersed through the pages of R. Menzies Fergusson's *Alexander Hume and his Intimates*.

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references to his historical sources, and brief notes explaining a word here or an allusion there of such relative difficulty that an average reader might be puzzled; but our author does not habitually put his readers into that quandary.

There remains the pleasant duty of expressing our thanks to all those who have helped us in the performance of our task, and more particularly to Professor C. E. Vaughan, who not only placed his knowledge at our disposal during the preparation of this volume, but also freely shouldered the burden of reading it in proof. We desire also to place on record our obligations to Mr. H. Guppy of the John Rylands Library, Manchester, for much generous help in various directions and for providing us with excellent photographs of the portraits and title-pages of the original editions; to Professor G. C. Moore-Smith for the loan of books; to Mr. F. Sutherland Ferguson of the firm of Mr. Bernard Quaritch for valuable bibliographical information; to Mr. F. C. Nicholson, of the Edinburgh University Library, and to Mrs. Ethel Laidlaw, late of the same Library, for assistance in investigating various details and for careful collations of several Alexander items; likewise to Mr. W. K. Dickson, Keeper of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, for his kindness in depositing at the Rylands Library for our use several of the original editions in his custody; and lastly to Mr. H. M. McKechnie, the secretary of the Manchester University Press, for his unfailing patience and courtesy during the many years that this edition, held up by the war like so many other things, has been in preparation.

In conclusion, we should like to add that this volume has been published by the Manchester University Press in co-operation with the Scottish Text Society: without such co-operation, an edition on this scale would have been impossible.

L. E. K.
H. B. C.

MANCHESTER, *October* 1920.

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INTRODUCTION.

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER'S *Monarchicke Tragedies* belong to a group of English Classical dramas which trace their descent directly to Seneca through the French tragedians of the sixteenth century. They were written between 1603 and 1607, and are therefore exactly contemporary with Shakespeare's greatest triumphs in Elizabethan Romantic tragedy. No two types, however, could be more distinct than Shakespeare's and Alexander's tragedies. Yet Seneca had contributed largely to the making of both. Indeed Seneca's influence on the serious drama of most of Western Europe is almost immeasurable. There is much more of him than is generally recognised in Shakespeare's art, and the Senecan parentage of Corneille, Racine, and Alfieri is patent. In effect, the Latin dramatist founded a tradition which at least until the nineteenth century passed through Europe in secure and often undisputed triumph. Undoubtedly the Senecan tradition was greater than Seneca or the Senecans; and the secret of its power was its capacity to adapt itself to widely differing conditions amongst different societies and different races, without losing its substantial identity. By virtue of this the Senecan tradition supplies a link between the many species of tragedy current in Europe, especially in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and to trace the part played by the tradition in any one of these species is commonly to find the immediate clue to their specific character. For these reasons, it is proposed in the following pages to ignore for the moment the small aesthetic worth of the *Monarchicke Tragedies*, and to follow at some length the chief stages of the growth of the Senecan tradition to the time of Sir William Alexander. The main objects are, briefly, to discriminate the types of Senecan drama characteristic of Italy, of France,

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and of England during the sixteenth century, and more particularly to draw attention to the wide, if hitherto almost unnoticed, gulf between the Seneca of Italy and him of France, and the importance of this fact to students of English tragedy. Such a course will lead us finally to Sir William Alexander, whose dramas round off a distinct epoch in the history of Seneca in English.

Our argument will naturally begin with an inquiry into the attractions which Seneca's dramas have of themselves to offer. That will lead to a consideration of the peculiar charm which these attractions had for the generation which saw the revival of classical drama at the dawn of the Renaissance. At that point, the main argument will be interrupted by an excursus on the respective bearing of Greek and Roman tragedy on the tragedy of the sixteenth century. The way will then be clear for following tragedy through the first steps of its entry into modern Europe. Its beginnings in Italy, the attempt of Trissino and his followers to divert its natural course, will bring us to the establishment of what must be called the characteristic Italian Seneca, the Seneca of which Cinthio is the creator. The attributes of Cinthio's Seneca will occupy us at some length. The next stage, naturally and chronologically, will be to turn to France and, with a main regard for divergences from Italian practice, to watch the consolidation of French Seneca from Jodelle to Garnier. Turning finally to England, we must observe the varying fortunes and the various modifications of Seneca in our Elizabethan drama; and ultimately in that way we may be able to see the relation of Sir William Alexander and his group to their fellow-dramatists at home and abroad.

I. SENECA'S TRAGEDIES.

A. THEIR DRAMATIC QUALITIES.

Tragedian, philosopher, rhetorician, one whose fate as Nero's preceptor and victim was in itself the theme [1] of a Senecan tragedy,[2]

[1] See Tristan's tragedy, *La Mort de Sénèque* (1644); Seneca is also one of the *Dramatis Personae* in *Octavia*, one of the ten original "Senecan" plays.

[2] An illuminating account of the place of Seneca in the evolution of tragedy will be found in C. E. Vaughan, *Types of Tragic Drama* (1911).

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Seneca[1] was to most men of the sixteenth century the author of ten tragedies. They are the Roman imitation of Greek tragic drama: they closely resemble Greek drama in most external and formal characteristics, but are devoid of the informing spirit which is both the source and the life of the Greek type. Thus, the performance of tragedy as a religious ritual had determined on the one hand the function and the structural importance of the Chorus as the permanent bond between the religious and the dramatic elements of the play, and on the other hand the sanctity of the orchestra-stage as the place of its celebration. The consequent continuous occupation of this theatrical altar by the Chorus almost necessarily occasioned an unbroken and hence restricted action. The sanctity of the precincts or of the whole celebration proscribed the show of violent deeds as a desecration of holy places, or at least as a violation of ritual tradition.[2] As time and circumstance modify the informing spirit, organic changes vary the outward form: the tendency of the Euripidean Chorus to fall out of organic relation to the theme of the drama is in fact, despite Aristotle's condemnation, a sign that the tragedy of Euripides is alive, an organism finely sensitive to the new conditions presented by the progressive secularisation of drama;

[1] The identification of Seneca the Rhetorician with his son Seneca, who was both Moral Philosopher and Tragedian, caused great confusion to the scholars of the late Middle Ages. From Vincent of Beauvais to Petrarch, they thought of one man only as author of the rhetorical, moral, and dramatic works. Petrarch is one of the first to discriminate, but to discriminate wrongly: he argues that there were two Senecas, one, the elder, who was both *rhetor* and *ethicus*, and the other, the younger, who not only depicted the elder Seneca in his *Octavia* but also wrote the other nine Senecan tragedies. Almost contemporaneously Salutati accepts the two Senecas, an *ethicus* and a *tragicus*, but he is sure that even Seneca *tragicus* did not write *Octavia*, and he goes so far as to suspect that the other nine were not by Seneca *tragicus*. The fifteenth century continued this mistaken distribution of parts: to Aeneas Silvius, Seneca *tragicus* was nephew to the greater Seneca *ethicus*. In the sixteenth century opinion veered towards the conclusions now commonly accepted. But it was not so easy to settle the other question raised by Salutati—whether the ten tragedies were written by one or by more than one author: scholars like Daniel Heinsius and Lipsius postulated three or four authors for the ten plays. However, the bulk of sixteenth-century scholars accepted the verdict of the most popular history of Latin poetry of the century, Crinitus' *De Poetis Latinis* (1505), "Scripsit Tragoedias X."; and the judgement, except in so far as concerns the *Octavia*, was confirmed by the greatest Latin scholar of the century, J. J. Scaliger, "ego illarum novem unum genium atque ideo unum parentem agnosco." Modern scholarship also accepts as Seneca's all but the *Octavia* and part of *Hercules Oetaeus*. The identity of the author of *Octavia* is still unsolved.

[2] But the ritual permitted the exhibition of suicide.

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so too is his greater human interest, so too his more distinctly theatrical preoccupation, such as his skilful manipulation of the plot to engage his Chorus in act and converse, and his extended use of stichomythic dialogue as an earnest of the impulse to a closer, if still idealised, image of actual conversation.

It was a wise instinct which guided Seneca's choice of Euripides as his favourite model.[1] But the life and spirit of Nero's Rome was too different from that of the Athens of Euripides for even his tragic form to be its living voice. The foundations, in fact, of the older drama had entirely disappeared: tragedy in Roman days was completely dissociated from religious life. Thus a vital Roman tragedy would have had to create a new art-form. But the Roman lack of speculative and mystical interests prevented its forging a tragic form. Accordingly the Greek scheme was merely borrowed. Yet the model and the imitation, though closely similar in external qualities, are different species. One or two illustrations will suffice. Determined by ritual association, the presentation of Greek tragedy offers analogy with that of oratorio; it was a mimetic celebration in a liturgical sense more than an acting in the modern sense. But translated to words on paper, this can only be conveyed as a series of longer speeches, the libretto without the score: and this external form is all that can be imitated. Hence Senecan drama is largely a succession of long speeches. Lacking originally a fully secularised histrionic tradition, having lost its ritual tradition, such a drama becomes therefore at best capable of declamatory presentation, and is, in effect, most suitable for reading only as closet drama.[2] It is an elegiac, not a dramatic, species. With the disappearance of the

[1] Of the Greek plays which Seneca recognisably used as sources, seven are by Euripides, six by Sophocles, one by Aeschylus. For three of his plays he relied on Euripides alone, for two only on Sophocles. But whatever his source, he gave it Euripidean qualities. His interest in sexual themes, in revenge motives, his prologising ghosts, his highly rhetorical Nuntius, his chorus dissociated from the plot, its use for uttering his own philosophy, its office to hear the Nuntius's report and to join in a set lament with the sufferer, his pointed stichomythia—all these are primarily Euripidean, although of course they suffer change in the borrowing.

[2] The first builders of the modern Senecan tradition, as we shall see, regarded Seneca's dramas as reading dramas only. The sixteenth-century dramatists and theorists believed that his plays were staged in some way or another. Modern opinion has generally reverted to belief in their being reading plays only. But the most recent book on the classical theatre (Flickinger, *The Greek Theater*, p. 60, *n.* 3) supports by implication an actual stage presentation by reference to Seneca's *Medea*, ll. 973 and 995.

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ritual association there had gone, too, the organic function of the Chorus, the almost inevitable compulsion of the unities, and the obligation to report violent action. But Seneca retains them,[1] and in so doing is establishing a merely formal convention, which is at one and the same time a mark of the low intrinsic worth of his dramatic genius, and an idol powerful to delude his successors into the heresy that there are no dramatic gods but those of form. He tends to stereotype the more fluid elements of the Greek type: his coryphaeus never speaks if more than one actor is present, there are never more than three speakers on the stage at once; and, most conspicuously, it is Seneca who fixes for the Renaissance theatre formal act and scene divisions.[2]

But there is a remarkable disproportion between the vigorous after-life of Seneca's drama and its own intrinsic value. Summarily, the reason for it would seem to be this. Although Seneca's imitative procedure provided him with the dead body of a tragedy almost incapable of dramatic resuscitation, yet his peculiar genius contrived to substitute other forms of activity in its various members so that the machine acquired a semblance of robust life. He diverted dramatic elements, whose organic function had ceased, to powerful but non-dramatic uses. For instance, his Chorus is completely cut off from the action.[3] But its very isolation makes it a more effective device for marking the rigid distribution of the five acts; and its isolation, too, leaves it free to become a unique medium for moralisings on life at large. Similarly, the Nuntius is retained; but he becomes still more

[1] Effectively and substantially he retains them; but an absolute judgement depends on more exact knowledge of their relation to the stage than we have at present. For instance, there are violent deeds of bloodshed in *Hercules Furens*, *Medea*, and *Hippolytus*: but were they acted as such? As we may gather from *Thyestes*, Seneca knew he could narrate these horrors better than stage them.

[2] Seneca, of course, did not initiate this division: it is already prescribed by Horace, "Neve minor neu sit quinto productior actu Fabula" (*A.P.* 189). But since Treveth's (*c.* 1300) edition of Seneca (*vide infra*, p. lxiii) and Mussato's *Ecerinis* (1314) both incorporate the division, it looks as if Seneca is its first sanction for the Renaissance drama.

[3] It is not quite completely cut off from the play, however. It contributes nothing to the action. But Böhm (*Beiträge zur Kenntniss des Einflusses Seneca's auf die in der Zeit von 1552 bis 1562 erschienenen französischen Tragödien*, Leipzig, 1902) reckons fourteen appearances of it within the acts. Its function, however, is merely to take part in the conversation, either casually moralising to prevent lengthy speakers like the Nuntius having no audience, or to swell plangent utterances of woe.

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an epic than a dramatic implement[1]: yet this diversion of function provides Seneca with invaluable occasion for the exercise of his inimitable descriptive faculty. In fact, Seneca's genius must be measured by the skill with which he diverts Tragedy to rhetorical opportunity. The διάνοια of the *Poetics* becomes the *sententiae* of the moralists. Narrative and dramatic stichomythia becomes phrase-making or proverb-mongering. And similarly in larger issues. Nominally, Seneca's themes are the same as those of Greek drama; but the terror they there inspired was controlled by the religious awe which was its basis; and that dissolved, they become in Seneca not terrible but horrible. It is precisely this horror which Seneca emphasises. The doers of terrible deeds, no longer comprehended as elements of an all-embracing divine dispensation, become just the villains of the piece: virtually the theme of personal Revenge is superseding that of divine Retribution; the sense of spiritual nemesis gives way to a theatrical contrivance by which the band of these effective implements of horror is strengthened; the Ghost, appearing however only in two plays, is promoted nevertheless from a supernumerary to a presiding position in the *dramatis personae*. No device for emphasising his effect does Seneca allow to escape him. The apparent drawback of a limited number of characters and of a limited range of action he eagerly embraces, and, indeed, still further limits. In the nature of the case, the one or two persons most involved and the final events involving them in horrible ruin are the most potent sources of effect: hence Seneca's preoccupation with one or at most two central figures and with just the climax of the action; in his *Medea*, for instance, he still further restricts the scope of the *Medea* of Euripides, although the latter play is, for Euripides at all events, a rigorously restricted one.[2] Finally,

[1] Böhm calculates that four messenger narratives are pure monologue scenes, ten have a merely formal introduction or conclusion by a line of dialogue, without any interruption by this other speaker during the whole narration. Five only make some attempt at conversation. It is purely accidental that the messenger-narration, which for its rhetoric was most popular and most imitated in the sixteenth century, viz. the one in *Thyestes*, iv., is one of these interrupted ones. The imitation of it is generally so close that the dialogue-like interruptions are embodied too and often assigned to the Chorus, thus, on a Senecan suggestion, giving rise to a mistaken assumption of extensive Greek influence (see later).

[2] An equally good illustration is provided by the *Phoenissae* of both authors. It is worth noting, too, that the restriction operates in another way. Contrast the Deianira

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when one remembers that this material was disposed with the skill of one trained to the living melodrama of Nero's Rome, that it was decked up in all the glitter of consummate rhetoric and interspersed freely with finely-phrased generalities of stoical wisdom,[1] then one may realise the attraction of Seneca and the source of his stupendous influence.

B. THEIR APPEAL TO THE RENAISSANCE.

When modern tragedy begins with the dawn of the Renaissance, Seneca is its first and only begetter. In the early Middle Ages he had not escaped the oblivion in which all classical drama except Terence was lost.[2] But the distorted classical reminiscences of the Middle Ages shaped a tradition which prepared for Seneca's supremacy. As we may see from Dante's application of the words to narrative poems, comedy and tragedy had lost their distinctively dramatic or theatrical implication: the non-dramatic character of Seneca would leave no expectation

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unsatisfied.[1] Tragedy, in the mediaeval sense, had two essential qualities, a distinctive ending and a distinctive style: "in fine sive exitu est foetida et horribilis," and "in modo loquendi . . . elatè et sublimè."[2] Seneca would satisfy these conditions more obviously than any other classical tragedian: his endings are not only invariably unhappy, whereas sometimes those of Greek tragedy are not, but they are specifically horrible, whereas the Greek instinct was to close in a subdued key, "in calm of mind, all passion spent"; and Seneca's style would immediately catch the eye as immeasurably more "ornate" and "elevated" than that of the Greeks.[3] Further, precisely this rhetorical manner would lend itself admirably to the queer sort of declamatory presentation accompanied by dumb gesticulators which a mis-

[1] His earliest humanist admirers and imitators never associated him with theatrical performances: he wrote and they wrote closet-plays for reading only. Creizenach (*Geschichte des neueren Dramas*, i. 517) records a fourteenth-century translation of Seneca in the Catalan vernacular, which divides the plays not into acts but into chapters. On the other hand, the *editio princeps* (*c.* 1473, probably at Utrecht) of Claudian's *De Raptu Proserpinæ* is entitled *Tragedia heroica*, and divides the poem into two "tragedies," each of three acts; the direct speeches in the poem have headings in the manner of printed plays, whilst the rest have always *Poeta* as a direction at the head.

[2] Letter to Can Grande, § 10. These requisitions really go back to Horace, Donatus, and Diomedes. Diomedes, whilst recording "luctus, exsilia, caedes" as the whole subject of tragedy, does not, however, absolutely require the unhappy ending, "*frequenter et pene semper* laetis rebus exitus tristes"; but Donatus makes it absolute, "exitus funesti," and the Middle Ages concur. As to style, Diomedes records "altissimus stilus"; Donatus indicates the impulse to bombast by noting that the speeches in Terence are appropriate to comedy and not appropriate to tragedy, "ut neque *extumescant* ad tragicam *celsitudinem*."

[3] When modern tragedy was being shaped, these stylistic differences between Greeks and Romans were the only body of differences which had been fully realised. But most scholars and authors were already biassed by the mediaeval tradition (see *n.* 2 above): they took Horace's "ampullas et sesquipedalia verba" literally; Parrhasius, for instance, in the 1533 Estienne edition of Horace (p. 49) writes: "Tragicos . . . decet ampla sententiarum gravitas, verborum majestas; grandiloqui sint, varii, copiosi, vehementes, moveant potiusquam delectent." Inevitably, therefore, Seneca's style seemed finer for tragedy than that of the Greeks; its bombast is generally denominated "sublimitas" or "maestà" (*vide infra*, pp. xxviii, lxxx, etc.). Cinthio charges the Greeks expressly with lacking these qualities, and himself seeks unsuccessfully to attain a Senecan sublimity; but his contemporary, Speroni, atoned for Cinthio's incapacity! There are, of course, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, tragedies without bombast. But that does not always imply an aesthetic preference by the author; to Stoa, for instance, simplicity is a regrettable necessity, "ut possit illud carmen a pueris legi." Yet a few authors, like Trissino, Pazzi, Erasmus, and, to a less extent, Buchanan and Muret, seem consciously and preferably to discard the extravagance of Seneca's rhetoric.

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interpreted gloss on Terence seemed to sanction as the customary manner of performance with the ancients.[1] Finally, the beginnings of popular drama as the handmaid of the mediaeval church threw preponderant emphasis on the moral and didactic features of tragedy. Seneca would be not only better provided in bulk with this commodity than any other ancient tragedian, but would preach a sermon remarkably to mediaeval taste; his favourite themes, the shortness of life, the fickleness of fortune, "fragilitas humanarum rerum," are so close to the mediaeval feeling that all flesh is grass, his supernatural figures relentlessly pursuing the victim to his fate[2] are so forcible an illustration of the hell-fire doom of sinners, that St. Jerome himself stood sponsor for the Christian efficacy of Seneca's doctrine.[3] The first English translator of the *Medea* recommended it as "a smal Pearle of y^{t} pearlesse Poet and most Christian Ethnicke Seneca, wherein no glutting but swete delectacion is offred unto ye mind that doth hunger after vertue."[4] And the first English book devoted entirely to Seneca, Sir William Cornwallis' *Discourses upon Seneca the Tragedian* (1601), makes no mention whatever of things dramatic and theatrical, but is solely concerned with abstract questions of morals and politics.

Thus the mediaeval tradition created an atmosphere in which Seneca, when once dug out of oblivion, would flourish.[5] And

[1] Creizenach (i. 517) mentions an illuminated MS. of Seneca's *Hercules Furens*, in which one illustration shows the poet in the upper story of a booth reciting his tragedy, to the accompaniment in the lower story of mute mimics. No such presentation of Seneca is actually recorded: by the time of the first performances a more correct opinion on the ancient theatre had been reached.

[2] The note of rigid fatalism and the atmosphere of overhanging doom are much more prominent in Seneca than in the Greeks: cf., for instance, his *Oedipus* with the *Oedipus* of Sophocles. It was this which made Seneca a favourite with St. Augustine, and later with the Calvinists.

[3] It in no way weakens the argument that St. Jerome was actually referring to Seneca the moralist. As we have seen, the two were frequently identified in humanist learning. Moreover, a group of letters were given out as the authentic correspondence of Seneca and St. Paul; and although they are clearly forgeries, even some who rejected them argued, from a reputed remark when he was dying, that he died a Christian. Unjustifiable as these may be, no one could mistake the identity of moral thought in tragedian and moralist; and it is to that that St. Jerome gave his approval.

[4] *The Seventh Tragedie of Seneca entitled Medea; Translated ... by John Studley ... London*, 1566: Prefatory letter to Frauncis, Lord Russell, Earle of Bedford.

[5] Perhaps the most concrete evidence of this is the point adduced by M. Lanson (*Revue d'histoire littéraire de la France*, vol. 11) that the early sixteenth-century editions of Seneca are generally printed with comments and treatises comprehensively embodying

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particular tendencies of the early Renaissance ensured his complete supremacy, even when Greece should furnish rivals. The Renaissance originated in Italy: that in itself would secure first preference for a Latin rather than a Greek author; he would present far fewer difficulties of interpretation, whereas even the best scholars found Greek tragedy, and especially its choruses, distressingly obscure.[1] But there were stronger reasons than geographic and linguistic accident. As we have seen, it is a measure of Seneca's inferiority that his characters, unlike their Greek prototypes, are not fashioned as the typical human elements of a comprehensive universal scheme. Yet precisely this separation gives them a greater show of individuality. In their habitual rôle of strivers against Fate, they exhibit a mighty demoniacal power which gives apparent substance to this show; and in the hands of a rhetorician practising a form which offers little scope for action, they inevitably reveal themselves through an analytic introspective utterance which completes the impression of a formal psychological portrait. So to men like those of the Renaissance who were newly awakened to a sense of individuality, who conceived of it pragmatically in terms of potential energy, and who found it a phenomenon for profound study in picture, sonnet, or treatise, Seneca offered a unique body of material and illustration. An age of *condottieri* and Machiavellian *principi* felt the spell of his tyrant studies, Thyestes, Atreus, and the rest.

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all features of the mediaeval traditional view of tragedy: *e.g.* the 1514 Paris edition by Badius, *L. Annaei Senecae Tragoediae ... Explanatæ diligentissime tribus commentariis, G. Bernardino Marmita Parmensi, Daniele Gaietano Parmensi, Jodoco Badio Ascensio.* In these comments the main authorities cited are Donatus and Diomedes.

[1] So Erasmus: "choros, nescio quanam affectatione adeo obscuros, ut Oedipo quopiam aut Delio sit magis opus quam interprete." Buchanan, referring also to Euripides, "Accedit et illud, quod praeter summam in choris obscuritatem (quae huic scriptori adeo familiaris est ut eam de industria sectatus esse videatur) . . ." Similarly, Naogeorgus accuses Sophocles of "affectata obscuritas" in his choruses. Sebillet, in the dedicatory letter of his translation of *Iphigenia* (1549), complains that "la difficulté que ie trouvay poursuivant mon dessein, tant en l'idiome des Cœurs introduis en cette Tragédie, qu'en la fidele & gracieuse version d'iceus en nottre langue encor rude & pauvre, m'eut fait aisement quitter plume & pêne pour me désister de tant facheus passetems, si etc. . . ." As a rule, the Latin translators simplify the Greek choric structure, and very often substitute Senecan material as its content: the habit of so doing is then carried over into the vernacular translations by Alamanni in Italian and Antoine de Baïf in French.

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It is well to recall, too, the more general likeness of Roman life in Nero's day and in that of the Borgias: the morbid or at least lurid sensationalism which brought forth Seneca's horrors in the one will commend them favourably to the other. And finally, to these general forces of attraction must be added formal and literary ones. Aesthetically the Renaissance was a recovery of the sense of form. Though it is not to be counted to Seneca for excellence, the external signs of the regularity of his drama are more prominent than are those of the more finely-poised Greek shape: its formal qualities are thus more readily perceived, and provide also a more immediately effective weapon for counteracting the formlessness of pre-Renaissance popular drama.[1] Lastly, the men of the Renaissance, carried away by a new realisation of the power of fine words, were frequently duped by them: admiration for Cicero, for instance, becomes a bigoted and idolatrous Ciceronianism. In the nature of the case, the rhetorician whose art is to move, and not the poet whose function is to express, is the more potent weaver of this charm.

It was thus inevitable that Seneca should become the greatest force in the moulding of Renaissance tragedy. At no point in the course of it did the Greeks offer really serious rivalry. For one thing, they were much less familiar even to professed scholars. Nor did the majority of those who knew them detect vital differences from Senecan drama: they talk of Sophocles, Euripides, and Seneca regularly together in one breath, remarking, if at all, differences of degree only; and when here and there a scholar like Ascham gives preference to the Greeks—"in tragedy

[1] Cinthio indeed gives the Romans an absolute preference for this: "quantunque [Seneca] togliesse molti argomenti delle sue Tragedie da Greci, ridusse egli nondimeno la attione à quella lodevole forma che già haveva introdotta l' uso Romano nella rappresentatione. E per ciò si veggono le sue Tragedie divise in atti e in sceni" (Letter of defence written 1543 and printed as an appendix to his *Dido*, ed. Venice, 1583, pp. 145-146). Cinthio's example made the Senecan division into acts and scenes the normal custom, whereas Trissino and the Hellenists had not practised it. Of the early Senecans, only Buchanan, Muret, and Speroni omit formal marks of the division, and their omission is of no moment, despite Muret's insistence on it in his letter to Zoppio: "omnino autem illam inutilem, et supervacaneam, et a stultis literatoribus excogitatam actuum in scenas divisionem" (*Epist.* 50). But in Muret's own case, the absence of scene-division gives no semblance of Greek effect to his *Caesar*. Moreover, with a minimum of action as in Muret's dramas, scenes may be dispensed with; but Cinthio often wants ten or eleven scenes in one act.

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It may safely be said that Greek tragedy exercised very little influence on Renaissance drama during its formative period—so little that in a brief survey of the development of the modern tradition a short paragraph would proportionately dispose of it. In the whole vernacular tragedy of the Renaissance there is but one small group of authors, the Italian Trissino and his followers, Rucellai, Pazzi, and Martelli, whose plays are marked by a specifically Greek influence of considerable weight and deliberate discrimination. But since, for the main body of Renaissance tragedy, apart from the Trissinian group, a Greek influence is often loosely claimed, either as distinct from Seneca's or at least as a substantial modification of his, and since, moreover, an examination of the allegation will illustrate less obvious reaches of Seneca's predominance, it will be well to anticipate the record of the growth of the Senecan tradition by considering the topic now.

The question at issue is relatively simple. The Greek dramatists are undoubtedly drawn into the stream of forces which were shaping Renaissance tragedies; there are, too, isolated dramatists, and even one group of dramatists, who appraise the Greeks at a higher rate than Seneca and are guided by the Greeks in their own dramas. There is, moreover, in most of the countries of Europe at the time when tragedy was blindly striving to be born, a moment when the issue was in doubt, and when its Lucina might have been a Greek. But in a brief space each

auditori commovebit, quanto rem crudeliorem, ac magis atrocem faciet, tanto ab hoc maiorem sibi plausum excitabit, tanto eius gratiam inibit aequiorem. At Seneca cum id exequitur, usque eò partem illam integerrime praestat, ut miras inter questus acclamationes auditori suo commoveat."

[1] Cf. Webbe's letter prefixed to Wilmot's edition of *Tancred and Gismunda* (1592), "inferior to none of the best in that kind, no, were the Roman Seneca the censurer"; and Sidney's "clyming to the height of Seneca his stile, and as full of notable morality" (*vide supra*, p. xxiii, *n.* 1).

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nation settled itself to the particular type of tragedy most suited to its own genius. Italy had its Greek school of Trissino for the first four decades of the sixteenth century; contemporary France had its translators from the Greek, the elder Baïf, Sebillet, etc.; England in the middle of the century had its Cambridge coterie of worshippers of the Greek stage, Ascham, Watson, etc. But in Italy Cinthio appeared in 1541; in France, Jodelle in 1552, and in England, Kyd in 1586. With the entry of these, each nation chose what for a time at least was its characteristic species of tragedy. Their productions and those of their followers are the typical body of Renaissance tragedy; and it is on these characteristic types that Greek tragedy can fairly be said to have had little influence at all.

The contrary claim would seem to rest mainly on these grounds: (1) That Renaissance dramatists frequently cite the Greeks and not Seneca as their inspiration; this is especially the case in France, but not uncommon in Italy.[1] (2) That Renaissance drama exhibits regularly some qualities which are characteristic not of Senecan but of Greek plays.[2] (3) That there are a large number of Renaissance dramas based on Greek plays, the story of which was not used by Seneca or of which the Senecan version was deliberately neglected.

A. RELATIVE AVAILABILITY OF SENECA AND THE GREEKS.

Let us regard the question broadly first of all. It was impossible that the Greeks should be as familiar as was Seneca. A

[1] Cf. Ronsard's "Jodelle le premier . . . Françoisement chanta la Grecque Tragedie"; Du Verdier, "Robert Garnier . . . semble ne ceder aux Grecs, lesquels il a imité"; Antoine de Baïf (who as a translator of the Greeks ought to have known better) praises Garnier's "Muse Gregoise"; and distinguished Hellenists like Daurat and Robert Estienne similarly remark, "Tres Tragicos habuisse vetus se Graecia jactat: Unum pro tribus his Gallia nuper habet . . . At nunc vincit eos . . . tres Garnerius unus . . ." and "La Grece eut trois autheurs de la Muse tragique, France plus que ces trois estime un seul Garnier . . . [qui] les surpasse tous trois." In Italy the Trissinian school have, as will appear, a greater right to similar claims; but they are echoed no less frequently by Cinthio and Dolce, both of whom introduce as prologue or epilogue the figure of Tragedia herself to recount her previous history, which would appear to be almost exclusively Greek; indeed a line serves Dolce for a Roman reference, and that a contemptuous one.

[2] *E.g.* a more lyric conception of the Chorus, its employment regularly within the acts, its almost invariable employment at the very end of the play (but see p. xlv, *n.* 1), its occasional use in a divided form, the fondness for happy endings, etc., etc.

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comparative enumeration of the editions of their plays does not of itself adequately measure their relative importance as influences, since it cannot indicate sufficiently the number and the genius of their readers. But it provides valuable hints. Senecan MSS. were relatively common: Greek MSS. were rare.[1] The *editio princeps* of Seneca's tragedies appeared before 1484, perhaps six years before.[2] Four plays of Euripides were printed first in 1495 or 1496,[3] the number being increased to eighteen in 1503,[4] and completed by the Victorius edition of the *Electra* in 1545.[5] The seven extant plays of Sophocles were first issued in 1502.[6] Aeschylus appeared only in 1518 (six plays),[7] a seventh being added in Robortelli's edition of 1552,[8] and Victorius issuing the first complete version of the *Agamemnon* in 1557.[9]

Thus Seneca is first in the field and his nearest rival is the most Senecan of the Greeks, Euripides. But this temporal precedence is not an adequate measure of Seneca's superior popularity. Before the four plays of Euripides were published, there had been eight complete editions of Seneca[10] and three of one or two separate plays.[11] Before Sophocles and the eighteen plays of

[1] The fourteenth century saw a fairly wide dispersion of Senecan MSS. mainly of Treveth's redaction. But Aurispa's despatch from Constantinople to Niccolò Niccoli in Florence of MSS. of seven plays of Sophocles and six of Aeschylus in 1423 marks their first entry into Western Europe; and even their narrow dispersion was prevented by almost insuperable obstacles. Whereas Seneca was the common property of the earliest humanists—Boccaccio, for instance, exploited him for his books on ancient geography and mythology—not until Filelfo does Greek tragedy find a serious student, and he is mainly concerned with Euripides.

[2] *Tragoediae*, per Andream Gallicum, s.l. [Ferrariae] s.a. [*c.* 1484].

[3] *Euripidis Tragoediae quatuor Medea, Hippolytus, Alcestis, et Andromache*, s.l. [Florentiae], per Laur. Francisc. de Alopa, s.a. [*c.* 1496].

[4] By Aldus, Venice. The title-page has *Euripidis tragoediae septemdecim*, but an eighteenth, *Hercules Furens*, is added at the end of the second volume.

[5] *Euripidis Electra nunc primum in lucem edita*, Romae (Bladus), 1545. Victorius published his Latin translation the following year.

[6] *Sophoclis Tragoediae septem*, Venetiis in Aldi Romani academia, 1502.

[7] *Aeschyli Tragoediae sex*, Venetiis, in aedibus Aldi et Andreae soceri, 1518.

[8] Spinelli, Venice, 1552. Robortelli separated mangled versions of the *Agam.* and *Choeph.* which had previously been run together.

[9] *Aeschyli tragoediae VII.*, s.l. [Parisiis] *ex officina H. Stephani*, 1557.

[10] Ferrara (*c.* 1484), one s.l.s.a. (before 1490), Paris (*c.* 1490), Lyons (1491), Venice (1492), Venice (1493), Venice (1493), s.l. (1493).

[11] *Hercules Furens* (Deventer, *c.* 1490), *Octavia* (Deventer, *c.* 1490), and probably *Hercules Furens* and *Thyestes*, ed. by Conrad Celtes, *c.* 1485–1495, or perhaps, as Creizenach has it, in 1487.

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Euripides appeared, Seneca had gone through twelve complete editions[1] and three of one or two separate plays. Before Aeschylus was published there had been twenty complete editions of Seneca[2] and seven of one or two plays separately.[3] Thus by 1518 Seneca was easily accessible to all with no more learning than an ability to read Latin.[4] Indeed his plays had already been put upon the stage: as early as 1471 the celebrated performance in Latin may have been initiated in his house at Rome by Pomponius Laetus, and by 1500 repetitions of them had been given in wider Roman circles to the applause of dignitaries like Cardinal Riario[5] who frequented them; especially famous was Inghirami's acting of Phaedra, at least three performances being recorded; and the Carnival at Ferrara in 1509 probably marks the first presentation of Seneca in the vernacular.[6] It was not so with the Greeks. Up to 1541 there was nothing but the *editio princeps* of Aeschylus; of Sophocles, only five full Greek texts and four editions of one or two single plays; of Euripides, two complete Greek texts and six editions of one or more separate

[1] To those in *n.* 10, p. xxxi, add: Venice (1498), Paris (1498), Paris (1500), Leipzig (*c.* 1500).

[2] To those in *n.* 1 on this page add: Venice (1505), Florence (1506), Venice (1510), Paris (1511), Paris (1512), Florence (1513), Paris (1514), Venice (1517).

[3] To those in *n.* 11, p. xxxi, add: *Medea* (Wittenberg, 1512), *Thyestes* (Vienna Pannoniae, 1513), *Troades* (*ibid.* 1513), *Octavia* (Cologne, 1517).

[4] Lilius Gregorius Gyraldus, writing presumably about 1503 (Tiraboschi, vol. 7, pt. 2, p. 202, ed. 1778), says of Seneca's tragedies, "quae in manibus a plerisque nunc habentur" (*De Poetarum Historia*, Dial. 8).

[5] Tiraboschi (*Storia*, ed. 1776, vol. 6, pt. 2, pp. 184-5) says that the Cardinal organised performances in the Castel S. Angelo, in the Forum, and in his own house; that the Pope saw the performances; and that Riario probably intended to build a permanent theatre in Rome. He is also known to have arranged a performance of Verardi's *Historia Baetica* (*vide infra*, p. lxiv, *n.* 6).

[6] Creizenach (ii. 379) fairly safely assumes that the *Tragedia d' Ippolito e Fedra* then given was Seneca's *Hippolytus*, probably in Monte Varchi's translation (pr. Venice, 1497). It is worthy of note that the most celebrated early performance in Latin, one of the earliest vernacular versions printed, and the earliest vernacular performance recorded, were all of the *Hippolytus*, which of all ancient plays is most concerned with the modern interest in themes of love. In this trait also Seneca is obviously of more potent influence than the Greeks. Although Euripides is undoubtedly strongly attracted by sexual themes, Seneca is obsessed by them: Euripides, for instance, is at least as much concerned with Hippolytus as with Phaedra, but Seneca's interest begins and ends with Phaedra. Similarly in Seneca's *Hercules Furens*, Licus' motive in persecuting the sons of Hercules is the jealousy of a rival lover, whereas in the Euripidean version it is merely hatred in general.

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plays. Moreover, none of these editions had furnished such explanations as, even in our day, the ordinary reader demands. And as yet little effort had been made to give the Greek authors a chance of seriously competing with Seneca by making them available in Latin dress for those who knew no Greek. Nothing of Aeschylus and but one play of Sophocles[1] (*Ajax Flagellifer*, Basle, 1533) had been translated into Latin and published before 1541, a second play, the *Antigone*, appearing in that year.[2] And although the already noted greater familiarity with Euripides[3] is marked by the publication before 1541 of ten editions of Latin translations of two of his plays and three of one, it is significant that all the thirteen editions confine themselves to the *Hecuba* and *Iphigenia in Aulis*; it is more significant for our purpose, too, to note that whereas both plays occur in ten editions, the *Hecuba* is the one chosen for issue in all three of the editions of one play only; for the *Hecuba* by the atrocity of its theme, the signal proportion of set lamentations, and the simplicity as opposed to Aristotle's complexity of plot, is the most Senecan of Euripides' plays.[4] How utterly impossible it was that Greek tragedy should exert any vital formative influences on the new drama is perhaps best indicated by the almost complete absence of vernacular translations. Before 1541 nothing of Aeschylus and nothing of

[1] It is worth recording, since most bibliographers omit them, that two complete translations of Sophocles were issued before 1550. The first (Ebert, *Bibliog. Lexicon*, 21518) is *Sophoclis Tragoediae omnes nunc primum latinae ad verbum factae ac scholiis quibusdam illustr. Ioa. Bapt. Gabia Veron.*, Venetiis Io. Bapt. a Burgofranco, 1543; Ebert misprints 1548, but 1543 is the date of the two copies we have seen. A second complete translation appeared in 1549 from Brubach's press at Frankfort.

[2] This again is omitted in most bibliographies: it is attested by R. C. Christie (*Etienne Dolet*, p. 513), *Sophoclis Antigone Tragoedia a Gentiano Herveto* [Gentian Hervé] *Aurelio traducta e Graeco in Latinum*, Lugduni, apud Steph. Doletum, 1541. Gentian Hervé may have helped considerably to increase the study of Greek in England. Anthony Wood records that he was "sometime a student in Oxon.," and he is known as the translator into English of *Xenophon's treatise of householde*, which went through seven editions between 1532 and 1577.

[3] Melanchthon had translated all Euripides into Latin, but his translations were never published by him; cf. *Eurip. Tragg. omnes lat. soluta oratione redditae*, E praelectt. Ph. Melanchthonis, Basle, 1558, and Frankfort, 1562.

[4] It is significant that the two plays of which performances in Melanchthon's school are recorded for 1525–26, are Seneca's *Thyestes* and Euripides' *Hecuba*. Stiblinus entitles his 1562 Basle edition of Euripides (in Latin) *Euripides Poeta tragicorum* PRINCEPS . . ., and of *Hecuba* he notes its "plus quam tragicam atrocitatem" (p. 38, cited by Lanson).

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Euripides[1] had been published in a vernacular; of Sophocles there had only been a French version of the *Electra* (Lazare de Baïf's, Paris, 1537) and an Italian version of the *Antigone* (Alamanni's, Lyons and Venice, 1533). Clearly, then, in 1541 Seneca and the Greeks were most unequally matched. And in 1541 the issue was virtually decided. By the performance of Cinthio's *Orbecche* Seneca's domination of the new tragedy was definitely established, for Italy at all events, and consequently in all likelihood for the rest of western Europe also.

It was, however, not impossible that nations who began to shape their tragedy later than the Italians might feel a more powerful Hellenist influence; for between 1540 and 1560 a distinct advance is made in the study of Greek tragedy. It is noticeable in Italy, France, and England. But in England the Ascham-Cheke coterie had practically no influence on drama, and certainly no Hellenising influence.[2] In Italy[3] more plays specifically on Greek models were written, but the established Senecan taste Romanised their Hellenism almost beyond recognition. France, however, seemed destined to feel a powerful Greek influence, and it is indeed mainly for the French that such influence is claimed. Not only was she with her Budé,

[1] Bandello had dedicated his translation of Euripides' *Hecuba* into Italian rhyme to Marguerite of Navarre in 1539; but it was never printed until 1813. Pazzi had also translated Euripides' *Iphigenia in Tauris* and his *Cyclops* into a sort of Italian blank verse in 1524 or 1525; but they too remained unpublished—as did also his version of Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex*—until 1887, when they were issued, with *Didone*, as *Le Tragedie metriche di A. Pazzi a cura di A. Solerti* (Bologna).

[2] Although they had no influence on drama at large, they were interested in it. Thomas Watson belonged to the coterie; he wrote a play, *Absolon*, in Latin, "able to abyde the trew touch of *Aristotles* preceptes and *Euripides* examples," as Ascham tells us. Further, he, Cheke, and Ascham "had many pleasant talkes togither, in comparing the preceptes of *Aristotle* and *Horace de Arte Poetica* with the examples of *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, and *Seneca*." But these had no influence on English drama: Watson's metrical scruples prevented his publishing his play, which, according to a reconsidered judgement of Mr. Boas, is not now extant (*vide* Boas, *University Drama in the Tudor Age*, pp. 62-63).

[3] After the failure of Trissino and his followers, there is even amongst Cinthio's own camp-followers one who at first sight has much to do with the Greeks, Lodovico Dolce, who between 1543 and 1551 translated four Euripidean plays, *Hecuba*, *Phoenissae*, *Medea*, and *Iphigenia in Aulis*. But we shall see how he perverts them to the Senecan pattern. From about 1565 onwards, there is, too, in Italy a fairly distinct revival of a pseudo-Greek drama; but it is too impure and too late to divert the main stream.

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Turnèbe, and the Estiennes the acknowledged leader of Greek scholarship in Europe, but her scholars had habitually sought by translations to put their learning at the service of national literature; and, as far as concerns drama, it is noteworthy that the first Latin translation of a play of Euripides came from a Parisian press,[1] and that the only vernacular translations of Greek drama in print before 1541 were both French publications.[2] Between 1540 and 1560 these predilections gain such strength that a distinctly Greek and a definitely non-Roman influence seems inevitable. Summarily we may say that in Europe at large there is a quickened interest in Greek literature; there is a marked increase in the number of editions of the Greek tragic poets[3]: for the first time, the editing of them is really competent[4]; for the first time, too, Sophocles and Aeschylus, the least Senecan of the Greeks, win pre-eminence. Moreover, especially in France, the predominance of the most un-Senecan Aeschylus is most prominent.[5] In France, too, the revived interest in Greek drama is not merely an interest in scholarship:

[1] Erasmus' versions of *Hecuba* and *Iphigenia in Aulis* were issued by Badius from his press at Paris in 1506.

[2] The versions of de Balf and Alamanni mentioned above (p. xxxiv). As was pointed out, Alamanni's appeared in the same year from both Lyons and Venice.

[3] Three complete Greek Aeschylus (1552, 1552, 1557) and Daurat's ed. of *Prom. Vinc.* (1549): five complete Greek Sophocles (1544, 1547, 1550, 1553, 1555), four complete Latin Sophocles (1543, 1544–57, 1558, 1558), and one Greek ed. of one play (1540), one of two (1540), a Latin version of three plays (1550), and one of one (1541): three complete Greek Euripides (1544, 1551, 1558), two Greek edd. of two plays (1545, 1554), two of one (1545, 1554), one complete Latin Euripides (1550), and four Latin edd. of separate plays (1544 [three plays], 1545, 1554, 1556).

[4] Victorius edited the 1547 issue of Sophocles, Turnebus the 1553 edition. Both Robortelli and Turnebus edited Aeschylus in 1552, and the 1557 edition was prepared by Victorius. The special fitness of Victorius and Robortelli to edit dramatic texts is attested by the fact that both of them edited and commented at length on Aristotle's *Poetics*, which of course is mainly a treatise on drama.

[5] Of the editions in Greek, of the three complete texts of Aeschylus, two are produced in France, whereas all the three complete texts of Euripides are printed in Italy. Though only one of the five complete Greek editions of Sophocles was French, the soon-forthcoming Stephanus edition (1568) rapidly rivalled all others; Italy and France share equally the four complete Latin editions of Sophocles, and France claims both editions of the translations of separate plays—*Ajax*, *Antigone*, and *Electra*, *lat.* per G. Rotallero, Lyons, 1550, and *Antigone*, *lat.* per G. Hervetum, Lyons, 1541. Rotaller's translations were reissued with those of Erasmus and Buchanan in the 1567 ed. of the Greek tragedians given in Latin by Stephanus; in 1584 Rotaller issued a complete Latin Sophocles (Antverpiae, apud Joan. Bellerum).

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the performances of Buchanan's translations by his pupils gave it at least an association with the stage. In France the enrichment of vernacular literature by translations was, according to Sebillet, the most frequent and the most acceptable service of their poets, who were thus gloriously increasing the wealth of their national store[1]: it was through these translators, said Peletier,[2] that France was acquiring a worthy taste. To Francis I. himself translation seemed one of the greatest implements of culture, and he gathered round him a large body of scholars whom he richly rewarded for converting ancients and moderns into the vernacular in the service of the civilisation of France[3]: indeed, his passion for encouraging translation was the common knowledge of intellectual Europe.[4] It is partly to this perhaps disproportionate Royal favour, and partly, no doubt, to the desire to score over a rival school, that Du Bellay's and the Pléiade's apparent contempt of translation is due. Yet, in truth, Sebillet by translation, and Du Bellay by imitation without translation, are both aiming at the enrichment of their native literature by gathering into it the wealth of other lands: Du Bellay enjoins his colleagues, not to translate, but to do as the Romans did with the Greeks, chew and digest all the best foreign models until they

[1] Sebillet, *Art Poëtique* (1549), (ii. 14, ed. Gaiffe, p. 187): "La Version ou Traduction est aujourd'huy le Pöéme plus frequent et mieus receu dés estimés Pöétes et dés doctes lecteurs, a cause que chacun d'eus estime grand œuvre et de grand pris, rendre la pure et argentine invention dés Pöétes dorée et enrichie de notre langue. Et vrayement celuy et son œuvre meritent grande louenge, qui a peu proprement et naïvement exprimer en son langage, ce qu'un autre avoit mieus escrit au sien, aprés l'avoir bien conceu en son esperit. Et luy est deue la mesme gloire qu'emporte celuy qui par son labeur et longue peine tire dés entrailles de la terre le thresor caché, pour le faire commun a l'usage de tous lés hommes."

[2] Peletier, *Art Poëtique* (1555) (I. vi. cited in Chamard's ed. of Du Bellay's *Déffence*, p. 98): "Somme, un traducteur n'à james le nom d'auteur. Mes pour cela, veù je decourager les traducteurs ? Nanni, e moins ancores les frustrer de leur louange due: pour étre, an partie, cause que la France à commancè a gouter les bonnes choses. . . . Car le traducteur pourra fere françoese une bele locucion latine ou greque, e aporter an sa cite, avec le poes des santances, la majeste des clauses e elegances de la langue etrangere: deus poinz bien favorables . . ."

[3] Blignières, *Amyot et les traducteurs français* (1851), pp. 66, 178, 253, 271, 402.

[4] Giraldi [Cinthio], *In funere Francisci Gallorum regis oratio*: "nullis sumptibus, nullo labori unquam pepercit ut omnes omnium linguarum authores, qui vel de moribus et vita, vel de rebus fortiter ac praeclare gestis, vel de orbis situ, vel de prudentia et sapientia egissent, in gallicam linguam translatos, omnes omnium ordinum ejus populi legere possent" (quoted in Blignières, p. 178).

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have become part of French blood and bone.[1] So we find poets of the old school and the new turning to Greek tragedy with these intents.[2] And finally, in France, the new songs of the Pléiade eagerly adopt the themes, the spirit, and often the tricks of phrase of the newly-discovered pseudo-Anacreontic lyric; and their singers were the men who welcomed the advent of the new dramatists.

But despite these circumstances, there is in fact very little Greek influence to be found in the beginnings of French Renaissance drama. In one or two minor qualities Jodelle may be a little more Greek than Senecan; but it is only in one or two minor qualities, and they are Euripidean rather than Sophoclean. And Jodelle's immediate successors, Bastier de la Péruse, whose *Medée* was said to displace Euripides, and Grévin, whose inspiration is from Muret, inaugurate a strong tendency, which, culminating in Garnier, becomes much more Latin and much more academically Senecan than that of the Italians.

B. CLAIMS FOR THE ALLEGED GREEK INFLUENCE.

(*a*) CONTEMPORARY CLAIMS.

Why, then, has it been supposed that Renaissance tragedy

[1] Du Bellay, *Déffence*. Having called translation laborious, profitless, and even pernicious, he goes on (chap. vii.) to describe the admirable Roman way: "Immitant les meilleurs aucteurs grecz, se transformant en eux, les devorant, et, apres les avoir bien digerez, les convertissant en sang et nouriture . . . ilz observoint toutes les plus rares et exquises vertuz, et icelles . . . entoint et apliquoint à leur langue" (Chamard's ed. p. 99).

[2] M. René Sturel has finally (*Revue d'hist. litt. de la France*, vol. xx.) disposed of the confusion which the early translations of Greek tragedy have occasioned in histories of French literature. Lazare de Baïf published his version of the *Electra* of Sophocles in 1537; but the version of Euripides' *Hecuba* (1544, repr. 1550), previously alleged to be his, must be ascribed to Guillaume Bochetel. Other printed translations are Sebillet's *Iphigenia in Aulis* (1549) and Antoine de Baïf's *Antigone* (1573). Three other versions exist in MS.: *Antigone* (demonstrably translated *c.* 1542 by Calvy de La Fontaine), and two plays of Euripides, *Iphigenia in Aulis* and *Troades*, both probably the work of Amyot. Salel is no longer credited with a translation of *Helena*; but it is possible that Antoine de Baïf made a version of that play. Finally, Daurat taught his pupils, Antoine de Baïf and Ronsard, the Greek language by making with them a Latin version of *Hecuba*, of which all trace is lost: as is a *Prometheus Vinctus* which he made with Ronsard under similar circumstances. It is to be noted that most of the above translators are not associated with the *Pléiade* nor with the new dramatists, of whom the majority borrowed from Greece by translation little more for their own dramas than a few purple patches, like the famous Sophoclean address to the sun (*Antig.* 100 *sq.*) which Trissino had previously turned into his play. Daurat's oral translations were for the benefit not of a dramatist, but of Ronsard.

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owes any considerable debt to the Greeks? In the first place, it has been seen that the dramatists and their adulators invoke the Greek tragedians. But the terms of the invocation were mainly casual and traditional; they are frequently of such comprehensive nature that Seneca is explicitly cited in the same breath with the Greeks. Occasionally a differentiation is made, but seldom (Trissino, perhaps alone, excepted[1]) is it real. Dolce, for instance, introducing Tragedia as Prologue to sponsor one of his plays by telling her descent, glances slightingly at Rome[2] and glorifies Greece at length; but characteristically the whole drift of his practice is to Romanise Greek tragedy. And in general these references to the Greeks bring with them proofs of their own worthlessness; when we find that Garnier is the dramatist whom his contemporaries most vociferously hailed as "Greek," while they virtually ignored his debt to Seneca,[3] we have proof positive that *Greek* and *Roman* were, on their lips, almost synonyms. Such blindness to radical differences between Greek and Roman tragedy makes the general claim of Greek discipleship altogether valueless as evidence of Greek as distinct from Roman models; it explains, further, how really Greek traits, caught up here and there, lose their distinguishing features in a general levelling to a Graeco-Roman type. Only in one or two details, and even so but rarely, are characteristic Greek qualities discriminatingly preferred. Erasmus eschews the rhetorical glamour of Roman style for the

[1] *Vide infra*, p. lv, *n.* 1.

[2] Dolce, *Ifigenia* (ed. Venice, Farri, 1566), Prologo, nel quale s' introduce la Tragedia favellare a gli spettatori: "E come su l' Ilisso Stetti molt' anni, cosi a me non piacque D' habitar sopra il Thebro."

[3] The passages cited above (p. xxx, *n.* 1) represent the general opinion. To them may be added the short poem and three sonnets of Ronsard in praise of Garnier, "Prince des tragiques" (ed. Blanchemain, 5, pp. 353-5); Garnier, "bastit Athenes en la France," and

> "Si Bacchus retournoit au manoir Plutonique,
> Il ne voudroit Eschyle au monde redonner,
> Il te choisiroit seul, qui seul peux estonner
> Le theatre François de ton cothurne antique."

On the other hand, Scévole de Sainte-Marthe's judgement of Garnier is unique: "Senecae ille potius quam Graecorum aemulator." It should be added that Peletier had a general preference for the Greeks, which he applied also to their drama (*Art Poét.* p. 73): Sophocles and Euripides are greater than Seneca, "qui n'ét pas guere magnifique, einçoes pesant e obscur, e tenant beaucoup du changemant de la Latinite"; but he goes on, "toutefoes santancieus, *e imitable avec jugemant.*"

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simpler gravity of Greece: Buchanan refrains from exploiting Seneca-wise the horrors of his theme. But these are exceptions. As was said at the outset, there is in fact in the whole history of Renaissance tragedy but one consistent attempt to set up a recognisably Greek as distinguished from a Senecan type. This is the attempt of Trissino and his followers, and, as we shall see, that is not only an ineffective endeavour, it is also a very incomplete one.

(*b*) GREEK QUALITIES IN RENAISSANCE TRAGEDY.

We come to the second basis of the claim. Let us examine the particular details alleged to be Greek and un-Senecan. In almost every case we shall find that they are essentially, though not always quite obviously, Senecan in quality; and that where they might in the abstract be due either to Greece or to Seneca, or even to Greece rather than to Seneca, they are in fact demonstrably traceable to Seneca.

The neo-Senecan Renaissance tragedy frequently attempts a wider scope of action comparable to Greek rather than to Senecan drama.[1] But this is not due to Greek influence: when Buchanan finds a Greek model inevitably suggested by the theme of his *Jephthes*, he keeps deliberately a more restricted action than Euripides by curtailing severely the part of the victim's mother, and by omitting all the scheme of the betrothal. It is much rather due to the non-classical tradition already built up in popular mediaeval drama; from this a larger action had been grafted on to the growing Senecan tradition and was a regular feature of the humanist plays which mark the transition to the stricter classical type. Indeed, one may legitimately allege a more directly Senecan influence for it. In so far as the *Octavia* sanctioned the history-play tradition, it provided a strong impulse to a widened scope of action: the first original European drama inspired by Seneca, Mussato's *Ecerinis* (1314), covers a period of twenty-

[1] This is notoriously not true of the French, *e.g.* Muret, Grévin, Filleul. It is manifestly not true of the most "Greek" of the French, Jodelle. Whereas Cinthio's *Cleopatra* introduces in the plot the deaths of both Anthony and Cleopatra, Jodelle reduces his to Cleopatra's only. Similarly Cinthio's *Dido* embraces a larger action than Jodelle's *Didon se sacrifiant*, which, as its name implies, restricts itself rigorously to the final catastrophe.

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three years; in England, Legge's *Riccardus Tertius* (*c.* 1579), with its tripartite arrangement, is an attempt to face the problem of the inevitable tendency of the Senecan history play to a wider flight of action. And finally, a richer scope of action in some plays is clearly due to a theatrical reaction against the exclusion of action in classical drama in general, and as such it is defended, if at all, as a departure from *both* Greek *and* Roman practice. Such, for instance, is Cinthio's plea.

Again, the "happy ending" is more Greek than Senecan; and it is fairly common in Renaissance tragedy. But its real sponsor is the most enthusiastic worshipper and imitator of Seneca in the whole epoch, Cinthio.[1] And although Cinthio does strengthen his defence of the "happy ending" by pleading Greek precedent, yet in fact his chief concern is to insist that his new Senecan tragedy can take on the "happy ending" and yet preserve its identity as pure tragedy. But patently Cinthio's "happy ending" is un-Greek in quality, and is not really due to Greek inspiration. Summarily, if not quite universally, one may say that the happy endings of Greek tragedy are the outcome of two circumstances. On the one hand, by atonement the disturbed equilibrium of the moral world is rectified and its disturber purified: the fundamental *πάθος* of tragedy would have been evaded if Oedipus had sought death on the discovery of his crime. On the other hand, a primarily religious tragedy, as was that of Greece, could invoke a *deus ex machina* with no more incongruity than would be felt in the angel's interruption of the sacrifice of Abraham.[2] But the new Renaissance tragedy springs from no such ideal roots. Its happy ending has an utterly different origin. On the one hand, it is due to an increasing preoccupation with *novella* material, and especially with love

[1] *Vide infra*, pp. lxxv, *n.* 1, and lxxxvi, *n.* 4.

[2] Of course Aristotle's condemnation of the employment of the *deus ex machina* is well known. The account of its use given above is not meant as a justification, but merely as an explanation of what was clearly an extensive reliance on it. But why did Euripides employ it? To give the groundlings the show they expected? Or ironically, to give the customary solution to an insoluble problem? But it is sufficient for our argument merely to insist that at all events the Renaissance dramatists were incapable of realising the Greek motive: Ronsard naïvely talks of "l'industrie des Tragiques, où, quand le poëte ne peut desmesler son dire et que la chose est douteuse, il fait toujours comparoistre quelque Dieu pour esclaircir l'obscur de la matière" (First Preface (*Au Lecteur*) to the *Franciade*, 1572, ed. Blanchemain, vol. 3, p. 11).

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stories: as the issue here is a purely personal one, and as the interest is largely fixed in the intrigue, the end may be varied by a mere whim or an unexpected *peripeteia*. On the other hand, it arises naturally from the growing conception that tragedy is a succession of horrible incidents: provided atrocity comes in somewhere, it matters little whether it is in the fifth or in the preceding acts.[1] It is evident, then, that there is little Greek influence in the choice of happy endings. Indeed, once more, the opportunity is rather of Senecan provision: by his fondness for sexual themes and by his preoccupation with atrocious deeds he was preparing the way for the sixteenth-century practice. And what other force there was to occasion the happy ending was certainly not a Greek one but rather that of non-classical popular predilection. It may be, too, that in France, and perhaps only in France, there is often a disposition to end a tragedy unhappily, but not in the Senecan way with a note of unrelieved gloom. Yet, again, this is only superficially more like the Greek habit. The moral is to be drawn after the catastrophe; and when this has arisen from the sin of the protagonist, the moral will inevitably hint at later retribution and recompense—as, for instance, in Garnier's *Les Juifves*. But the merely moral satisfaction of the promise of ultimate, if deferred, poetic justice is not a Greek ending: it is one which is directly occasioned by the expressly Senecan characteristics—a predominant moralising trend and a preference for inhumanly villainous protagonists.

Lastly, it is alleged that although the Chorus of neo-Classic tragedy is preponderantly Senecan, yet on occasion with some authors in main features, and in general with most authors in minor features, it displays distinctly Greek qualities. Summarily it may be said that the first assertion, like the majority of these claims for Greek influence, is true only of Trissino and his followers, and its application is restricted even here. Trissino tried to retain the function of the Greek Chorus, but he interpreted it through Aristotle and Horace rather than through the practice of the tragedians.[2] He is anxious to drag his Chorus into the

[1] Despite Scaliger's preference for unhappy endings, he will compromise: ". . . ut nequaquam sit quod hactenus professi sunt Tragoediae proprium, exitus infelix: modò intus sint res atroces" (*Poetices* Lib. iii. ch. 97).

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dialogue on every occasion, allowing, however, only one of its members to speak. He makes it, too, an integral part of the formal structure of the play, maintaining by its help continuity of action from the beginning to the end, and thereby of set purpose barring out the popular relief of comic or at least extraneous *intermedii*.[1] But in effect, and mainly owing to the differences between the languages and metres of Greece and those of modern nations, it is almost impossible to preserve the function of the Greek Chorus. For his choric metre Trissino chooses the more exalted and ornate of the Petrarchan verse-forms, and thereby attains something in form at least nearer to the Greek ode.[2] But the similarity is superficial. Trissino did, in fact, dimly realise their inadequacy, and he tried by minor modifications of the *canzone* to approach the Greeks more closely.[3] But withal Trissino's forms are lyric, not choric. The Italian *canzone* is a formal substitute only, not an effective equivalent. Its rhymes give it a predominantly solo-song character;[4] its excellence is in the expression of the sentiments comprehensively called Petrarchan, and the range of this highly introspective and personal material is utterly different from that of the Greek Chorus.[5] The French

Butcher) indeed recommends that the Chorus should be regarded as one of the actors, taking a share in action, but in the way of Sophocles, not that of Euripides, who is more like Trissino in this. Trissino was further misled by a then common variant of Horace's text (*A. P.* 193), "Actoris partes chorus" being frequently read "Authoris partes . . ." As the author may be presumed a dispassionate spectator, the Chorus thus becomes also—in Scaliger's famous phrase, rendering a passage in Aristotle's *Problems* (*Poetices*, iii. chap. 97)—"otiosus curator rerum" in the flattest sense.

[1] *Vide infra*, *n.* 2, and p. lxxxiv, *n.* 5.

[2] Trissino, *Poetica* (ed. 1729, vol. 2, p. 112): "Vero è, che sì come gli antiqui Poeti ne li loro Cori poneano ditirambi, et anapesti, i quali si cantavano, a me è paruto in vece di quelli usare ne la lingua nostra Canzoni, e Rime, che sono cose attissime a cantarsi." He goes on to add that these choruses are meant to supplant the customary and popular interludes between the acts—"intermedj di moresche, o di buffoni, o d' altre cose simili, come da molti al presente si usa."

[3] Three of the four choruses of *Sophonisba* are *canzoni* in each of which the third and the sixth of their six strophes differ in length and in the dispositions of the rhymes from the other four. But we need Trissino's own assertion (*Poetica*, ed. 1729, vol. 2, p. 70) to discover that in writing *canzoni* of this structure he is seeking to imitate Pindar.

[4] Contrast, for instance, his chorus "Amor, che ne i leggiadri alti pensieri" with its possible source in Sophocles' *Antigone* (100 *sq.*).

[5] Note, for instance, Alamanni's difficulties, especially in his last three choruses. Their *canzone* form necessitates an almost complete rejection of the material in Sophocles which they are supposed to be translating.

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language, and especially the nature of French rhymes, do not present quite as serious difficulty as do the Italian. But as a rule the French dramatists do not attempt intricate and ornate structures for their choruses. Sebillet alone, in his translation of Euripides' *Iphigenia*, seems to have tried to forge a real vernacular equivalent for the Greek Chorus. He chose metrical forms like the sonnet, lay, virelay, etc., and is probably as successful as a vernacular poet can be.[1]

In general, then, it may be said that the function of the Greek Chorus is seldom retained, if for no other reasons than those which flowed from the inevitable differences of form. It is perhaps the Latin translators who prepare the conventional substitute. Buchanan and Erasmus had perforce to forgo the intricate elaboration of the Greek ode: as a rule they substituted Senecan verse-forms. Nor do they often attempt a literal translation of the substance. They find it very obscure,[2] and they regularly either adopt a loose paraphrase or substitute a *rifacimento* of Senecan commonplace. In fact, the preference for Seneca, as compared with the Greeks, on account of his choruses, is common not only to the general adherents of Seneca, but to those also who were not unaware of the superiority of the Greeks in other respects.[3]

The way of the Latin translators becomes the model for the French tragedians. They preferably use simple stanzaic struc-

[1] In his address *Au Lecteur*, Sebillet apologises for his innovation: "Car vous y lirés dés vers depuis deus syllabes iusques a tréze, & la plus grãde part dés assiétes de Ryme auiourduy usurpées en nõttre langue Françoise, voire iusques au Sonnet, Lay, Virelay, & ryme altérée, & y eusse mis le rondeau, s'il y fût autant bien venu à propos" (*L'Iphigénie d'Euripide*, Paris, 1549, fol. 4, v.).

[2] *Vide* p. xxvi, *n.* 1.

[3] Thus Riccius *De Imitatione* (Aldus, 1545, p. 22 verso): "Chori in tragoedia nisi cum re ipsa consentiant, nisi pleni sint sententiis, nisi aeque scelus atque dignum est lamententur, aut contra, virtutem laudibus efferant paribus, ii vitio aliquo carere non possunt. Ubi autem hic noster [Seneca] legem eam non diligenter custodiverit, ac religiose conservarit, ubi non ea omnia cumulate praestiterit, ubi aliquid admiserit, expecto, qui me doceant. Quod tantum abest ut facile possint, ut (si cum hoc aliquando aequiore agant animo) in iis ipsis choris scribendis nostrum graecos omnes, qui extant, superasse fateantur, necesse sit." Erasmus, too, had said, "nusquam mihi magis antiquitas ineptisse videtur, quam in hujusmodi [*i.e.* Greek] choris" (quoted Creizenach, ii. p. 503, *n.* 2). And Erasmus' verdict carried weight; thus Cinthio (*Discorso*, p. 81): ". . . i cori di Seneca, i quali giudico io, come gia fe' Erasmo e giudiziosamente, molto piu degni di loda che quelli di tutti i Greci . . ."; and Cavalcanti also repeats the verdict on the authority of Erasmus (*Giudizio*, p. 27).

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tures and regularly fill them with Senecan moralisings. Jodelle's choric songs seem proportionately more extensive than is customary with the neo-Senecans; yet they are only slightly more so than those of Seneca himself.[1] Admittedly, too, Jodelle's Chorus is not so exclusively a moralising chant as is that of his contemporaries; but in effect this is a reversion from the neo-Senecan norm, not to the Greek type, but to the real Seneca; the Chorus introduces itself with poetic and rhetorical descriptive passages, passes on to moral commonplace, and rounds off with the particular application. Similar to Seneca's, too, is the metrical effect; Jodelle, of course, employs stanzas, but they are simple ones, generally, too, made up of short lines.

In Italy, Trissino's device of the *canzone* is frequently adopted, and often varied by other purely lyric forms like madrigals, *sestine*, and *ternari*. But these still further accentuate the radical unsuitability of such metrical forms to make real equivalents of the Greek Chorus. In theatrical representation, their most obvious quality is a readiness to be converted, on the functional model of Seneca's Chorus, to a non-essential interlude in a musical setting. Cinthio's are little else[2]; and if Garnier had had a stage, his would have been similar.[3]

But if the neo-Classic Chorus is in general hardly Greek at all, in one or two particulars it does undoubtedly seem more Greek than Latin. It often, for instance, tries to take a larger share in the dialogue; but this extension of its activity is mainly in scenes where its office is either to receive the report of the Nuntius or to bear the burden in a formal lamentation. And these are not only Senecan functions, but their occurrence is frequently directly due to imitation of Seneca: the wailings of his *Troades*[4] are the model of those of Garnier's *Juifves*; and

[1] Böhm (*op. cit.*) gives the proportion of Chorus to the whole play as 24 per cent in Seneca, 27 per cent in Jodelle.

[2] It is, however, somewhat remarkable that in his middle plays Cinthio banished the Chorus completely to the end of the acts; but in his latest plays he occasionally reverts to the practice of his earliest ones, allowing the Chorus to come into the acts (cf. *Epitia*, Acts 2 and 3, and *Euphimia*, Act 5). But the reversion appears to be due to dramatic economy only; and for practical purposes the Chorus itself is virtually nothing but an *entr'acte*.

[3] *Vide infra* (p. cxix, *n.* 3) the citation from Garnier on the omission of the Chorus from his *Bradamante*.

[4] Cinthio provides a remarkable illustration of the origin of the use of the Chorus in these set laments in sixteenth-century tragedy: it is not the Greeks at all, but Seneca

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of more specific importance for our point, the favourite scene of his most popular play, *Thyestes* (Act IV.), had been the inspiration for an extended use of the Chorus in dialogue as early as *Ecerinis*, that is, before the Greeks were known at all. Once again, then, it is the Senecan tradition which is responsible for a seeming Greek practice; and indeed the marks of its Senecan origin stick closely to it; it takes a part in the dialogue, but not really in the action. Similarly the occasional use of a divided Chorus in neo-Classic drama is definitely traceable to a Senecan model: it becomes part of the Senecan tradition with Loschi's *Achilles* (*ante* 1390) before the Greeks were known. When Grévin allows the soldiers who form his *César's* Chorus to talk as individuals amongst themselves, he defends his practice not as a development from Greek precedent, but as an innovation in the direction of dramatic realism; and moreover, in relation to the rest of his play, his Chorus is in function and structure as Senecan as possible. Most significantly of all, the universal neo-Senecan habit of ending plays as did the Greeks, and as Seneca did not, by a choric utterance, is demonstrably due to the one single instance of its employment in Seneca's dramas: it is already adopted in the Senecan tradition with the *Ecerinis* (1314), where it echoes the movement of its unique appearance in the *Hercules Oetaeus*.[1]

(*c*) RENAISSANCE TRAGEDIES FROM GREEK SOURCES.

We come to the last of the reasons which have given rise to the myth of considerable Greek influence. There are in the sixteenth century a fair number of plays built directly on Greek dramatic sources and not on Seneca's. This is especially the case in Italy, and particularly in Venetian territory, where it is associated with

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who suggests and ratifies it. In his *Discorso* (p. 53) he gives his view of the *kommos*, and goes on: "e si vide chiaramente che il primo coro della Troadi di Seneca fu di questa maniera"; about 1560, that is some seventeen years later (see p. lxxiii, *n.* 6 below), when his own dramatic activity was almost over, and thus when he had already given the pattern to posterity, he adds a marginal note: "come io stimo, tolta da Greci," a clear indication that his model had been Seneca alone. The excellence of the lamentations of the *Troades* is also specially noted in Cavalcanti's *Giudizio sopra . . . Canace* (p. 30 v.).

[1] It should also be noted that the general neo-Senecan practice is to end the play with their equivalent for the Choric *ode*, precisely as in *Ecerinis* and *Hercules Oetaeus*. But whereas in Greek tragedy the Chorus frequently ends the play, its utterance is never meant to be a further choric *ode*.

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the classical scenic architecture of Palladio: he built a wooden theatre at Vicenza in which in 1561 d'Anguillari's *Edippo* was performed, and in 1562 Trissino's *Sophonisba*[1]; and in his most ambitious structure, the *Teatro Olimpico*[2] at Vicenza, Giustiniani's translation of Sophocles' *Oedipus* was presented in 1585 with splendid spectacular accompaniments. Yet these Greek revivals, even when really Greek, were utterly incompetent to divert the main neo-Senecan current: it was precisely in Venice that the most popular neo-Senecan after Cinthio, Luigi Groto, obtained his greatest following; a typical play of Groto's, *Adriana* (1578), was printed nine times within fifty years. Many of them, too, are Greek only in name: d'Anguillari's *Edippo* is a gross Senecan caricature of its Sophoclean source. Those dramatists who were almost literally translating the Greeks contrived by accumulated minor modifications to Romanise their originals. Take Dolce: he is the most extensive translator of the Greeks for the theatre of his day; but he is also the first Italian translator of the complete Seneca,[3] and he gives his Greeks a distinct Senecan bias. He translated Euripides' *Medea*, but his *Medea* is Euripides Senecanised. In form he necessarily keeps close to Euripides[4]; but he reorganises the incidents by slight alterations to a five-act scheme, and moreover tries to make the acts of more equal length. Sometimes he alters altogether the content of the choric odes; and where he keeps closer to his original in substance, he diffuses it in more abstract moral musings. He carries this process a stage further by allowing the Chorus more interruptions of moral commonplace in dialogue and by giving minor

[1] Rossi (*Discorsi*, 1590, p. 49) mentions the magnificence of this performance "con tanto apparato e con tanta magnificenza fù rappresentata da i Signori Academici Olimpici." Details of later performances in the Palladian theatre will be found in A. Ingegneri, *Della Poesia Rappresentativa* (1598).

[2] Bapst's statement (*Essai sur l'histoire du Théâtre*) that there is extant no illustration of the Palladian theatre needs correction. In Montenari's *Del Teatro Olimpico di Andrea Palladio* (2nd ed., Padova, 1749) there is a series of magnificent plates reconstructing the *Teatro Olimpico*.

[3] His *Tieste* appeared in 1543; the complete plays in 1560.

[4] There is unfortunately insufficient space at our disposal to give the complete account of a collation of Euripides' and Dolce's *Medea*. The minor differences are very large in number: the summary of their cumulative effect given above in the text must be taken therefore on trust; but many detailed examples could be alleged in justification of each point of it.

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characters long moralising speeches. He throws a Senecan atmosphere of foreboding over the play by inventing for the nurse a dream, which she tells at the outset, recalls later, and finally relates at length just before the murder. He tricks out his style with touches of Senecan rhetoric; he multiplies the imprecations and darkens them with infernal shades; he draws out pregnant grief in lengthy lamentation; he revels in pathetic condolences; he extends mythological allusions, descriptive passages, and argumentative speeches. He increases the spectacular horror by bringing the murder of the children nearer to the front of the stage and redoubling their agonised cries, although he does not actually show the fatal blows as does Seneca. The cumulative result is that, without large departure in detail, the whole spirit of the play is changed. The characters are not the same. Euripides' Medea is infuriated by the offence against her dignity and her status as wife and king's daughter by an ingrate for whom she has wildly sacrificed honour and family. It is only late in the play that she resolves on her unnatural crime, goaded to it by the repeated and characteristic ineptitude of Jason's remarks. But Dolce's Medea is more like Seneca's; although, unlike his, she is not explicitly committed to the murder of her children at the outset, yet the reinforced forebodings of the nurse mark her out for it, and later, without the goad of Jason's stupidity (the point of which Dolce misses), she embraces her crime as one preordained to such suggestion. She is thus throughout just a raving maniac, and her madness is the non-classical sort of the demented, disappointed lover in romance. Lastly, to the Euripidean *dramatis personae* Dolce adds a *Consigliere*, and although he appears but in one short scene, his introduction admirably illustrates the Senecanising process. No character—if such title can be given to a figure often and most typically named only generically—is more distinctly neo-Senecan than the *Consigliere*. He is indeed indispensable to the type,[1] for

[1] The genealogy of the *Consigliere* is not difficult to trace. Fully developed perhaps he is not in Seneca himself; but in *Octavia* he is obvious. Moreover, Seneca's use of minor characters for giving moral advice is common: a good instance is the Satelles of *Thyestes*: Dolce, translating the play, boldly substitutes *Consigliere* for the original throughout. When we remember that most modern translators render Satelles by *Guard*, we are reminded of nominally similar characters in Greek drama—the watchmen of *Agamemnon* and of *Antigone*. Perhaps no other single detail could better

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he is the natural channel for the full flow of moral and political wisdom. His text is generally, as here, the relative advantages of mercy and power. Dolce himself, in the "author's prologue," makes it the first business of the tragic dramatist to

> sostenere
> La persona d' un Re giusto e tiranno
> D' un fedel consiglier;

and Cinthio gives signal praise to Roman tragedy for avoiding, by its creation of *Consiglieri*, the frequent offences of the Greek tragedians against the *decoro* and *maestà* of tragedy.[1]

Such are the differences. Yet Dolce's *Medea* is sufficiently close to Euripides to be called without impropriety a translation: the differences are not meant to be substitutes but substantial equivalents, and as such they show conclusively that even those authors who looked at the Greeks saw them through Senecan spectacles. They may say, as Aristotle said, and indeed mainly because Aristotle said, that *Oedipus* is the best Greek play; but it was best to them because its story was nearly as rich as Seneca's in startling incidents.[2] When Dolce praises the *Antigone* theme, describing it as "d' Antigone e di Hemone . . . la pietà, la fe, *e l' amore*,"[3] the departure from the Greek ideal is obvious.

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illustrate the progressive degeneration of the type. A further intermediate stage is marked by Alamanni's reshaping of the natural coward of Sophocles, as a guard who, in the interests of tragic decorum, utters in stately phrase his sense of military honour.

[1] ". . . molto meglio vedessero i Romani, che [the text misprints *con*] i Greci, imperoche non è punto verisimile che le grandi & signorili persone vogliano trattare le attioni di molta importanza come sono quelle che vengano nelle Tragedie, nella moltitudine delle genti, quantunque famigliare, ma in simili negotij . . . hanno solamente con loro i Segretari, i consiglieri . . . E se i Greci non conobbero questo decoro, lo conobbero i Romani & seppero dare alla Maestà delle attioni reali le persone, che in quel modo le maneggiassero che si conveniva a tanta Maestà" (Letter of Defence appended to *Dido*, ed. 1583, p. 141 f.).

[2] "Questa materia è veramente fra le altre singolare. Et chi fù l' Autore di favola tale, mostrò senza alcun dubbio una solenne acutezza d' ingegno, perche la favola gentilmente da se si lega & si scioglie. Et retrovò Sophocle la materia talmente disposta & poca fatica hebbe nel ridurla in Tragedia & solo gli bisognò ornarla di parole degne del soggetto" (*ibid.* p. 154).

[3] Prologue to *Ifigenia*, p. 55 verso. It is fair to add that he is referring to Alamanni's translation, and not to the original, and Alamanni has, in fact, by minor modifications given to the characters of Sophocles something of the artificial heroics of the *comédie héroïque*.

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When Gascoigne recommends the *Phoenissae* of Euripides it is as a catalogue of crudest Senecan horrors.[1] So utterly distorted, the Greeks could exercise no distinctive influence. Dolce, for instance, writes an original play, *Dido*; but it is exclusively neo-Senecan in quality, indeed in some respects more rigorously Senecan than the Italian neo-Senecan type; like Jodelle's *Didon* it restricts its scope to the final catastrophe (which it deepens by killing Anna too), whereas Cinthio's *Dido* dramatises the whole of Virgil's fourth book, introducing twenty characters to Dolce's eleven and Jodelle's seven. And men more competent than Dolce to have created a Hellenist tradition differ from him only in contributing a greater volume to the Senecan current than he was capable of. Erasmus prefers the Senecan to the Greek Chorus,[2] and substitutes something more like Seneca's in his translations. Ascham cherishes an ideal predilection for the Greeks, yet he turns the Sophoclean *Philoctetes* into Latin, as he says, "in the manner of Seneca." This was indeed the fate of all translators of Greek drama. Buchanan will furnish a signal illustration. He translated, and, what is more, had performed, the *Medea* and the *Alcestis* of Euripides; he translated also plays of Sophocles.[3] Moreover, unlike Dolce's, his *Medea* is almost a word-for-word translation. He avoids the gorgeousness of Seneca's style; and the dedicatory letter to his *Alcestis* shows him

[1] See the "Argument of the Tragedie" prefixed to *Jocasta* (1566):

> "To scourge the cryme of wicked Laius,
> And wrecke the foule incest of Oedipus,
> The angry Gods styrred up theyr sonnes, by strife
> With blades embrewed to reave eache others life:
> The wife, the mother, and the concubyne,
> (Whose fearefull hart foredrad theyr fatall fine)
> Hir sonnes thus dead, disdayneth longer lyfe,
> And slayes hirself with selfsame bloudy knyfe:
> The daughter she, surprisde with childish dreade
> (That durst not dye) a lothsome lyfe doth leade
> Yet rather chose to guide hir banisht sire,
> Than cruell Creon should have his desire.
> Creon is King, the type of Tyranny,
> And Oedipus, myrrour of misery."

[2] *Vide supra*, p. xliii, *n.* 3.

[3] His Sophoclean versions do not seem to be mentioned by his biographers; but Brunet, *Suppl.* ii. 669, referring to the edition of Sophocles given (in Latin) in Paris 1544–1557, records Buchanan amongst the translators.

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[1] A translation published in 1642–43 with the title *Tyrannical Government Anatomized* has been attributed to Milton, probably erroneously.

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Mens horret, haeret vox in ipsis faucibus,
Nec ora verbis pervium praebent iter:
Nocturna sic me visa miseram territant,
Et dira turbant inquietam insomnia,
Gravibusque curis pectus urunt anxium.
At tu nitentis summe Dominator poli,
Averte in hostes luctuosum & funebre
Omen mihique placidus & gnatae meae,
Quae sola spes & familiae solatium
Superest, senectae columen unicum meae." (ll. 1-11.)

[4] Precisely for this reason, Brandl's claim that Buchanan founded a Greek as definitely opposed to a Senecan tradition seems invalid: he bases it most inappositely on the plea, "Buchanan . . . begründete, hauptsächlich unter dem Einfluss des Euripides, *die rein pathetische Richtung*" (*Quellen des weltlichen Dramas*, p. lxxxvii).

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And inevitably Jephthes' predicament, so conceived, is presented as an intellectual problem; his conflict is to prevent himself from being argued out of his vow by jesuitical sophistry; and so he is provided with Senecan *consiglieri*, good and bad, Symmachus and the priest. Agamemnon's predicament is human and natural: his conflict is that of wavering purpose and a father's love. Storge, too, the mother of Buchanan's victim, is an elegiac lay figure, declining into the stock *confidante* of Senecan tradition, whereas in Euripides, Clytemnestra is brought into the forefront of action and interest to enrich the dramatic tension and the human pathos. Above all, in this play Buchanan more diligently attended to formal perfection than in his *Baptistes*,[1] and the result is a reduction to the more limited scope of character and action and to the more mechanically formal simplicity and balance of structure which are the hall-marks of the Senecan type. And *Jephthes* was by far the most influential of Buchanan's plays in the critical years of the foundation of the new tragedies of Europe: as it was his own favourite, he published it in 1554, and it rapidly gained a European currency, whereas his *Baptistes* appeared first in print in 1576.[2]

C. THE SCHOOL OF TRISSINO.

It is thus apparent from every point of view that there never was, and never could have been, a really Greek influence in the shaping of typical Renaissance tragedy. At most, it borrows a trick or two of phrase or a device in stagecraft, like Cinthio's dodge for giving realistic force to narrated action by putting the tale of it into the mouth of a speaker who is gazing into the

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passages behind the stage and describing the deeds he is seeing.[1] But beyond these details it may be roundly said that there was in fact only one considerable effort to found a Greek as distinct from a Latin tradition, the attempt associated with Trissino and his followers in Italy.[2]

TRISSINIAN HELLENISM.

But the particularly Greek qualities of this drama are limited even in those plays professedly translated from the Greek[3]; and in the sequence of original plays the Greek qualities are disappearing one by one. Such plays could not provide a considerable Hellenising tendency. In the first place, they do not occur by spontaneous suggestion in widely distant and unconnected circles: they may all, in fact, be traced directly to the single source of Trissino's innovation.[4] Nor did they win a widely diffused acceptance.[5] They were almost entirely without contact with

[1] The device is employed in the *Septem contra Thebas* and in the *Phoenissae*.

[2] The plays concerned are Trissino's *Sophonisba* (written 1515), Rucellai's *Rosmunda* (wr. 1515) and his *Oreste* (finished 1525), Martelli's *Tullia* (wr. before 1531), Pazzi's *Dido* (wr. before 1524) and his translation (in Latin) of Sophocles' *Electra* and (in Italian) of Sophocles' *Oedipus*, Euripides' *Iphigenia in Tauris* and the *Cyclops* (all wr. *circa* 1524–25), and Alamanni's translation of Sophocles' *Antigone* (1533). Pietro Aretino's *Orazia* (1546) is not to be regarded as of this group at all: it is neither Greek nor Senecan in type, but rather an attempt to bring into neo-Classic drama the spaciousness and variety of the *sacre rappresentazioni*.

[3] Naturally, the Greek qualities are more evident in the translations than in the original plays of the group. Of the translations, Alamanni's is more Greek than are Pazzi's. Yet Alamanni's *Antigone* illustrates the trend. As we have seen, he chooses *canzoni* for his choruses, and so has to reject the material of Sophocles in half of them. Further, he generalises moral reflections and particular allusions; occasionally he decorates the style; he recasts the figure of the guard, stiffens the heroic traits of Antigone, enlarges the amorous sentiment of Haemon, and gives to Creon touches of the decorum appropriate to the Senecan tyrant.

[4] He wrote *Sophonisba* in Rome in 1515, where he was living in constant contact with Rucellai: of Rucellai's Florentine circle, Martelli and Pazzi were intimate members, and both Martelli and Pazzi were involved in the current of critical problems which Trissino set flowing. It is further extremely probable that Alamanni's translation was actually written at Florence *c.* 1520–1522 when he also was connected with the Rucellai group.

[5] The most productive, Pazzi, never published his plays at all; the more Greek one of Rucellai's, *Oreste*, was first printed in 1719, his *Rosmunda* but five times in the sixteenth century. Martelli's was printed only twice before 1550, and then on each occasion only in editions of his complete works. Precisely the same sign of relative insignificance belongs to Alamanni's, it also appearing only in his *Opere*. Trissino's

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contemporary acted drama.[1] And further still, the Hellenism of the plays themselves is not pure at the outset, and it is progressively weakened by Senecan substitutions. Trissino deals with Roman history, a theme unpopular with the later Cinthian Senecans, but one which the more rigidly Senecan dramatists of France found ideally adapted to their purpose. But it is in fact noteworthy that Trissino deals with an African episode of Roman history, thus half suggesting the preference for barbarian and oriental settings out of which the later Cinthians shaped so much of their melodramatic horror. It is, however, in Trissino a distinctly Hellenist trait that he avoids exploiting these horrors. But his immediate successor Rucellai has no such restraint; in his *Rosmunda* he uses the tale which later gave to our English Davenant the most gruesome effects of the type. And Pazzi, the bulk of whose work is translation of Greek drama, nevertheless in his original play rivals the Senecans in horror. It is an indication of the trend of tragedy that while Trissino translates the φόβος Aristotle required in tragedy by *tema*, Pazzi passed on to his generation, in a widely read translation[2] of the *Poetics*, *terror* as the equivalent: Cinthio is only taking one more step by converting it to *horrore*.[3] So Pazzi's *Dido* has

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Sophonisba was first published nine years after it was written—and this is not its only Horatian quality; it went through four editions only before 1550. Its relatively greater popularity after 1550 (thirteen editions to 1600) was, as we shall see, in time and quality incapable of altering the accepted neo-Senecan type.

[1] *Sophonisba* was first performed in 1562, when it was nearly fifty years old. Pazzi's *Dido* and his *Iphigenia* may possibly have been privately performed in the Vatican circle, but it is unlikely: his others certainly were not. Martelli's *Tullia* was never performed. The one notice we have of a performance of Alamanni's *Antigone* by its phrasing implies that performances of the *genre* were very unusual: "quel, che' nsino oltre le rigid' Alpi Da Thebe, in Toscano habito tradusse La pietosa soror di Polinice, I' dico d' Alamanni, che mi vide Per mio raro destino uscire in Scena" (Cinthio, *La Tragedia a chi legge*, appended to *Orbecche*, ed. 1583, p. 135). Rucellai's *Rosmunda* was possibly performed once in the Rucellai gardens; and, characteristically, it is as a stage-play more Senecan than the rest, because more melodramatic.

[2] Pazzi's translation was published first in 1536, a second edition appearing in 1537, and a third and fourth in 1538. It was also reprinted *verbatim* with critical comments in Robortelli's (1548) and Madius and Lombardius' (1550) editions of the *Poetics*.

[3] The Aristotelian passage (c. vi. § 2) came into Renaissance criticism in the Latin translation of Averroes as *misericordia atque terror*. G. Valla's, the first version from the Greek, has *miseratio et pavor* (1498). Trissino's (Ded. letter to *Sophonisba*) *compassione e tema* is more Greek; but Pazzi reverts to and thereby makes current

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the typical awe-inspiring ghost and a gratuitous melodramatic episode in which, to win her love, a rejected suitor of Dido's sends her the bloody head and severed arms of Pygmalion. This episode illustrates another entirely non-Greek quality of these dramas, and one which becomes the standard type of the neo-Senecans in Italy: tragedy becomes the tragedy of love. It is the main motive even in *Sophonisba*, one chorus of which is just a *canzone sopra amore*. Rosmunda after her horrors is assured of a happy ending by the instrumentality of a new lover. Pazzi's *Dido* is not satisfied with its already un-Greek preponderance of the main love *motif*, but, following Virgil, increases it by the introduction of a barbarian rival suitor. And the most Hellenist of them, too, the *Sophonisba*, has a foreboding dream and a superfluity of *sententiae*, which recall Seneca more obviously than the Greeks.[1]

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the *misericordia atque terror* (1536). Robortelli (1548) and Madius (1550) retain this as an adequate rendering. Cinthio (Prol. to *Dido*) has *compassion e terrore* and (Prol. to *Cleopatra*) *compassion e horrore*. Despite verbal variations in other translators, it is easy to see that the *terror* or *horror* is the underlying idea. Victorius (1560) has *misericordia et metus*, but he talks of the *res terribiles et acerbae* in tragedy. Robortelli sometimes varies the phrase *misericordia et terror* for less Senecan *commiseratio et metus* or *misericordia et timor*; but he also says that tragedy contains *res lugubres et atroces* and is an imitation *truculentarum miserabiliumque rerum*. Of the vernacular translators, Segni (1548) has *misericordia e timore*, Castelvetro (1570) *misericordia & spavento*, Piccolomini (1575) *compassione e timore*. But the implication is the same; although Madius, who never varies from *terror*, had discriminated between δεινόν and ἐλεεινόν (Aristotle, *Rhet.* ii.) as between *atrox* and *miserabilis*, Piccolomini rejects the distinction. A fair test of general opinion is provided by the phrases in equivalent contexts of critics who are not formally translating Aristotle: Daniello (*Poetica*, 1536) has "Tragedia . . . imitatrice delle più *terribili e miserabili* cose"; Muzio (*Arte Poetica*, 1551), "In questa [*i.e.* tragedia] gli esempji *miserabili et horrendi* convien havere la sua parte"; Minturno (*De Poeta*, 1559), "[Tragoedia] sive in *terrorem sive in commiserationem* sive in utrumque adducit"; Denores (*Poetica*, 1588), "La favola Tragica è imitation di tutta una attion *horribile & miserabile*," etc. It will be evident from these extracts that Aristotle's ἔλεος is suffering a Senecan perversion also; by a series of gradations, *misericordia* produces *commiserari* and *dolere*; *commiserationem* becomes *luctum* (Robortelli, p. 53), which covers the rhetorical wailings of the type, whilst Castelvetro's equivalent of Aristotle's term, *compiaciamento*, suggests a predominance of the purely moral interest generally to be found in neo-Senecan drama.

[1] Trissino, *Poetica* (Quinta Divisione, p. 109 in *Opere*, 1729, vol. 2): "Le sentenze poi, de le quali non solamente la Tragedia, ma ancora lo Eroico e la Commedia, e gli altri Poemi, denno essere abbondanti, sono sermoni brievi e morali, e diterminativi, e summarj, le quali i Greci dicono *Gnomi*, e queste sono o esortative a fare, o non fare alcuna cosa, et altre sono affermative, altre simplici, altre congiunte, altre credibili, altre vere, et altre iperboliche."

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The final impression created by this group of plays is due not a little to the fact that their authors were frequently not poets prompted to write by sensitiveness to the beauty of Greek drama, but theorists putting into practice an ideal type of tragedy which they thought they found in Aristotle. Trissino in his prefatory manifesto cites no dramatist but only Aristotle as his model: even his Greek-seeming chorus is, as has been seen, much more in accord with the prescription of Horace's *Ars Poetica*. Pazzi, too, busied himself extensively with Aristotle's theory of drama. These critical preoccupations indicate admirably the intentions of the dramatists: in trying to naturalise Greek tragedy in Italy they were not seeking to supplant a rigidly Senecan tradition, because, in fact, such as yet had not arisen; they were attacking the formlessness of the half-Senecanised tragedies of their day much more on account of their unclassical formlessness than of any Senecan traits they had acquired. But whatever direction Trissino may have sought to give,[1] it is patent that in effect his ultimate influence can scarcely be distinguished from that of the Senecan tradition. When Cinthio is issuing the manifesto of the neo-Senecans he cites Trissino and Alamanni as its sponsors[2]; and more remarkably still, Dolce yokes Trissino and Cinthio together as master-builders of the type.[3] But the most remarkable illustration of the real direction of Trissino's influence is provided by the *Discorsi* (1590)[4] of Niccolò Rossi, who was a member of the Olympian Academy at Vicenza with which the

[1] It should, however, be borne in mind that Trissino had a decided opinion on Seneca's inferiority not only to the Greeks but also to his lost Latin predecessors. The perfect tragedy, he says, will be "come furono molte de le Tragedie di Sofocle, e di Euripide tra i Greci, e tra i Latini è da credere che fossino simili il Tieste di Varo, e la Medea di Ovidio, che si sono perdute; perciò che quelle di Seneca, che sono rimase, sono per la più parte fragmenti di cose Greche, posti insieme con pochissima arte" (*Poetica*, p. 101, ed. 1729, vol. 2).

[2] *La Tragedia a chi legge*, appended to *Orbecche*, ed. 1583, pp. 134-5.

[3] Dolce, *Ifigenia*, Prologue: "Quel che gia pianse il fin di Sofonisba, E quello che d' Antigone e di Hemone Rinovà la pietà, la fè e l' amore, E quell' altro dapoi, che estinse Orbecche, E chi cantò lo sdegno di Rosmonda," etc.

[4] *Discorsi di Nicolò Rossi Vicentino Academico Olimpico intorno alla Tragedia*, Vicenza, appresso Giorgio Greco, 1590. It is strange that Flamini has no mention of these in his *Cinquecento*, stranger still that they are never mentioned either in the English or Italian version of Spingarn's *Literary Criticism on the Renaissance*, which perforce gives large space to dramatic theory. Ebner (*Beitrag zur Geschichte der Einheiten*) knows Rossi; he is also known to Aristotelian scholars like Bywater.

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Trissinian and Greek revival of the later half of the century is associated. His book, by way of the most idolatrous eulogy of Trissino's *Sophonisba*, elaborates a theory of Tragedy of which almost every element is expressly non-Greek, and yet for which Trissino's sanction is urged with great unction in every chapter. The main thesis is that precisely as the *Oedipus* of Sophocles was taken by Aristotle as the perfect "idea" of ancient tragedy, so may *Sophonisba* represent the perfection of the modern idea.[1] Yet, as Rossi expounds that idea, it has nothing but Seneca and the Cinthian Senecans in it. "Tragedy . . . is an illustrious action of illustrious persons with calamitous ending."[2] It operates through "*horrore* e compassione,"[3] which is occasionally expressed as "*spavento* e misericordia,"[4] but is never less horrible than "*terrore* e compassione."[5] Its subjects, therefore, are "casi horribili e compassionevoli":[6] *Canace* and *Orbecche* are admirable instances and the *Progne* story would make an excellent tragedy.[7] The range of the tragic hero in defiance of Aristotle is enlarged to include the wholly saintly hero,[8] and more typically still, the doer of villainous deeds, although by sophistry the villain as such is nominally barred out.[9] The Chorus is described in terms

[1] Rossi, *Discorsi*, p. 5: "questa nobilissima tragedia, la quale giudico si possa prendere per Idea delle moderne, non altrimenti, che Aristotile si prendesse l' Edipo di Sofocle, per Idea di quelle di que' tempi."

[2] *Ibid.* p. 2 v.: "Tragedia . . . è attione Illustre di persone Illustri co' l fine calamitoso."

[3] *Ibid.* p. 1 v. and 10 v.

[4] *Ibid.* pp. 21 and 15 v.

[5] *Ibid.* pp. 6 and 10 v.

[6] *Ibid.* p. 5 v.

[7] *Ibid.* p. 11. Rossi is evidently unaware of Corraro's play and Domenichi's adaptation of it, as well as of Parabosco's *Progne* (1548).

[8] *Ibid.* p. 16: "non volendo egli [Aristotile] che la persona tragica principale sia assolutamente buona, a me però pare, & forse ad alcuno altro più pregiato espositore di Aristotile, che sarebbe più atta a commovere la misericordia & il terrore una persona che fosse in supremo grado di buontà, che una mezzana."

[9] *Ibid.* p. 12: ". . . la quale [la persona tragica] (perche la tragedia è imitatione de' megliori) dee essere eccellente in ogni sorte di virtu. Nè mi opponga alcuno Thieste . . . ò Medea, od Oreste, o la Canace . . . o la Semiramis celebratissima Tragedia del Signor Mutio Manfredi, poi che queste persone suddette, benche nell' attione propria s' introducano patire qualche grave sciagura per alcun peccato da loro commesso per libidine, ò per ira, essendo fuori dell' attione persone di nobilissime virtù adorne, non perdono . . . il nome de' migliori. . . . Onde . . . Thieste, Oreste, Medea e simili non perdono il nome di migliori e più eccellenti in costumi, perche tirati da alcuno di questi potenti affetti ò dell' ira, ò della libidine, inestati dalla natura ne gli huomini, e communi a loro con le bestie, commettono alcun grave errore. . . .

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appropriate only to Seneca.[1] The style throughout, Seneca-wise, ought to be magnificent and grave, with *concetti* replete themselves with grandeur, and discourse fitting to the loftiest matters of state or even to the speech of gods themselves.[2] *Sententiae* have a chapter to themselves, and Euripides and Trissino are invoked to sanction a moralised ending perilously like poetic justice.[3]

So ends in Italy the attempt to rear a tragedy on Greek model; it was premature and therefore destined to failure; when an effective tragedy was created it was Senecan, and so powerfully Senecan that later plays, even when almost translations from the Greek, were forcibly constrained to Senecan type. In France a competent knowledge of the Greeks, and even a preference for them, preceded, or was at least contemporary with, the beginnings of tragedy; Hellenic auspices are acclaimed at its birth, but once more Seneca triumphs almost at once and soon tyrannises without rival. In England the national drama develops without any more direct intrusion of Greek influence than could be exerted by Gascoigne's English version of Dolce's partly Senecanised translation of a Latin rendering of the *Phoenissae* of the most Senecan of the Greeks, Euripides.[4]

Et se sono reputate grandissime crudeltà, quelle che usarono alcuni de' suddetti personaggi, aviene ciò, perche le persone eccellenti e poste in alto stato non si contentano delle picciole vendette, quando sono cosi gravemente offese. . . . La qual cosa fà benissimo intendere Seneca con quelle parole che fà dire ad Atreo"—twenty-one lines of which he quotes as illustration.

[1] Rossi, *Discorsi*, p. 44: "Il choro della tragedia è quella parte intera della tragedia che è trapposta tra gli atti. . . . Hora il choro nella tragedia si dee introdurre se non quattro fiate come ha diligentemente osservato Seneca in tutte le sue tragedie: una volta doppò il primo atto: la seconda doppò il secondo: la terza doppò il terzo: & la quarta doppò il quarto. . . ."

[2] *Ibid.* p. 34: "La dittione tragica dee essere magnifica, et grave, perche nelle narrationi dee essere espressa con concetti, che contengano in se grandezza, come quando si parla di cose appartenenti al governo de' regni, ò si ragiona de' dei, et di somiglianti."

[3] *Ibid.* p. 49: "Che l' Hecuba di Euripide oltre che è favole simplice, ha più tosto nel fine un poco di consolatione, per la vendetta, che fà Hecuba di quel reo huomo, che le havera ucciso il figliuolo, e simile fatto, come dice Aristotile, è aggradito anche dal popolo, cui piace vedere i buoni essaltati e i cattivi depressi. Quanto questo precetto sia stato osservato diligentemente dal Signor Gioan Georgio [Trissino] potrà vedere chiunque leggerà questa sua nobilissima tragedia."

[4] Thomas Watson, of the *Hecatompathia*, published a translation of Sophocles' *Antigone* (London, Wolf, 1581). He must be distinguished from his namesake, Ascham's friend, who wrote a Latin play, *Absalom* (*vide supra*, p. xxxiv, *n.* 2). Peele, too, is known to have translated one of the Euripidean *Iphigenias* in the days of his college friendship with Gager: the translation is lost, but Gager tells us that it was successfully

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D. ENGLISH UNIVERSITY DRAMA AND GREEK TRAGEDY.

Such remarkable absence of Greek influence is at first view surprising when one remembers that the new drama of Europe sprang from the revival of learning; when one realises, too, that it was shaped throughout Europe by "university wits"; and when one recalls that even in the first half of the sixteenth century pedagogues like Buchanan, Erasmus, and Melanchthon had prepared Latin versions of Greek plays for school performances. But even for school drama Seneca, writing Latin as a Roman and sermonising so freely, was sure of preference[1]: Gager pleaded for college performances at Oxford "to be well acquantyed with *Seneca* or *Plautus*; honestly to embolden owre path; to

acted. There is also extant in MS. a translation of *Iphigenia at Aulis* by Lady Lumley (died 1577). Yet all these are without influence on the main dramatic stream: only Peele's was acted, and when Peele later became a force in drama, it was with other models and other intents. Schelling's titles of plays performed at Court (ii. pp. 2-3) are not good evidence of Greek influence; on the contrary, the one or two of them which also are the titles of extant plays would justify a supposition that their type was predominantly Senecan. Moreover, the English *Horestes* should be sufficient warning against too much presumption on title. The neglect of Greek Tragedy is not only a gap in Elizabethan literature, but equally in Elizabethan scholarship. Before 1641 the English press issued nothing of Aeschylus either in Greek or in Latin or in English; all of Sophocles that is represented is Watson's *Antigone*, and possibly something in Thomas Evans' *Oedipus: Three Cantoes*, 1615; of Euripides, Gascoyne's *Jocasta* was printed in 1572, 1575, and twice in 1587; a Greek text of the *Troades* was printed by John Day in 1575, and Erasmus' Latin version of *Iphigenia in Aulide* had been issued in England as early as 1519 (*vide* Palmer, *List of English Editions . . . of Greek and Latin Classics before 1641*, London, Bibliog. Soc., 1911). In addition, Horace Walpole (*Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, ed. 1792, i. 31) gives amongst Queen Elizabeth's writings "a play of Euripides translated into Latin." Anthony Wood supplies a little information about the study of Greek tragedy in our English Universities; he records that an Oxford protégé of Wolsey's, John Helyar, wrote *Scholia in Sophoclem*; that a little later Thomas Key or Cay, of All Souls, translated into Latin *Euripides his Tragedies*, which Wood mentions as if he had seen the MS.; and that Cheke as Greek Reader at Cambridge "went over Sophocles twice and all Euripides."

[1] The first editions of separate plays of Seneca (*Hercules Furens*, Deventer, *c.* 1490, and *Octavia*, *ibid.*, also *c.* 1490) were text-books for use in the school of the Brethren of the Common Life. Locher also edited three (Nürnberg [München] 1520) for schools (Creizenach, ii. 422). In the schools of the Italian humanists, Lilius Gregorius Gyraldus tells us (*Hist. Poet.* Dial. 8), ability to learn Seneca by heart was specially rewarded by the masters: "[Senecae tragoediae] mira sententiarum et rerum ubertate refertae. . . . Me puero multo in pretio habebantur, et quo quis plures ex iis versus memoriae mandasset, eo magis a doctoribus commendabatur." And Gyraldus' teacher was the famous Guarino.

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try their [*i.e.* pupil's] voyces and confirme their memoryes; to frame their speeche; to conforme them to convenient action; to trye what mettell is in evrye one, and of what disposition thay are of; wherby never any one amongst us that I knowe was made the worse, many have byn muche the better."[1] Moreover, by the very fact that "academic" tragedy, with varied modifications in the two countries, became the national drama in France and Italy, and consequently in each case had to provide for a relatively wider circle than a merely academic one, it was prevented from assuming an exclusively Greek form such as it might have developed in a limited coterie of scholars. Yet it is extremely unlikely that, even in a circle of scholars, such a form would have found favour. The English national drama, unlike that of France and Italy, grew more and more away from the academic type; and hence in England purely academic drama was at liberty to run its own academic course. And university drama in England is almost as lacking in Greek influence as is the popular drama. When its tragedy is not rigidly neo-Senecan, it conforms to a more popular and not to a Greek tradition. It not only includes vernacular plays in the popular taste like Edwardes' *Damon and Pythias* performed at Merton College, Oxford, in 1567–68, but the main Latin body of it can hardly claim to possess a single Greek quality. The first phase of the history of academic drama in England begins about 1530 and extends to about 1550.[2] Its output is much smaller but its quality much higher than that of the succeeding period. Its best representative is Nicholas Grimald, who wrote eight plays, of which however only two, *Christus Redivivus* (performed at Oxford *c.* 1540) and *Archipropheta*[3] (performed similarly in 1546–47), are extant. These plays are really part of the drama which had been created by Northern, and specifically Dutch and German, Humanism. Its development is totally unlike that of the drama of Southern Europe. It proceeds not from a tragic but from a comic

[1] Quoted in Boas, *University Drama in the Tudor Age*, pp. 235-236.

[2] The next few paragraphs draw largely on F. S. Boas, *University Plays* (*Cambridge History of English Lit.* vol. vi.) and *University Drama in the Tudor Age* (Oxford, 1914); G. C. Moore-Smith, *Cambridge Plays before 1585* (in *Fasciculus J. W. Clark dicatus*); and C. H. Herford, *Studies in the Literary Relations of England and Germany* (Cambridge, 1886).

[3] English translation by C. J. Tibbits, 1906.

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source, Terence; it acquires progressively tragic dignity and seriousness by portraying Biblical scenes with the earnestness of participants in the Reformation strife, but with all this, it neither casts out the bulk of its comic material nor loses the realism which is native to comedy: indeed, its popular qualities were essential to its polemical and didactic intention. Thus a Terentian *comoedia* was Christianised by the substitution of a religious for a satiric purpose; the *comoedia sacra* so produced steeped itself more and more in Biblical themes, until it became a *tragi-comoedia sacra* which could fittingly incorporate elements of the ancient tragic machinery, like the Chorus, without surrender of its distinctive characteristics to a conventional *tragoedia* type. The *Christus Redivivus*[1] calls itself a *comoedia tragica sacra et nova*; in the wider limits of its kind it embraces a larger and more varied action, a richer display of natural feeling, a greater representation of incident, and a more extensive range of portraiture than was possible in Senecan drama, inviting indeed comparison rather with the popular and Shakespearian variety.

But about 1550 the new forces which were transforming European drama begin to operate in the Latin drama at large and in English university drama especially. Buchanan's plays are followed by Muret's *Julius Caesar* (1544), which in its still narrower restriction of action is an earnest of the new tyranny of the scholarly drama of Europe. The Dutch-German humanists were soon to desert their *tragi-comoedia* to join Buchanan in Senecan bondage. The transition is admirably illustrated in English university drama. The first recorded performance of Seneca is that of his *Troades* at Cambridge in 1551–52. The more free Dutch-German sort still persisted; we hear of Sixt Birck's *Sapientia Solomonis* at Cambridge in 1559, and, more important, of N. Udall's *Ezechias* in 1564.[2] Yet precisely these two years, 1559 and 1564, provide pointed evidence of the transition: it is significant that in the year 1559 of the three recorded performances at Cambridge two are plays of Seneca[3]; and in 1564 the only

[1] Easily accessible in J. M. Hart's reprint of the 1543 Cologne edition in *Pub. Mod. Lang. Assoc. of America*, vol. xiv., 1899.

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record besides that of *Ezechias* is of the intended performance of a classical play, *Ajax Flagellifer*, probably Sophocles in Latin.[1] And in fact the main feature of this transitional period is the rising ascendancy of Seneca and the neo-Senecans. In addition to the three plays of Seneca mentioned above, at Cambridge the *Troades* and *Medea* were performed in 1560–61, and *Medea* in 1563, and at Oxford *Octavia* in 1588 and *Hippolytus* in 1591–92. A *John Babtiste* was played at Cambridge in 1562–63 and a *Jephthes* in 1566–67, the former being most probably Buchanan's, and the latter either his or Christopherson's. Thus both for sacred and for secular tragedy the Senecan mould was establishing itself. Before it had finally hardened, there seems to have been an attempt to turn it to more popular shape: thus at Oxford, side by side with Haliwell's *Dido* (1564) and Calfhill's *Progne* (1566) (both lost, but in all likelihood neo-Senecan), we have an anonymous tragi-comedy, *Marcus Geminus* (1566) (also lost), and more important still, Edwardes' *Palamon and Arcite* (two parts, 1566) (lost also) in the vernacular, and his still extant *Damon and Pythias* (1567–68). But the more rigid Senecan type prevailed, as is shown by Legge's *Richardus Tertius* at Cambridge in 1579–80, and Eedes' *Caesar Interfectus*[2] at Oxford in 1584. And henceforth Seneca ruled alone. The later Cambridge plays are predominantly comedies, but Alabaster's *Roxana* (1592) indicates a close adherence to Senecan type in serious drama. Perhaps appropriately, it was at Oxford that the severest Senecan type of English academic tragedy was finally crystallised. The best example is offered by William Gager, who added scenes to Seneca's *Hippolytus* for a performance in 1591–92, and who in his original dramas, *Meleager* (1581–82), *Dido* (1583), and, to a less extent, in *Ulysses Redux* (1591–92), conforms more closely to Seneca's type than do his contemporaries and successors.

Thus the whole course of English academic tragedy in its two different streams was equally uninfluenced by Greek drama. But in the above summary one play has been deliberately omitted.

[1] From the point of view of Greek influence, it is ominous that this performance —one of the very few places at which the Greek and the modern stage come into direct contact—had to be postponed on account of the Queen's over-exertion (Boas, p. 97).

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As Seneca thus completely vanquishes his only possible rivals in the very field in which they could have contended with some equality, his tyranny in less learned circles may be guessed. The new tragedy of Italy, France, and England comes to life under Senecan auspices. It was inevitable, however, that the strong sense of individuality, which in that age of ferment gave a new force to the distinctive peculiarities of national character, would occasion modifications of the common type according to the genius of the different peoples. Italy never tried to throw off the Senecan yoke; but it effected from the outset minor, yet fundamental, modifications, by which the neo-Senecan type was made to serve well enough for ducal and municipal theatres. Reformed French tragedy adopted Seneca so rigidly for forty years that at the end of the century a popular reaction, led by Hardy, was necessary before a livelier Seneca could occupy the national stage. In England almost from the beginning a process of large modification was inaugurated until

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Seneca seemed unrecognisable in the final transformation. England was, in effect, instinctively doing as Italy had done, but was pushing Italian precedent immeasurably beyond Italian warrant.

Hence to map out the streams of neo-Senecan tradition it will be necessary to start at its common source, and then follow its variations in the different countries concerned.

III. THE SENECAN TRADITION IN ITALY.

Not inappropriately, Italy, France, and England are represented in the inauguration of the neo-Senecan tradition: about 1300 Nicholas Treveth, an Englishman inhabiting a French Dominican cloister, prepared the edition of Seneca which brought him once more to light, at the instance of an Italian prelate, Cardinal Niccolò Albertini of Prato. But its development is mainly the work of Italy. It is so completely up to 1500. Then Germany[1] takes some small share with Italy, turning it in one or two directions which were still best illustrated in Italy in the Latin religious tragedies, in the classic revivals for school drama, and (in Italy alone) in the more rigorous classicising of vernacular tragedy. Before 1530[2] France takes up the tradition and with it the tendencies which were then dominant and which thus mark out the direction French tragedy was to follow until 1590. But in the meantime, about 1540, the tradition has been substantially modified in Italy; and after this modification, England for the first time comes into contact with it. The English Seneca, then, is at the outset different from the French Seneca, and the courses marked out for him will be still more differentiated by dissimilarity in national character. In effect France takes to him when his influence is all for a more restricted academic classicism: the English stage finds him first when his main force is in the direction of a wider and more popular romanticism. Yet Italy is the *fons et origo* of the two Senecas, since out of Italy came Seneca for the schools as well as Seneca for the theatres.

[1] As has been said before, the German drama which helped to mould the Renaissance drama of Europe was not the stricter Senecan sort. For that reason no further account has been taken here of German Seneca. It is dealt with by P. Stachel, *Seneca und das deutsche Renaissancedrama* (*Palaestra*, 46), 1907.

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Our immediate concern is the growth of the Seneca tradition, not a history of Senecan drama. But for our purpose some parts of that history so far as it concerns Italy will need restating from a fresh point of view. From a purely historical standpoint it is sufficient to note (1) that before 1480 Seneca's dramas have begun to attract students,[1] and three original dramas [2] in imitation of them have been written in Latin; (2) that the period from 1480 to 1500 marks the frequent publication of the text,[3] the making of the earliest vernacular translations for the press,[4] the beginning of stage performances of his plays,[5] and the emergence of Senecan traits in original theatrical pieces [6]; (3) that the years 1500–1515 produce no vernacular Senecan plays, but a Senecan type is affixing itself to contemporary Latin drama,[7] and the knowledge of Seneca

[1] Contemporary with Treveth, the Paduan lawyer Lovato (*fl. c.* 1310) studied Seneca's verse-structure; Dionigi de' Roberti (*fl. c.* 1350) wrote a commentary to the plays; in 1382 Antonio Pievano and Domenico di Baudino lectured on Seneca in Florence; Salutati (*d.* 1406) displays the wider humanist interests in Seneca and his dramas which he hands on to humanist scholars. (See Creizenach, i. pp. 491 ff.)

[2] Mussato's *Ecerinis* (1314), Antonio Loschi's *Achilles* (*c.* 1390), Gregorio Corraro's *Progne* (*c.* 1428). We have not seen Dati's *Hiempsal* (*c.* 1441), which seems less Senecan than the others; but it is difficult to believe that its "performance" in the Florentine laurel competition was more than a recitation. *Ecerinis* may be read in Muratori, *Scriptt.* vol. 20, p. 787; *Achilles* in Schio's ed. (Patavia, 1843); *Progne* was not printed until 1558 (Venice), and it has not been reprinted.

[3] See p. xxxi above.

[4] Fossa da Cremona translated the *Agamemnon* (Venice, Piero Bergamascho, 1497), Pythio de Monte Varchi the *Hippolytus* (Venice, Christofolo di Pensa, 1497). Pythio also translated *Hercules Furens*, which was apparently never published. And of course there are earlier translations which exist in MSS. only.

[5] See p. xxxii above.

[6] Verardi's *Historia Baetica* and his *Ferdinandus Servatus* (both in or just after 1492) are history plays with just a sufficient sprinkling of Senecan traits to justify the title "tragi-comedy" which the author gave to the second. Of similar type is Francesco Mantovano's *Lautrec* (*c.* 1524). We approach nearer to formal tragedy in the partly Senecanised plays on romantic novel themes, such as Correggio's *Cefalo* (1487), Pistoja's *Panfila* (1499), and Notturno's *Tragedia* . . . (after 1500). It is perhaps better, however, to call these plays, as well as Caretto's *Sofonisba* (1502), tragi-comedies in the contemporary sense of the title as applied to dramas which, without adopting the formal tragic convention in full, have nevertheless distinct elements of it. But both Pistoja and Notturno claim the title *tragedia* for their plays.

[7] Giano Anisio's *Protogonos* (on the Fall of Man) has a prologising Ghost, and though not strictly Senecan in form, has a preface giving instructions for its adaptation to that model. The better known plays of Gianfrancesco Conti (or as he also called himself Quintianus Stoa), *Theandrothanatos* (on the Betrayal and Crucifixion) and *Theocrisis* (on the Last Judgement), are more closely Senecan in form. They were, however,

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in the original and in Italian, through books and through the stage,[1] is increasing; (4) that from 1515 to 1540[2] a vernacular classical tragedy is being created by Trissino and his disciples on what, in the light of what has been said above,[3] may be called the Graeco-Roman model; and finally, (5) that from 1541 to 1590 the characteristic type of the Italian Senecan drama, created by Cinthio, reigns supreme, varied, but not destroyed, by lesser or greater divergences towards a more Greek drama on the one hand, or towards a distinctly pastoral tragi-comedy on the other.

But a different orientation is necessary to understand the qualities of Cinthio's crystallisation of the Italianate Seneca. The Senecan tradition is more comprehensive than at first appears: it embraces two contrary impulses both of which are direct outgrowths of Seneca's plays. His rigorous formal restriction tends to squeeze the thrill of action out of them, but in compensation the dramatist gives them the material thrill of a striking melodramatic story. They generate, therefore, on the one hand a general literary impulse to the romantic and the extravagant, vivid and striking, in material; and on the other, a narrow dramatic impulse to the classic and the regular, bare and simple, in form. Hence the quality of a national Senecan tradition will depend on the priority of the one or the other of these impulses. The way of its growth in Italy was determined by two unique circumstances. In the first place, the tradition was founded by the earliest humanist dramas, written as closet-dramas for reading only, in days when regular performances were unknown and undreamed of; they embody, therefore, most prominently the general material influence of Seneca, the dominant effect of which is little moderated by the form, which, being merely "literary" and not dramatic, makes for brevity rather than restriction. A second circumstance secured at a later stage comparative freedom for the theatrical development of the tradition so founded. Strangulation by rigorous formal restrictions was most to be feared

better known in France than in Italy; their author spent two years (1513–14) in France, and published there (Paris, 1515), in his *Christiana Opera*, both his plays, the second of which had been written in France and appeared now in print for the first time; the former had been printed before whilst Stoa was still in Italy.

[1] See p. xxxii above.

[2] See p. lii, *n.* 1 above.

[3] See pp. lii–lvii above.

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when the early tradition of Senecan material in closet-plays came to be modified by transference to drama proper. But the danger was in effect considerably moderated by the fact that in Italy, and in Italy alone, a distinct Renaissance and Humanist tradition of drama on a non-Senecan basis was already in being. The cumulative result is that before dramatists come to be mainly preoccupied with the formal excellence of classical drama, there is already a Senecan tradition making primarily not towards rigid form but towards dramatic substance; consequently when Trissino inaugurates a movement for the perfection of classic form he chooses not Seneca, but the Greeks, for his guide; incorporating at the same time, as we have seen, in material somewhat of Seneca where such was not utterly hostile to the main formal intent. And in the last stage of the process, Cinthio invokes Seneca mainly in the interest of an effective dramatic material to quicken a sterile form.

To know the Italianate Seneca, then, it will be necessary to inquire what was the trend of the Senecan tradition, first created by the group of plays we have called the early humanist group[1]; and then to call before our mind the later humanist tradition of theatrical entertainment. For the association of these by the production of acted Senecan drama in the sixteenth century determines the nature of the Italianate Seneca.

A. EARLY HUMANIST TRAGEDIES.

It has been said above that the earliest humanist dramas on the Senecan model were reading-dramas, not for performance at all, although of course they could be read aloud, *i.e.* recited, in public.[2] Important consequences follow. In the first place, specifically rhetorical qualities are emphasised: by the strained style and the emphatic colouring, the villain's capacity for bombast

[1] See p. lxiv, *n.* 2. The most comprehensive treatment of these dramatists is in Cloetta's *Beiträge zur Litteraturgeschichte des Mittelalters und der Renaissance*, vol. 2 (Halle, 1892).

[2] It was officially ordained in 1315 that *Ecerinis* should be recited publicly every Christmas at Padua to strengthen the patriotism of the citizens (Creizenach, i. 509). That Mussato himself had no conception of a real dramatic performance is clear from (amongst much other evidence) his description of Statius' *Thebais*: "Thebais in scenis cum recitata fuit."

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and the nuntius's opportunity for sensationalism [1] are extended, with the production of effects associated with romantic rather than with classical drama. Secondly, being closet-dramas, their formal dramatic shape is nominal rather than actual; by virtue of this, questions of form are not only of secondary importance to the authors themselves,[2] but the more restrictive formal qualities originally occasioned by the nature of the classical stage operate much less rigorously.[3] Thirdly, closet-dramas are absolved from whatever restriction the limited possibilities of stagecraft may place on the presentation of thrilling incidents.[4] And so by the nature of the case, in these early plays, the dominating quality of the Senecan influence is its provision of melodramatic material and effects. The favourite sources are significantly *Thyestes* and *Medea* [5]: the cruelty of a diabolical tyrant and the delirium of a wronged woman are its chosen motives. The Senecan model becomes the Senecan tradition by diversion of all effort to the production of horror; the accumulation of gruesome deeds is even greater than in Seneca [6]; the hero is a still blacker villain than Seneca's [7]: as *Octavia* dramatises the misery of a tyranny just passed, *Ecerinis* embodies the more awful terror

[1] See especially the tyrant Ecerinis; and also the messenger's speeches in the same play and also in *Achilles*, in both cases based on *Thyestes* (iv.).

[2] Thus at one point of *Ecerinis* (Act I.) the author breaks in, epic-wise, *in propria persona*; and the Chorus in *Ecerinis* and in *Achilles* is allowed freely a form or a function not normally Senecan.

[3] Especially in regard to the Unities of Time and Place. As has been said, *Ecerinis*, covering a space of twenty-three years, involves large lapses of time between the acts; and although the indeterminate time-scheme of *Achilles* could be regarded as fulfilling required conditions, it nevertheless changes the scene of the action. *Progne* requires not only intervals between the acts, but also the supposition that the actors whilst present to the eye are actually in the process of long journeyings. It should be borne in mind, of course, that these unities had not as yet been formulated.

[4] But in closet-dramas, presentation not being by way of performance, the tendency will also be to increase the narrative presentation of those events which under other circumstances would be represented in action.

[5] Mussato says he chose Ezzelin's deeds because they reminded him of *Medea* and *Thyestes*. It has been seen that the gruesome narrative of the Nuntius in *Thyestes* is verbally imitated both in *Ecerinis* and in *Achilles*. In *Progne* the Medean theme of infanticide is joined to that of the Thyestean banquet.

[6] *Ecerinis* provides two villains to meet due retribution; for *Progne* see note above.

[7] A Senecan dream is used in *Ecerinis* to make the protagonist actually the offspring of the devil.

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impending at the actual moment. As the straining for effect increases, the romantic impulse becomes more marked in the Senecan tradition than in Seneca himself; and the era of its creation inevitably added to the flavour of romance. History, with Seneca's example, provided the story of *Hiempsal* (1441)—Roman history, too, but significantly an African episode of it. The ultimate source of the mediaeval *Roman de Troie*—Dares Phrygius—is also the source of *Achilles* (1390): the Achilles of the heroic cycles which provided Seneca and the Greeks with their material becomes now the victim of a love-intrigue.[1] But *Progne* (1428), first opening Ovid as a quarry for the modern dramatists, by that fact alone best illustrates the acquired romanticism of the Senecan tradition[2]; it is a story of sexual lust and cruelty; it expends two whole acts on the horrors of the banquet scene imitated from *Thyestes*; it rifles Seneca for tragic phrases, and it brings in a prologising ghost whose Senecan descent is confirmed by the poet's own confession.[3]

B. THEATRICAL TRADITION OF LATER HUMANISTS.

Such was the material trend of the Senecan tradition provided by the earliest humanists. Before it was associated with the theatre, later humanists had evolved a tradition of theatrical performances which in its turn would help to determine the nature of the association. In the history of drama proper, the humanists of the latter half of the fifteenth century find a small corner mainly as sponsors of the revivals of the plays of the Latins,[4] Plautus and Seneca. They have not left a body of original

[1] Yet even here Seneca offers material: much of the moralising of Achilles and of the choric songs on the almighty power of love is taken from *Phaedra* and from *Octavia*.

[2] Probably Seneca himself first tapped Ovidian material; it is likely that details of the poison and the incantation in *Medea* came from Ovid (see *Medea*, Act iv., and *Metamorphoses*, vii.).

[3] See the *Argumentum* to the tragedy: "Imitatur in hac tragoedia Senecam in Thyeste; ut ibi Tantalus ab inferis veniens introducitur, ita hic Diomedes Thrax Tyrannus" (quoted in Cloetta).

[4] Creizenach's assertion that in Florence at the time of Poliziano there was little acting of classical drama (ii. p. 13) needs supplementing by Poliziano's own record of the performance of Sophocles' *Electra*, still more remarkable because clearly it was performed in Greek. The title-rôle was played by a woman, the famous Alessandra Scala. (See Poliziano's *Epigrammata Graeca*, xxix. Εἰς Ἀλεξάνδραν τὴν ποιήτριαν.) The performance must have been before 1494.

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dramatic literature of their own: a Poliziano's *Orfeo*[1] or a Boiardo's *Timone*[2] is recorded by the historian and briefly despatched as hardly belonging to formal drama. But their work cannot be so lightly passed over; for although these humanists did not create legitimate drama, they shaped a theatrical tradition which profoundly influenced the legitimate drama of later days. Summarily, it may be said that they built up the conception and example of theatrical entertainment as a recognised element in the new scheme of social life. Humanism in these decades was at home in the ducal circles and the civic societies of Italy; the humanists were not secluded scholars in a retired academy, but were leaders in the life of their age and an integral part of it. It was a life, too, which delighted itself in gorgeous display and festival: processions, jousts, investitures, banquets, weddings, carnivals, embassies—all these led to a revelry of masquerade and spectacle. In the palaces of duke and cardinal the delight in show had its theatre ready to hand: figures of classical mythology, incidents from classical poets, were thrown into a rich scenic setting and magnificently furnished with accompaniment of music, dance, and lyric verse.[3] Especially popular in all Italian courts were symbolic pageants figuring forth the glories of the princely houses; and in a short time they were succeeded by more regular representations or recitations of pastoral eclogues sumptuously decked out.[4] The products are masques, even operettas, hardly literary species at all in general, and still less drama. But they instil a passion for the theatre in a widely representative audience, and confirm its predilection for seeking its material in those sources which most adequately represent the new interests of the era, while in no wise neglecting the spectacular possibilities of the stage.

And these qualities are all of special importance in their bearing

[1] It was written when Poliziano was a youth of eighteen, and was recited at Mantua in July 1471 as part of the festivities to welcome the Duke and Duchess of Milan.

[2] Performed at the Court of Ferrara about 1491: a dramatisation of a dialogue of Lucian's in the mediaeval morality manner.

[3] See, for instance, the description of an allegorical presentation of the homage of the seven planets to Isabella of Naples, written by Bellincioni and performed at Mantua in 1489, with decorations by Leonardo da Vinci (Creizenach, ii. 202).

[4] See V. Rossi, *Battista Guarini ed il Pastor Fido* (Turin, 1886), pp. 165 *seqq.*, for accounts of some of these.

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on the growth of the Senecan tradition ; for its obvious dangers are a tendency to limit itself merely to a small academic circle, to lose all contact with acted drama, and to confine itself to the old traditional tragic stories of the classic drama. The theatrical entertainments of the dukes of Italy were not at all college plays for an academic audience. The very dukes whose credit it is to have fostered humanism were naturally not themselves the best of scholars; for their sakes alone the shows needed a broader and more popular appeal. Moreover the provision of entertainments was part of their hold on the people. Ferrara was especially famous for its theatrical shows. They began as early as 1444,[1] and before 1500 had become the admiration and attraction of the whole of Italy.[2] The performance was always thronged with people : we hear of the great crowd at the *Iside* in 1444 ; in 1486 at a performance in the cortile of the palace thousands of enraptured people were present,[3] and the title-page to the first printed edition of Correggio's *Cefalo* records that it was represented (in 1487) by the Duke to his most prosperous people of Ferrara.[4] The Ferrarese *répertoire* included every variety of theatrical entertainment up to legitimate drama; for instance, in February 1502 in one week five plays of Plautus were given, with interspersed morris dances, allegories, triumphs of Cupid, gladiatorial combats (mock, of course), costume dances, pageants, etc., etc.[5]

As these entertainments were for the city at large, none of the more obvious effects of scenic display were omitted : sumptuous

[1] With a scenic setting for a Latin elegy—the *Iside* of Francesco Ariosti consisting of two speeches by a reformed nymph and one of her lovers.

[2] Tiraboschi, *Lett. Ital.*, ed. 1776, vol. vi. pt. 2, p. 186, citing Bembo, who says that people came specially from Venice to see the performances of 1499.

[3] Gardner, *Dukes and Poets in Ferrara*, p. 216.

[4] It is also known that about 1500 the Duke of Ferrara had set aside a large room, capable of holding 3000 spectators, in the palace of the Podestà, purely for theatrical entertainments. In Rome, in 1513, 20,000 people are said to have been present at a theatrical show which cost 6000 ducats.

[5] Gardner, *Dukes and Poets in Ferrara*, p. 419. See also the shows in Rome in 1473 to greet Leonora of Arragon; a *rappresentazione* of the Biblical story of *Susanna* was followed by an allegorical dance in which Hercules rescued the nymphs from the Centaurs, then came the "representation of Bacchus and Ariadne with many other most beautiful things of very great and inestimable expense." A little later, information becomes fuller; *e.g.* Castiglione's account of the shows during the Carnival at Mantua in 1501, and especially his long letter describing his arrangements for the plays given at Urbino in 1513 (it is given in English in Mrs. Cartwright's *Castiglione*, vol. i. pp. 335 ff.).

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dresses, magnificent scenery, elaborate contrivances all played their part, " machines " being naturally of extensive use in the movement of the allegorical and mythological figures so often introduced. Nor were the producers unwilling to learn from the popular stage of the middle ages ; the " multiple scene " was freely employed at Ferrara. In more important ways, too, the " popular " trend of this theatrical movement is manifest. The large majority of performances were in the vernacular; even when classical plays were performed, it was almost without exception in translations ; and how " popular " these translations were, is illustrated by the fact that the first Italian versions of Seneca are in the traditional verse-forms of the mediaeval stage. In general, indeed, the humanists of this epoch, unlike their successors, were not hostile to native and popular traditions in poetry; just as Poliziano's and Lorenzo de' Medici's lyrics are closely related to the popular forms, so their dramas are really just *sacre rappresentazioni* on classical or novelistic subjects. And finally, by drawing on this material, they were building a powerful tradition. With audiences of men and women, with women actresses too, in days when Plato and Petrarch were becoming the school-books for a society with mediaeval chivalry already part of its inheritance, a new outlook on life was in being ; love was its continual theme, and its interests were increasingly " romantic." The tales of Ovid, the most romantic of the ancients, were their favourite classical reading : the passage from them to the *novelle* of the most romantic of the Italians, Boccaccio, is easily made; from the frequent stagings of Ovid, *Orfeo*, *Cefalo*, and so on, one naturally comes to *Panfila*,[1] and with it the richest store of modern dramatic material is opened to the theatre.

Thus it happens that when humanism brings Seneca into the theatre, it is to a stage which has a firmly-established tradition of its own, and a tradition, too, which, being also the creation of humanists, is of no little weight. Consequently for a time Seneca is no tyrant ; indeed it is he who must adapt himself to the stage tradition and not it to him. He was performed at Rome with rich stage adornments. He is introduced as Prologue

[1] Performed at Ferrara, 1499: its classical names are simply substituted for those of its source—*Decameron*, 4th day, November 1, the Tancred and Ghismunda story.

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to *Panfila* to tell the audience that the play is in fact one he himself wrote in his youth! Dramatists borrow his devices; they divide their plays into acts, they incorporate horrible scenes, they even take his chorus, because it lends itself so obviously to the lyrical *intermezzi*[1] the stage demanded. But the larger humanism is passing away before it has time to evolve a full dramatic tradition of its own, to grapple with wider and deeper subjects: Verardi's plays are a witness of this uncertainty. And unfortunately it fell to a narrower, more pedantic humanism to face the problem. An indication of the way it would take is seen in Tebaldeo's[2] *rifacimento* of *Orfeo* as a formal tragedy. Trissino's attempted solution is to forsake not only the theatrical tradition but the theatre also; and significantly he also nominally forsakes Seneca for the Greeks.

As we have seen, the potency of Seneca is clearly indicated in the encroachments he makes on this Hellenist movement[3]; but it was left for Cinthio to identify as closely as possible the stage tradition and the Senecan one. In the meantime, the stage had secured itself still more firmly by the diversion of dramatic effort to comedy: for comedy by the nature of the case is always more actable than tragedy, and consequently strengthens the hold of the theatre more effectively. Seneca became Italianate in Cinthio's hands by meeting as many of the predilections common to scholar and theatre-goer as was humanly possible.

C. CINTHIO AND HIS CONTRIBUTION TO THE SENECAN TRADITION.

Cinthio's appearance as a dramatist in 1541 with *Orbecche*, *Altile*, *Cleopatra*, and *Didone*[4] determined irrevocably the course

[1] As in *Cefalo* and *Panfila* especially.

[2] *c.* 1490.

[3] See pp. lii–lvii above.

[4] *Orbecche* was performed in 1541; and, though apparently not published till 1543, was prepared for publication in 1541 with a dedicatory letter dated May 20 of that year. In this letter, *Altile*, *Cleopatra*, and *Didone* are mentioned, but for the time being "stanno nascose." They were performed before the end of 1543, as we know from Cinthio's *Discorso* (*vide infra*). Between 1548 and 1562 he wrote his *Antivalomeni* (acted 1548), *Euphimia*, *Selene*, and *Arrenopia*. The *Orbecche* was frequently reprinted. But no edition of the others before the complete collection of 1583 is known. It seems likely that they had been printed before, and certain that they had been acted, if only in Ferrara, from the remarks prefixed by Cinthio's son, the editor of the 1583 collection, to the last of the series, *Epitia*, which is described as "per ancora nè in pubblico

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of Italian tragedy for the rest of the century. He made his *début* with the most famous play of the century, *Orbecche*, which at the outset created a powerful impression.[1] At once its author became the authority on tragedy and was urged to expound its principles and objects.[2] Repeated performances of his play were called for[3]; its fame spread through Italy and out of Italy.[4] Detractors appeared,[5] but for at least fifteen or twenty years[6] it

esposta, nè rappresentata in scena, acciochè essendo ella verginella. . . ." *Orbecche* was undoubtedly the best known and the most influential; but Creizenach greatly under-estimates the influence of the rest, witness the later popularity of what can only be described as the new Senecan tragi-comedy of which they gave the pattern; he has not allowed sufficiently for the rapidity and wide diffusion of literary currents without the help of the press—for instance, Speroni's *Canace* is not heard of until 1542 and was not printed till 1546, but in 1543 a lengthy critical *Giudizio* on it had appeared, summarising discussions on it in Bologna and Venice by men from Florence, Bologna, Puglia, and Venice.

[1] The lover of the actor who played Oronte "veduta la testa di Oronte, . . . subito cadde come morta"; more wonderful still, a stranger knowing none of the actors was just as powerfully stirred (*Discorso*, p. 66). Two years after the performance Cinthio writes of the effect of the acting of the Nuntio: "Mi pare di sentirmi ancora tremare la terra sotto i piedi, come mi parve di sentirla allora che egli rappresentò quel messo con tanto orrore di ognuno, che parve che, per l' orror e per la compassione ch' egli indusse negli animi degli spettatori, tutti rimanessero come attoniti" (*ibid.* p. 111).

[2] Cinthio was asked to expound "l' Edipo Tiranno di Sofocle, confrontandolo con quel di Seneca" (*Discorso*, p. 6) and to explain the whole art of drama. He did so in a letter to Giulio Ponzio Ponzoni, who had acted in his plays and had himself a dramatist's aspirations. The letter was written in 1543 and published in 1554 as the *Discorso . . . intorno al comporre delle comedie e delle tragedie*. In 1585 Massucci, dedicating his *Costanza*, *Tragedia*, writes that he has composed it "secondo quei fondamenti che dai suoi [Cinthio's] discorsi ho appresi."

[3] "Vi ritornano gli spettatori ansiosi di rivederla" (*ibid.* p. 120). Further, he talks (in 1543) of "quelle che ogni volta vi erano venute, non poteano contenere i singhiozzi e i pianti" (*ibid.* p. 17). It was revived in 1568 at Ferrara.

[4] He writes (some time after 1554): "in molti luoghi dell' Italia è stata solennemente rappresentata, e già tanto oltre fu grata che ella favella in tutte le lingue che hanno cognizione della nostra, e non si sdegnò il re Christianissimo [of France, of course] volere che nella sua lingua ella facesse di sè avanti sua maestà solenne mostra" (*ibid.* p. 17).

[5] Particularly a Greek who was then at the Court of Ferrara, and who especially attacked *Didone* in 1543.

[6] We know that the Greek kept up his attack and that the *Orbecche* continued the main object of dramatic discussion until some time at least after 1554. In the Daelli reprint of Cinthio's *Discorso*, paragraphs are added from marginal notes made by Cinthio himself in his own copy of the 1554 edition. Some of these are in reply to the criticisms of the Greek—and one reads "Ma lasciando costui nel suo torto giudizio (poichè l' Orbecche senza altro difenditore ha superato insino ad ora tutte le calunnie e le maldicenze degli invidiosi) . . ." (*ibid.* p. 42). Cinthio goes on to establish

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was the object of the liveliest interest and discussion. It found admirers, and indeed provided in its incidents or in its speeches material for imitators[1] throughout the century. In 1572 it was hailed by the most popular contemporary tragedian, Luigi Groto, as the model of all tragedy.[2] As late as 1590 a dramatist, who, like Cinthio, preferred fictitious stories from novels for his plots, refers to a performance of the *Orbecche* which had taken place many years before as incontrovertible evidence of the excellence of the type.[3] And in 1598, one of the earliest Italian bibliographers, Orazio Lombardelli, giving briefly the cream of Italian tragedy, defies chronology, to put *Orbecche* at the head of his list.[4] In effect Cinthio had created a new type with his *Orbecche*. Literary historians,[5] indeed, credit him with the

his case by referring to Victorius' "interpretazione . . . sulla Poetica d' Aristotile," which "è uscita . . . mentre che io era colla penna in mano su questa parte." It is reasonable to suppose from this that Cinthio added these notes in 1560 (when Victorius' edition of Aristotle appeared), thus witnessing the continued lively interest in *Orbecche* down to that date, twenty years after its first appearance. The point is worth mentioning for another reason. Daelli's reprint does not sufficiently indicate that this passage is an insertion from the MS. notes; and so Ebner (*Beitrag zu einer Geschichte der dramatischen Einheiten in Italien*, 1898) has been led into an error. He argues that Victorius' translation is much earlier than its first appearance with his Commentary in 1560, because it is mentioned by Cinthio in 1543. As we see, this is not true, Cinthio's reference being at the earliest after 1554. Victorius' translation quite probably did appear before 1560; it appears (without Commentary) in the Junta (1574) volume entitled *Secundum Volumen. Aristotelis De Rhetorica et Poetica libri cum Averroes in eosdem paraphrasibus.* We therefore suppose it is probably also in an edition, *Secundum volumen Aristotelis Stagiritae de Rhetorica et Poetica cum Averroes Cordubensis in eosdem paraphrasibus*, Venice, 1552; but we have never found the volume to check the supposition. And in any case, since Cinthio added his MS. notes after 1554, he could not be referring to this as just issued. Probably he was writing in 1560.

[1] There are imitations in Speroni's *Canace* (1542), Dolce's *Marianne* (1565), Groto's *Dalida* (1572), Verlato's *Rodopeia* (1582), Massucci's *Costanza* (1584), and Manfredi's *Semiramide* (1593).

[2] Groto, Dedicatory Epistle to *Dalida* (1572), "modelo dell' altre."

[3] Gabriele Zinano, *Discorso della Tragedia* (Reggio, 1590), pp. 7-8: "Chi non sà, che la finta cagioni il grado mediocre [and to Zinano that is the proper grade] di compassione et di terrore, ne domandi à gli ancora viventi ascoltanti dell' Orbecche."

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fundamental identity as tragedy: it is merely that *Altile*, unlike *Orbecche*, has a happy ending. For the rest, in material and in manner, they are the same. Even of horror, although of course the final holocaust is avoided, there surely is the real Senecan sort in them; and Cinthio issues a special injunction that precisely in these tragedies of happy ending the plot must be so carefully arranged that the audience is held to the very end in suspense between horror and pity.[1] In *Altile* an unmitigated villain schemes the downfall of a princess and her supposedly low-born husband, protesting that their death alone is insufficient unless it be death by most cruel torture. The husband flees, leaving a bare sword on his wife's pillow. He is pursued and dragged to prison in chains. In the meanwhile the irate king, brother of the princess, has vowed the death of both husband and wife. In angry debate with the princess, he even draws his sword to kill her on the stage. Step by step the succeeding action increases the terrifying suspense, until the husband is brought across the stage in a procession to the place of his execution. The wife tears herself from her guards to embrace him. To her the king, her brother, has sent dagger and poison that she may be her own executioner! And so on until well into the fifth act, at the moment when the executioner's axe is falling, the necessary discovery for a happy ending is made. Only then does the play lose its atmosphere of heavily-weighted Senecan forebodings and desperate laments. Or take *Euphimia*. No villain of Senecan drama is blacker than its main male character, King Acharisto, whose exploits include treason, imprisonment, hypocritical pleas for mercy, release, succession to the crown and to the king's daughter, faithlessness in love, and a final scheme, which is the plot of the play, the plan to put away his wife by burning her alive on a false charge of adultery. Not only in acts, but in character also, Acharisto bears the hall-mark of the type of which Richard III. is the most familiar example. He has chosen villainy for his part, he defies gods and men with consummate audacity, and does so with a grim irony which suggests the comparison.

It is obvious, then, that Cinthio's tragedies with happy endings lent themselves to the inclusion of just those qualities which made his *Orbecche* successful. And precisely by fitting the Senecan

[1] *Discorso*, p. 34.

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tradition to the tragedy of happy ending, Cinthio was giving it a new lease of life. Provided that is borne in mind, there is no objection to defying the author's wish and calling his tragedies of happy ending tragi-comedies. There is indeed an advantage on another score; for then not only is Cinthio's parentage of orthodox tragedies of horror apparent, but also of the fewer but equally important "tragi-comedies" in Cinthio's sense of the word, such as Dolce's *Marianne* (1565) and Groto's *Adriana* (1578), which, after much intervening display of horrors, contrive a happy ending. One might indeed go much farther, and insist that there is an unbroken line from Cinthio to the group of plays in which tragi-comedy proper is first consciously embodied, the "pastoral" tragi-comedies of Tasso, Guarini, and the host of their followers in Italy and France, and perhaps even to the very different tragi-comedies of Fletcher. It is not only that Cinthio's *Egle* is a forerunner of the pastoral, but that fundamentally the pastoral tragi-comedy of Guarini was the product of ideas first insisted on by Cinthio, and was, apart from its pastoralism, built up with material and manner first rendered current in Cinthio's practice of the tragedies of happy endings. Thus Guarini himself was most anxious to defend his *Pastor Fido* not as a "pastoral," but as legitimate "tragi-comedy"; and he repeatedly echoed in his defence the merit of the "invented subject" and of the "happy ending"—the two main props of Cinthio's plays and of his theories. Above all, the final defence of Guarini's play was that, more than any other species, it lent itself to the accumulation of a maximum amount of spectacular, "theatrical," pleasure.[1] Moreover, the vital continuity of Cinthio's influence in this matter is most markedly displayed in Angelo Ingegneri's *Della Poesia Rappresentativa* (1598). He makes no mention of Cinthio in the text. But his treatise is a thorough-going application of the Cinthian principle that a dramatist is the provider of theatrical pleasure, and the best dramatist is he who provides most of this pleasure. Every element of drama is examined

[1] Thus in the Liviera-Summo dispute mentioned below (p. lxxviii, *n.* 4), Summo, objecting to Liviera's main concern for theatrical pleasure, specifically says that in this Liviera has been supported by his gang of instigators of whom Guarini was the chief—"il piacer Theatrale, il cui consenso vuol il medesimo [illegible] Verrato [Guarini's pseudonym in his critical treatises] esser vero e leggitti[illegible] lla prestantia delle favole recitate" (*Risposta*, p. 13).

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purely from the point of view of the theatre-manager. It is from this standpoint that he finds pastoral tragi-comedy supreme above other types,[1] and more especially such magnificent tragi-comedies as Guarini's *Pastor Fido* and Prince Ferrando Gonzaga's *Enone*. And these tragi-comedies are, he claims, "tragedies with happy endings"—precisely Cinthio's new variety.[2]

Moreover, the bulk of the tragedies of the later sixteenth century which Flamini[3] classes as "of Greek type" have on them some powerful mark or other of Cinthio's hand. Many, like Anguillari's *Edippo* (1556), are packed with horrors like those of *Orbecche*; many, like Tasso's *Torrismondo* (1586–87), have the flavour of chivalric romance as in Cinthio's *Arrenopia*; many, like Torelli's *Tancredi* (1597), are built, like most of Cinthio's, on stories from the novelists. Indeed those, like Torelli's *Merope* (1589) and Liviera's *Cresfonte* (1588), which seem to arise straight from the celebrated passage of Aristotle's *Poetics*, find themselves in a current of conflicting opinions concerning the "happy ending," which carries over with it more and more of Cinthio's whole doctrine. Like Guarini's tragi-comedies, and indeed with Guarini's expressed approval, they are finally justified on the fundamental Cinthian principle of the demands of the audience[4]:

[1] Ingegneri, *Della Poesia Rappresentativa* (Rptd. in Guarini, *Opere*, Verona, 1738, vol. 3), p. 484: "Restano adunque le Pastorali, le quali con apparato rustico e di verdura, e con abiti più leggiadri che sontuosi, riescono alla vista vaghissime."

[2] *Ibid.* p. 484: "[Le Pastorali non sono] incapaci di qualche gravità quasi Tragica (onde alcuna ve si ha), e particolarmente quella del sopradetto Signor Don Ferrando, la quale si potrebbe legittimente appellare una Tragedia di lieto fine." And further, p. 523, he calls it "Tragedia ne' boschi di lieto fine."

[3] Flamini, *Il Cinquecento*, pp. 451, etc.

[4] Liviera's play led to a dispute between its author and Faustino Summo on the validity of the "happy ending." In 1590 Summo published a tract written in 1575, *Discorso intorno al contrasto tra Speroni e il Giudicio contra la sua tragedia* (Padova), in which he attacks by name Cinthio and the author of the *Giudicio*, Cavalcanti, for sanctioning the happy ending. Liviera, incited, as Summo repeatedly says, by Guarini, replied in two pamphlets defending the happy ending, since he had written such a tragedy himself. Summo retaliated with an anonymous (and very rare) *Risposta per . . . Faustino Summo all' Apologia del Signor Giovan Battista Liviera* (Padova, Pasquati, 1590). Although the dispute is mainly conducted with reference to Aristotle and the Greeks, yet Cinthio, his opinions, and practice are brought in. But Cinthio's influence goes beyond that: opinion was thoroughly impregnated by his ideas. Thus even Summo, the opponent of the happy ending, takes "atrocity" as the primary requisite of tragedy—"quel Tragico, che nell' *attrocità* del fatto consiste, e senza 'l quale la misericordia e *l' horrore* non hanno la forza loro" (*Risposta*, p. 10 verso). Naturally

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a strong proof of the vitality of Cinthio's influence; all the more so as the principle had been expressly condemned by Aristotle.[1]

(*a*) CINTHIO'S PURPOSE AND PRINCIPLES.

Substantially, the great achievement of Cinthio is that by his plays and by his critical opinions he had fitted tragedy for the stage. Virtually he had made classical tragedy modern. And if in practice he had not made it in the widest sense popular, at least he had made it public; and in starting a current of critical opinions such as his were he had indeed initiated a movement which would inevitably lead to the complete popularisation of tragedy. Moreover, Cinthio had done all this by seeking his dramatic inspiration in Seneca and in Seneca alone; and for practical dramatic purposes he incited his contemporaries to have no other model but the Roman tragedian.[2]

It has been remarked above that Cinthio's preference for

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there is even more in Liviera: above all, the central (and new) conception of Cinthio that the effect in the theatre is the compelling consideration. Liviera's defence for setting certain principles aside is "altre possono esser più belle e più tragiche *rispetto del grato a gli huomini e del piacer Theatrale*"; and the attitude is specified later, almost precisely in Cinthio's phrase, as "un servir alle voglie de' spettatori" (*Risposta*, p. 13).

[1] Still other illustrations of the dissemination of Cinthio's opinions in the theatre and in the dramatic theory of the sixteenth century might be adduced. One important one may be added here. The main current of critical theory in the sixteenth century is to be found in the succession of editors of Aristotle's *Poetics*. In Italy the most important of these editors was Lodovico Castelvetro, whose *Poetica d' Aristotile* appeared in 1570. This *Poetica*, much more than any other contemporary treatise, is the bridge by which an appropriately modified ancient theory was conveyed to the modern theatre. And, in its turn, the strong hand of Cinthio is to be found therein. It is not only a matter of similarity in opinion. It is known that Cinthio was in Modena, staying in the house of Castelvetro, precisely at the time when he was preparing his *Discorsi* for the press. (He dated the MS. of Canto 10 of his *Erede* "in casa di M. Ludovico Castelvetro l' anno 1553 a dì 9 di genaro.") It is therefore extremely likely that Castelvetro talked much of things dramatic. When we find that in Castelvetro's *Poetica*, for the first time in an edition of Aristotle, and directly contrary to Aristotle's opinion, the primary standard for all his theory of drama is a strictly theatrical one, we are at once sure of Cinthio's influence. Other details confirm the impression. Both critics, for instance, adopt the rather striking defence of a very rigorous unity, that although abstract theory may not require such rigour, the adoption of it creates an effect of marvellous ingenuity which contributes to the total pleasure.

[2] *Discorso*, p. 82: "Quantunque io vegga che gli uomini de' nostri tempi poca stima facciano di Seneca . . . ne hanno per mio parere il torto," he says, continuing to show how superior Seneca is to Euripides.

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Seneca over the Greeks was almost absolute : in general qualities Seneca has more of the *maestà*, *gravità*, and *decoro* than they have,[1] and in details he shows a greater prudence in the orderly division of his plot (into acts),[2] in the more distinct outlines of character-presentation,[3] and in the more effective management of the Chorus.[4] Indeed Cinthio justified his comprehensive preference on the general principle of progress ; he defends a departure from Greek precedent on the grounds that "in their beginnings things are naturally not perfect." Whatever error in the appreciation of Latin tragedy this principle may have occasioned, its adoption by a practical dramatist was highly serviceable, as a completion of his remark will show—"and so industry and diligence are necessary on our part to lead them on to their proper end and to the height of their perfection." [5] So the principle makes, not for servile imitation as such, but for freedom to adapt ; and Cinthio freely avails himself of the liberty to carry Senecan tendencies further than their originator had done. The immediate reason of his preference for Seneca is not far to seek : it is the predominantly theatrical quality of Seneca,[6] and

[1] *Discorso*, p. 33 : "Egli avanzò (per quanto a me ne paia) nella prudenza, nella gravità, nel decoro, nella maestà, nelle sentenze, tutti i Greci che scrissero mai, quantunque nella elocuzione potesse essere più casto e più colto ch' egli non è," and in a MS. note added later he minimises even that slight reservation, "vizio dell' età nella quale egli scrisse." In another passage (p. 94) Seneca is said to excel Euripides, "nella maestà, e negli affetti, e nell' osservanza del costume e nella vivacità delle sentenze."

[2] Letter of defence appended to *Didone*, *passim*.

[3] *Discorso*, p. 94. Comparing the persons of Euripides' *Hecuba* and Seneca's *Troades*, he says : "quantunque queste persone abbiano buono costume in Euripide, l' hanno però ottimo in Seneca." (*Buono* is of course used in a non-moral sense.)

[4] *Ibid.* p. 81 : ". . . i cori di Seneca, i quali giudico io . . . molto più degni di loda che quelli di tutti i Greci, perchè, ove questi molte volte si stendono in novelluccie, quelli di Seneca con discorsi morali e naturali, tutti dall' universale, ritornano maravigliosamente alle cose della favola."

[5] *Ibid.* p. 9 : "le cose ne' principj loro non sono perfette, e vi bisogna la industria, e la diligenza nostra a condurle al fine dicevole, e alla lor perfezione." In the letter of defence appended to *Didone*, he cites Cicero in defence of his thesis of progress as between Roman and Greek tragedy, "il quale, ove egli tratta delle lodi della vecchiezza, non senza cagione disse che vero era che i Latini haveano tolte molte cose da Greci, ma che le haveano ridotte a miglior forma" (p. 145, ed. 1583).

[6] Cinthio never for a moment imagined that Seneca did not write for a stage performance. Drawing on Livy and Plutarch, he frequently discourses on the practices of the Latin stage.

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ultimately his marvellous power of thrilling the audience by depictions of violent passions.[1] If only for this, Seneca must have absolute[2] dominion over the new theatre. A rancorous and pedantic Greek does indeed decry Cinthio's display of violent action, his crowded stage, and his happy endings amongst other things.[3] But Cinthio wins: how completely, is admirably illustrated by the half-century-long[4] dispute over Speroni's

[1] He frequently alludes to Seneca's excellence in display of passions (*affetti*). In his *Poetica . . . secondo l' opinion d' Aristotile* (1588), Jason Denores, classifying tragedy, calls one of his three groups *tragedia affettuosa*, and illustrates it by Seneca only (p. 26 verso). Cavalcanti (*Giudicio*, p. 38) writes: "tutto lo intento dello Autore Tragico è il movere terrore e compassione e empir di maraviglia gli ascoltanti." Hence his preference for Seneca also.

[2] On one point only does Cinthio desert Seneca: he prefers in practice happy endings to his tragedies. But this is not really desertion, for his point is to prove that Seneca can not only be the great exemplar for tragedies of the normal ending, but can also be an invaluable help in tragedies which in the fifth act diverge from his pattern.

[3] In the letter appended to *Didone*, Cinthio summarises the heads of the attack as follows: (*a*) the tragedy should have been in prose; (*b*) mythological gods should not be introduced; (*c*) the division into acts and scenes is not a commendable practice as the Greeks did not do it; (*d*) there are too many characters; (*e*) the characters display impropriety in talking as they do about themselves; (*f*) the tragedy does not conform to the ideal type of all tragedy, Sophocles' *Oedipus*; (*g*) it is too long. For a long time the Greek persisted in the attack, on later occasions objecting to the violent stage-action of *Orbecche*: to this Cinthio replied at great length in the MS. notes added to his copy of the *Discorso* for a second edition; he is mainly concerned to show how Aristotle approves of deaths on the stage, pointing out that whereas Giorgio Valla (1498), Paccius (1536), and Madius (1550) have translated *οἱ ἐν τῷ φανερῷ θάνατοι* (*Poetics*, xi. *sub finem*) correctly, only Robortellus (1548) and this particular Greek make it mean reported deaths, and he adds with eagerness that at the very moment a new translation by Victorius (1560) had appeared, and, despite its author's knowledge of the reasons alleged both by Robortellus and the Greek, Victorius also took the general view (*Discorso*, pp. 39-43).

[4] The play was written in 1542, and recited, hot from the pen, in the Paduan Academy. It was first printed in 1546. The anonymous *Giudicio sopra . . . Canace* is generally attributed to Bartholomeo Cavalcanti, and was so attributed in the sixteenth century, although Speroni at one time suspected Bernardino Tomitano. It is dated at the end 1543. Flamini (*Cinquecento*, p. 261) says it "uscì in luce" in 1543; but it would appear that, although it was well known in MS., it was not printed until its issue in 1550 in Lucca by Vincenzo Busdrago. Another edition appeared in Venice in 1566. Speroni replied to the attack in six *lezzioni* before the Paduan Academy (really that *degl' Infiammati*, despite Creizenach's correction (ii. 400), as may be gathered from Summo's *Discorso*). But whilst the oral defence was being delivered, members of the Academy were secretly posted with further attacks, written in Latin. Speroni therefore composed an *Apologia* which was still in process in 1553. Cinthio is probably author of a Latin letter, written in December 1558 in opposition to the *Apologia*. And the ball was kept rolling to the end of the century. Victorius' name

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Canace.[1] This play was written within a year of *Orbecche*, and in its general drift to horrible effects is Cinthian and Senecan enough; but critics rose up against it, not, like Cinthio's opponent, in the name of the Greeks, but expressly in the name of Seneca. Cinthio himself is one of its critics, and the most persistent of them is Bartolomeo Cavalcanti, the very person who had seconded Cinthio against the Greek detractor.[2] Cavalcanti reproves *Canace* for lack of precision in form and propriety in substance: he blames it for narrating striking incidents instead of exhibiting them on the stage *coram populo*. He frequently invokes Seneca as the perfect master of tragedy, and, like Cinthio, implores his generation to throw aside the tradition of Greek superiority.[3] And we have the most reliable evidence, namely, the very words of an opponent of Cavalcanti, that for half a century the *Giudicio* was eagerly read all over Italy, and was regarded as an unexceptionable expression of correct dramatic taste.[4]

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is dragged in, presumably against Speroni; Pigna's on the other side. In 1575 Faustino Summo wrote a *Discorso* which, mainly on Speroni's side and certainly without any favour for Cavalcanti, was meant to be a judicial summary. But he did not publish it until 1590. In 1597 *Canace* was published at Venice by Giovanni Albert, with a title-page announcing "sono aggiunte . . . una apologia e alcune lettioni in difesa della tragedia." Finally, Speroni finds still another ardent champion in the next century in the voluminous Udeno Nisieli (*i.e.* B. Fioretti), who devotes two of his *Proginnasmi Poetici* (Florence, 1620–39) to *Canace*.

[1] The same story, *Canace Parturiens*, was according to Suetonius the subject of a play in which Seneca's master, Nero, delighted to be an actor.

[2] As may be gathered from the first few paragraphs of the letter appended to *Didone*.

[3] After explaining away the apparent contempt with which Seneca was regarded by scholars of his own era like Quintilian, Cavalcanti goes on: "tanto più prudente & più grave è Seneca di ogni Greco, quanto i Romani in maestà avanzavano ogni grandezza Greca. Ne questa è opinione mia, ma a nostri tempi è stata di Erasmo, huomo che molto bene sapea fare giuditio del bene & del meglio tra l' una e l' altra lingua. . . . Il medesimo tenne il Budeo, il Politiano, il Sabellico et altri molti, che di Seneca han parlato con miglior giuditio che non fanno hogidì questi novi morditori. . . . Nelli argumenti, nella dispositione, ne' numeri, nella gravità, nel terribile, nel pietoso, nelle sentenze, nel discrivere le cose, anchora che in qualche loco egli troppo in ciò si sia piacuto, nel decoro, nella prudenza, nella vivacità, negli spirti, nel legare & sciogliere le favole, egli si scopre tale che merita essere tenuto da molto più che non credono costoro" (*Giudicio sopra Canace*, ed. 1566, p. 27).

[4] Summo, *Discorso intorno al contrasto tra . . . Speroni e il Giudicio* (Padova, Meietti, 1590), Dedicatory Letter: ". . . quel Giudicio, che correa stampato per Italia con molto gusto (per quel che pareva) de i più de i litterati di quel tempo," and "quel Giudicio, che era di tanto credito, e quasi come insuperabile reputato." Summo argues at length that Cavalcanti's authorship of the *Giudicio* is patent. Since Santa

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Cinthio regarded himself primarily as a practical dramatist. His treatises, unlike the great majority of those of his century, are not expositions of an *a priori* theory built on this or that authority; they are essentially an *apologia* for his own practice, and especially of those points in which he breaks traditional rule—invented plots, happy endings, and so on. The way of defence is uniform: reference to their effect on an audience in a theatre, and not, moreover, to a supposititious effect of that order, but to one demonstrated by the actual performance of his own plays.[1] Evidence of this nature counts as his final appeal, before which Aristotle ("salva sempre la [sua] riverenzia"[2]) himself must yield. Cinthio himself claimed the distinction of having first introduced tragedy to the stage.[3] His point of view is invariably that of a dramaturgist—*cose sceniche*[4] is his casual periphrasis for drama: the "spettacolo"[5] and the "apparato"[6] are of the utmost importance, and the capital offence is to incur "l' increscimento degli spettatori."[7] The manner of performance demands the greatest attention: actors are to be carefully trained to give a

Marca's *Biblioteca e Storia* (1772–1782) has recently led an American scholar (F. H. Ristine, *English Tragicomedy*, 1910) into its own error, it is worth noting that Summo's *Discorso* (1590) is not identical with the *Discorso di Fine Lieto* in his *Discorsi Poetici* (1600).

[1] *E.g.*, defending tragedies on invented plots, "e che la finta favola abbia questa forza, l' ha mostrato nella mia *Orbecche* (quale ella si sia)" (*Discorso*, p. 16).

[2] *Discorso*, p. 22; cf. also Prologue to *Altile* (ed. 1583, p. 7):

"E perciò crede hora il Poeta nostro
Che sì ferme non sian le leggi poste
A le Tragedie, che non gli sia dato
Uscir fuor del prescritto in qualche parte
Per ubidire à chi comandar puote
E servire à l' età, à gli Spettatori . . ." etc.

[3] *Discorso*, p. 78: "ai nostri tempi hanno avuto da me principio le rappresentazioni delle tragedie"; cf. *ibid.* p. 52, and *Didone*, letter (ed. 1583, p. 147): "ho rinovato l' uso dello spettacolo delle Tragedie, il quale era poco meno che andato in oblivione; che ancora che il Trissino sia stato primo di tutti a comporre lodevole Tragedia in questa lingua, non fù però introdotta in scena la sua Sophonisba."

[4] *Discorso*, p. 6.

[5] *Ibid.* p. 41.

[6] *Ibid.* p. 109: "l' apparato . . . è però necessario alla rappresentazione. Perocchè con l' apparato s' imita la vera azione, e si pone ella negli occhi degli spettatori manifestissima. E posto che questo apparato non appartenga al poeta, ma sia tutta impresa del corago, cioè di colui al quale è data la cura di tutto l' apparecchio della scena, dee nondimeno procurare il poeta di fare che si scopra, all' abbassar della coltrina [*sic*], scena degna della rappresentazione della favola."

[7] *Ibid.* p. 8.

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realistic and vivid representation [1]; their trappings and the whole of the stage decoration need the greatest care.[2] Theatrical intentions determine every formal quality of the play, inherent and contingent. The division into acts and scenes is simply for the spectators' greater pleasure [3]: intervals give them relief and renew a lively attention [4]; and consequently, the provision of this relief by music and sumptuous *intermezzi* [5] for the intervals is an intrinsic part of the dramatist's duty, as was proved by the failure of a continuous performance of *Orbecche* given by request without them.[6] The plot must be arranged with the one object

[1] The performers in his own plays, *Orbecche*, *Altile*, *Cleopatra*, were "ammaestrate dal nostro messer Sebastiano Montefalco" (p. 66), the most celebrated professional actor of his day, "egli solo si può dire l' Esopo e il Roscio dei nostri tempi" (*ibid.*). Montefalco himself took the part of the Messenger in *Orbecche* with tremendous success. A similar indication of the ardour with which these Italian Senecans sought to make tragedy actable is provided by Speroni's *Canace*, the performance of which was to have taken place in 1542 by (of all people) the author and actor of the purely popular stage, Ruzzante, who, however, died just before the scheme was executed. That the new Seneca was really known to the popular professional stage of Italy may also be gathered from Sir Philip Sidney's *Apology for Poetry*, where he asserts that "at this day, the ordinary Players in Italie will not erre" in one cardinal quality of classic drama, although as a matter of fact the particular quality alleged is, as we shall see, not quite as Sidney says. It is clear, however, that the "ordinary players" did play classical tragedy.

[2] *Discorso* (p. 109): "Neppure si dee porre molto studio nella scena, ma intorno agli istrioni, perchè debbono anch' essi aver movimenti, parole e vesti convenevoli alla azione che si rappresenta." He tells of the sumptuous arrangements for the "rappresentazione della nostra Orbecche che fece fare messer Girolamo Maria Contugo in casa mia, non pèrdonando nè a spesa, nè a fatica, perchè ella avesse quella grandezza e quella maestà che alla qualità della favola era convenevole."

[3] "E che divisa in atti, e'n Scene io sia, Non pure non deve essermi ascritto a vitio; Ma mi deve mostrar via piu leggiadra" (*La Tragedia a chi legge* appended to *Orbecche*, p. 131). A scene-ending too allows the stage to be cleared of interlocutors who are not needed further in the following action and who otherwise would simply encumber the stage—"cosa veramente sconvenevole, perchè il vedere gli istrioni in iscena che non favellino, e si stiano tuttavia negli occhi degli spettatori, reca fastidio" (*Discorso*, p. 86).

[4] *Discorso*, p. 87: "Videro molto meglio i Romani che i Greci. Perchè [by division into acts] davano riposo agli spettatori e apparecchiavano maggiore attenzione a quello che rimaneva a dire."

[5] These *intermezzi* were at first merely elaborate spectacular shows with music and dance such as had been a common entertainment in earlier theatrical spectacles: they were regarded as distractions and condemned by Trissino when used as *intermezzi* in tragedy. Later they tended to have a symbolic or allegoric reference to the theme of the tragedy, and so approximated to the dumb-shows of our Elizabethan stage.

[6] See *Didone*, letter (p. 146). The request was due to the Greek critic; the experiment "venne tanto a noia, che non si potrebbe dire quanto il biasimarono."

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that the audience shall be held in suspense between horror and pity to the very end [1]; its length must be carefully moderated to suit the convenience of the audience.[2] The chorus, too, must be no impediment to the stage; as a corporate body, it is not on the stage during the whole course of the action, entering only at the end of the acts and so itself providing a lyrical setting which must, however, keep a close bearing on the theme of the play [3]; when it is needed within the acts, its leader only speaks, like any other individual member of the *dramatis personae*.[4] It is remarkable, too, to find that those very qualities of Cinthian drama, which to modern prejudice are the marks of its undramatic and academic nature, are defended precisely on a theatrical basis. The messenger, far from defeating the ends of the spectacle, attains them better by his narration than action could do [5]; yet the Cinthians do in fact provide relatively much more action on the stage than do other schools of classical tragedy, whether account be taken of violent stage-action only [6] or of the sum of

[1] *Discorso*, p. 34: "in guisa che gli spettatori tra l' orrore e la compassione stiano sospesi insino al fine."

[2] The point is argued at length in the *Discorso* and in the *Didone* letter, where the extra length of *Cleopatra* at the request of the Duke is justified by the fact that for the whole six hours "fu mirabile l' attenzione e di sua Eccellenza e di tutti gli altri signori e spettatori che v' intervennero" (*Discorso*, p. 8).

[3] Seneca is exalted above the Greeks for keeping the chorus-theme as close as possible to that of the play.

[4] Cinthio's own description of his chorus is not quite clear; its sense is less sure because the passages in which it occurs are amongst the most mutilated of the MS. notes in his copy of the *Discorso*. When (p. 52) he says "ancora che tutto il coro si vedesse in iscena, un solo recitava senza canto i versi," he has just been talking of the corporate chorus at the end of the acts. But a little before he divided the chorus-function into that between the acts and that within them, giving lyrical stanzas to the former, but not to the latter, "perchè allora una sola persona del coro ragiona e non tutto insieme" (p. 51). The first passage then probably applies to the chorus within the acts; but although it appeared in a body, it was not a permanent fixture, "entrava talvolta in casa con gli altri istrioni mezzo e poscia usciva secondo il bisogno che aveva tra ragionamenti di coloro, che in iscena erano rimasi" (*ibid.*).

[5] It was this part which Montefalco, the Roscio of his age, elected to play in the *Orbecche*. Cinthio's description of his wonderful performance has been quoted above (p. lxxiii, *n.* 1).

[6] *Vide supra*, p. lxxxii, Cavalcanti's reproach to Speroni that his *Canace* does not present enough stage action. Seneca is praised for deliberately defying the injunction to have no murders *coram populo*: "è da credere che Seneca havea veduto Horatio [*Ars Poetica*], & nondimeno egli contra la sua legge fece, che Medea uccise i figliuoli in scena, il che non venne da ignoranza o da poco osservatione de l' arte, ma da giuditio"

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stage-incidents.[1] Even the *sentenze* are a powerful implement for theatrical effect.[2] The mechanical poetic justice which kills the villain and opens the sluices for endless moralising is all for the greater contentment and profit of the audience.[3] It is clear, then, that Cinthio's primary occupation was to fit tragedy to the needs of successful theatrical performance; he roundly denounces what we should call academic drama, asserting, in a most significant passage, the general principle that the will of the audience is the law of the dramatist[4]; and Ferrarese audiences were traditionally popular. The result may be lamentable; but that is not the fault of the principle. In ideas, indeed, Cinthio is more enlightened than any of his generation; his intentions are superior to those of all of his century except our own greater

(*Giudizio*, p. 26 verso); and he gives the general advice, "quando il luoco & la conditione de successi il chiedesse, & che 'l fine della favola devesse venire piu terribile, & piu maravigliosо, non rimarrei di non far nascere morte nel publico" (*ibid.* p. 28).

[1] Cinthio, for instance, frequently exceeds eight scenes in each act, and occasionally has eleven.

[2] Fortunately Cinthio can, by the use of the singular *sentenza*, make a distinction very frequently lost in the Latin theorists, who fall easy victims to the sense of the Latin *sententiae*. Thus by *sentenza* Cinthio means "la mente, il volere, la volontà, la intenzione, l' animo dell' uomo"; and "la sentenza è tutta sulle perturbazioni dell' animo"; as such it is to be expressed "con parole acconce a muover terrore e compassione nella tragedia" (*Discorso*, pp. 68-69). As a result of this distinction, Cinthio comes armed to the dangerous *sentenze* (*sententiae*) properly so called; how he conceived of them may be seen in his *Discorso intorno al comporre dei Romanzi*, p. 178 (published in 1554 with the *Discorso* on tragedy and comedy): "[le sentenze] sono nelle Tragedie molto frequenti, come quelle che a mettere l' attione, gli affetti, i costumi, il terribile, il miserabile ne gli occhi de gli spettatori sono fuori d' ogni credenza attissime."

[3] *Discorso*, p. 35: "Ed il far morire in questa sorte di favole i malvagi, o patir gravi mali, è introdotto per più contentezza e per maggior ammaestramento di quelli che ascoltano." He adds: "è di maravigliosо piacere allo spettatore, quando vede che gli astuti son colti e rimangono gli ingannati nella favola, e i forti ingiusti e malvagi rimangono vinti."

[4] The passage is long, but must be given in full. Talking of his innovation of tragedies with happy endings, he says: "n' abbiam composta alcuna [tragedia] a questa imagine, come l' Altile, la Selene, gli Antivalomeni e le altre, solo per servire agli spettatori e farle riuscire più grate in iscena, e conformarmi più con l' uso dei nostri tempi. Che ancora che Aristotile dica che ciò è servire alla ignoranza degli spettatori, avendo però l' altra parte i difensori suoi, ho tenuto meglio soddisfare a chi ha ad ascoltare, con qualche minore eccellenza (quando fosse accettata per la migliore l' opinione di Aristotile), che con un poco più di grandezza dispiacere a coloro per piacere dei quali la favola si conduce in iscena: che poco gioverebbe compor favola un poco più lodevole, e che poi ella si avesse a rappresentare odiosamente" (*ibid.* p. 34).

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Elizabethans, and between theirs and his there is much in common. But he was devoid of all creative power and depth of human insight: the idea of a vital and comprehensive tragedy becomes in practice mere theatrical melodrama, to which he seeks to give tragic grandeur and dignity by the stiffness of a mechanical *decoro*[1] and the dead sobriety of lengthy moralisings.[2] But at all events he had created a new vogue; the extensive modifications consequent on his new point of view virtually produced a new sort of drama.

(*b*) QUALITIES OF CINTHIO'S DRAMA.

In Cinthio's phrase the new drama sought to serve the spectators and satisfy the times—"servire à l' età, à gli spettatori"[3]; it embodies the permanent inducements of theatrical effect and accommodates them to the new predilections of the period. The dramatist's *sole* purpose, "*tutto* lo intento dello Autore tragico," in Cavalcanti's words, "è il movere *terrore* & compassione & *empir di maraviglia gli ascoltanti*"[4]; and Cavalcanti's variations in adapting the Aristotelian formula will supply indication of the new direction of the tragedy he has in view. Other indications of the same purport appear in further variations, such as Cinthio's and Denores' use of *orrore* and *commizeratione* either as substitutes or alternatives for *terrore* and *compassione*.[5] Horror and pathos

[1] Although he blames Trissino for allowing a tragic hero to talk of going to attend to his horses in the stables, yet he will allow lesser important characters a relaxation from the formal stiffness of high astounding terms. Much of his *decoro*, too, is a legitimate part of tragic *maestà*.

[2] But note well that Cinthio grants to anybody who desires it the liberty to shorten them as much as he wishes:

> "Troppo lungo parrà forse Malecche [who is one of the longest discoursers],
> Egli a sua voglia lo si accorci, ch' io
> Mai perciò non verrò seco a tenzone."
>
> (*La Tragedia a chi legge*, appended to *Orbecche*.)

[3] *Altile*, Prologue, p. 7.

[4] *Giudicio sopra Canace*, ed. 1566, p. 38.

[5] Most characteristic is the addition made by Denores in his paraphrase of Aristotle's definition of tragedy: "La Tragedia è rappresentation *di una atroce e miserabile attione* di persone illustri, fra buone e cattive, che per qualche errore humano, cominciando da allegrezza finisce in infelicità nello spacio di un giro di sole, composta ò con versi sciolti endecasillabi ò con versi di sette syllabe ò con ambidue mescolatamente, con parole altiere e gravi, per purgar gli spettatori per mezzo del diletto dal terrore e dalla misericordia, e per fargli abhorrir la vita de' tiranni e de' piu potenti" (*Discorso intorno a que' principii, . . . che la comedia, la tragedia . . . ricevono dalla Philosophia Morale*, Padova, 1587, p. 36 verso).

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are the two main and necessary constituents of tragedy. They are two separate currents of feeling resulting from the resolution of the one indissoluble state of being, which Aristotle in the moments of his deepest insight described as the feeling of pity-and-fear. But the resolution into two elements has for Cinthio immeasurable advantages: if "commizeratione" is uppermost throughout, there is the tragedy of a happy ending; if "terror," the tragedy of horrible ending. Altogether, the writing of tragedy consists in the accumulation of the most terrible and the most pathetic incidents, so that the horror of the incidents induces stupor and a trembling terror, making the spectator almost mad.[1] *Orbecche* is not inaccurately described by its author as replete with "tears, sighs, afflictions, troubles, and cruel death," "wicked and profligate deeds and crime of all kinds"[2]: the prologue to Dolce's *Giocasta* promises the audience that they shall see and hear together "the most cruel workings of cruelty that ever through book or speech were heard by mortal ears."[3] Groto describes his *Adriana* (1578) as full of darkest tragic deeds.[4] In Mondella's *Isifile* (1582) children are murdered in the presence of their father, who is then flayed alive; and later, fragments of the bodies are presented to the mother, in the high Thyestean manner, which Cinthio's *Orbecche* and *Epitia* had once more popularised. In Decio da Orte's *Acripanda* (1591) the children of Acripanda and Ussimano are murdered by Ussimano's son (of an earlier marriage), whose mother her husband had murdered through lust for Acripanda; their remains, too, are sent as a Thyestean offering to the parents. And so on.

The straining for startling gruesome effects almost of necessity

[1] Cinthio, *Discorso*, p. 97: ". . . perchè indi nasce tutto l' orrore e la compassione, il quale è il nervo della favola: e si dee ciò aggrandire con ogni maniera di dire che gli convenga. Oltre che l' orrore del caso avvenuto induce stupore e un certo raccapriccio, che fa uscire chi l' ha veduto come di sè . . ." Cinthio is describing the state of mind of the messenger in *Orbecche* as he narrates the horrors he has seen; but the description is also meant to fit the spectators of the piece.

[2] *Orbecche*, Prologue: "lagrime, sospiri, angoscie, affani e crude morti." The scene "è 'l real palazzo, anzi 'l ricetto Di morti, e di nefandi e sozzi effetti, E d' ogni sceleraggine."

[3] *Giocasta*, Prologue: "Di crudeltade i più crudeli effetti
Che mai per carte o per altrui favella
Pervenir a l' orecchie de' mortali."

[4] *Adriana*, Prologue: "pien d' ogni oscuro e tragico accidente."

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urged dramatists to seek new sources for their material. Not only is novelty a recommendation in itself, but the stories of ancient classical drama are too firmly fixed by tradition to be greatly strained for effect, and are not usually capable of adaptation to include new and modern motives. Cinthio avoids the ancient subjects, both those of ancient classical fable and of ancient classical history.[1] To Italians of the sixteenth century classical history would assuredly have meant Roman Augustan history; and that was too fixed in detail and too urbane in atmosphere to admit of extensive exploitation for effect. But the outskirts of the Roman dominion, barbarian peoples and obscurer periods of the lower empire, provided ample material more theatrical in itself and more pliable to theatrical adaptation; oriental themes above all presented greater opportunities for gruesome horror and spectacular luxury, and especially those depicting the Turks of their own generation, even then hammering at Italy's gates.[2] A similar compromise was possible with ancient fables: if in general they were not obviously to be adapted with ease to modern interests, yet some of them had already acquired a modern flavour by passing through the romanticising alembic of Ovid.[3] So to the Italians Ovid and Oriental History[4] were favourite sources. But most suitable of all were the fictions of their own creation, either devised *ad hoc*,[5] and so absolutely malleable to the author's purpose, or

[1] Hence he explains his use of it on one of two occasions by a special reason: "Poi che per piacere à lei [the Duke of Ferrara] io la composi di favola antica" (letter appended to *Didone*, p. 148).

[2] Fuligni takes for the subject of his *Bragadino* (1589) the titular hero's unsuccessful defence of Cyprus against the Turks, "accaduto à i dì nostri," as he pointedly says. The same incidents are the background of Mondella's *Isifile* (1582).

[3] The sixteenth-century Italian dramatists regretted greatly the loss of Ovid's *Medea*: "la quale se dalla ingiuria del tempo non ci fosse stata levata, ci avrebbe forse mostrata (tanto sono le lodi che le sono state date) la perfetta forma della tragedia" (Cinthio, *Discorso*, p. 37 f.).

[4] Ovid handed on stories to Speroni's *Canace*, Cesari's *Scilla*, Corraro's and Domenichi's *Progne*, etc. On oriental themes we have Miari's *Il Principe Tigridoro*, Montevicentino's *Antigono*, Fuligni's *Bragadino*, Mondella's *Isifile*, da Orte's *Acripanda*, etc. Specially remarkable is material Ovidian and Oriental at once—as Manfredi's *Semiramis*.

[5] Cinthio, for seven of his nine plays, dramatised stories of his own *Ecatommiti*; and he defends at length in the *Discorso* (pp. 13-16) the right to substitute fictitious for historical material in tragedy, not only by juggling with Aristotle's and Horace's authority, but by urging the legitimate dramatic appeal of novelty. A more elaborate defence of fictitious material is to be found in Zinano's *Discorso della Tragedia* (1590),

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borrowed from the national storehouse of *novelle*,[1] and so naturally apt to represent the paramount interest of their generation in themes of romantic love. When Jason Denores concludes his theoretic treatise on tragedy with a practical illustration of "the material for the most perfect tragedy," it is significantly "in a subject suited to our own days, *i.e.* a story from Boccaccio" (the ninth tale of the fourth day) that he finds his material.[2] Similarly the new type of tragedy requires a modified cast. A favourite character is the tyrannous king, and the reason is obvious. The office of kingship provides a maximum of the *maestà* and *decoro* which the dignity of tragedy demanded, and the prerogative of kingship a maximum of power for the provision of unmitigated cruelty and horror.[3] Furthermore, a character in the most exalted station offers by his fall the most striking type of *peripeteia*. Almost inevitably the tyrant tends to become not only the main figure because the most potent worker of horror, but also a sheer villain, because through villainy he is most horrible. And that in its turn at once involves some accommodation with the Aristotelian conception of the tragic hero, who, neither utterly good nor utterly bad, fails only through error.

But the ways of accommodation are legion.[4] The most

in which, indeed, fictitious material is acclaimed as the ideal material for tragedy, on the plea that the specific delight of tragedy is artistically only possible through invented material.

[1] *E.g.* Bandello supplied the Romeo and Juliet story to Groto's *Adriana*, Boccaccio the Tancred and Ghismonda story to Asinari's *Gismonda*, Torelli's *Tancredi*, and Razzi's *Tancredi*. We have seen how the humanist Italians first tapped Boccaccio and Ovid for dramatic purposes in Pistoja's *Panfila* and Correggio's *Cefalo* and Poliziano's *Orfeo*.

[2] Denores, *Poetica* (1588), p. 48 verso: "Havendo prossimamente constuito la forma di una perfettissima Tragedia, ho deliberato per maggior chiarezza di farla veder in un argomento de' tempi nostri, et in una Favola del Boccaccio."

[3] Denores (*Poetica*, p. 6), in a definition of tragedy in general, includes as a specific obligation its function to "fargli [the spectators] abhorrir la vita de' tiranni, & de' piu potenti." See also a further definition of his quoted at p. lxxxvii, *n.* 5 above. Our English Harrington (*Preface to Ariosto*, 1591) illustrates the same point by his comprehensive description of tragedy "as representing onely the cruell & lawlesse proceedings of Princes, moving nothing but pitie or detestation."

[4] The terms "goodness" and "badness" may be strained to completely non-moral senses: Cinthio (*Discorso*, p. 91) uses them merely in the sense of "convenevole" or "non-convenevole alla persona introdotta"; cf. also Denores (*Poetica*, p. 6 verso), "persone Illustri per qualche horribilità." ἁμαρτία is equally elastic: it is difficult to see how much more of moral obliquity could be pressed into it than in Denores' use

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characteristic accommodation of the century is Speroni's: when his *Canace* was assailed for having nefarious villains for hero and heroine, his defence was that no one can stand against the force of Love, and therefore deeds done by its power, wicked though they be, do not make the doers criminal, since their acts are beyond their own power to control.[1] A simpler way of accommodation is to deny the titular dignity of protagonist to the villain and allocate it to his victim.[2] So both "orrore" and "compassione" are provided for; and most generally, and most effectively, the pathos entails a heroine as titular protagonist. But it is remarkable, as contrasted with the French practice, that the Italians introduce royal figures not in a public but in a private capacity; the interest is not political but personal; and in almost every case is the most personal possible, namely, a love intrigue, in which the kings themselves are either lovers or fathers of lovers; their kingship merely enables them to exert the unparalleled power of kings for their private ends—generally the execution of a terrible vendetta. Villain and heroine are thus the main persons of the type. There is, indeed, a most noticeable fondness for increasing the importance of the woman's part.[3] Not only have we Phaedras and Medeas, but a whole series of Cleopatras and Didos.[4]

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of "error" to include "per impeto & per furor di vendicarsi della ricevuta ingiuria" by killing an enemy in an ambush, baking his flesh and serving it to his paramour, the murderer's wife, without explaining the dish until after it is all consumed. But if the straining of these senses still leaves a discrepancy with Aristotle's prescription, then in the name of Seneca's *Thyestes*, *Medea*, etc., Aristotle may be defied; cf. Rossi, *Discorsi*, p. 12, and above, p. lvi, *n.* 9.

[1] See the statement, analysis, and rejection of this particular plea of Speroni's in Summo, *Discorso* (Padova, 1590), pp. 10-15.

[2] Cinthio (*Discorso*, p. 107): "il qual terribile non nasce dalla persona scellerata ch' ama, ma dalle altre che patiscono da quello amore, su le quali cadono le cose miserabili e terribili"; in which it is obvious how he is trying to suggest that the protagonist, the source of the real tragic feeling of pity and fear, is not the villain who nevertheless has the biggest part. The same argument is repeated by Cavalcanti.

[3] Thus the heroine gives her name to all Cinthio's plays but one, and that (*Antevalomeni*) has not a personal name for its title. It should be added, too, that there is often in Cinthio a very modern feminist sentiment, a demand for freedom for women to live as they themselves wish and a protest against the conventions which treat them as weaker vessels: see *Orbecche* (ed. 1583, p. 45) and *Arrenopia* (*ibid.* p. 80).

[4] Cinthio's *Cleopatra* (*c.* 1543), Cesari's *Cleopatra* (1552), and Spinelli's *Cleopatra* (not the Egyptian queen, however) (1550). Pazzi's *Didone* (1524) has been mentioned;

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An inevitable consequence of the dual interest in horror and pathos, villain and heroine, is a preference, contrary to Aristotle's, for what at Aristotle's suggestion is called the "double plot"[1] instead of the single, *i.e.* the inclusion as main threads of interest of the necessarily divergent fates of the two protagonists. Hence the tendency to a wider scope of action and a greater number of characters; thus, for instance, the Italian Senecans[2] are not upholders of the strictest unities, either of action, time, or place; and when a relatively closer texture is adopted it is only because a rapid sequence of striking events in a brief space is potent to produce a greater spectacular marvel.[3] Hence also the equal

there are also Cinthio's *Didone* (*c.* 1545), Dolce's *Didone* (1547), and a Latin *Dido* (before 1596) by Pier Angelio Bargeo, still in MS. at Dresden. France, Germany, and England adopted these heroines also as their favourites.

[1] Cinthio (*Discorso*, p. 22): ". . . le tragedie doppie sono poco lodate da Aristotile (quantunque altri senta altrimente). . . . E doppio chiamo io quella favola, la quale ha nella sua azione diverse sorti di persone in una medesima qualità . . . ove è chiaro che queste simili persone di dissimili costumi danno grandissima grazia al nodo ed alla soluzione della favola. E mi credo io che se questo fia anco da buon poeta bene imitato nella tragedia, e tale si faccia il nodo che lo scioglierlo poi non generi confusione, riuscirà in lei non meno grato (salva sempre la riverenzia di Aristotile) ch' egli nella comedia si riesca: e se vi sono stati di quelli che questa parte abbiano favorita ed abbiano avuta altra opinione da quella d' Aristotile, non sono (per quello che io ne stimo) da essere biasimati; e specialmente se la tragedia sarà di felice fine." What Cinthio here translates as "tragedie doppie," in another place he calls "miste."

[2] The Senecan type was in being before the unities were formally enunciated by Castelvetro's *Poetica* (1570). Moreover, they occupied theorists far more than practical dramatists. The unbroken scene of Trissino and the Hellenists naturally embodied them, though not with declared intent; but Cinthio's establishment of a five-act scheme with intervals between the acts imposed no such obligation, especially on the unity of time—thus Groto's *Dalida* and da Orte's *Acripanda* have no unity of time although the action is in the same place throughout. Cinthio (*Discorso*, p. 10) formally remarks that of both tragedy and comedy "l' una e l' altra finge l' avvenimento della sua azione nello spazio di un giorno, ovvero di poco più"; but it is clear that his emphasis is on the qualifying clause, for he goes on to urge that Euripides in *Heraclidae*, *Phoenissae*, and *Hecuba* employs "piu spazio di un giorno" (p. 11), and obtains the approval of Aristotle: "e noi con la sua autorità componemmo l' Altile e la Didone di modo che la lor azione toccò alquanto di due giorni" (p. 12). Denores, critic and not dramatist, simply has "un giro di sole" (*Poetica*, pp. 6, 13). *Vide infra*, pp. cxxiv ff.

[3] Cinthio, *Discorso*, p. 23: "La brevità del tempo, la quale brevità rende (anco oltre quello che abbia fatto) maravigliosa l' azione tragica." The same plea is taken up later by Castelvetro. Hence, whereas dramatists claim the liberty to extend the time according to the needs of the plot, yet their defence of the narrowest limits is purely theatrical and not at all academic. In practice, Cinthio at first prefers the greater licence, but in his later plays is more concerned to get the "marvellous" theatrical

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possibility of happy and unhappy endings, by which tragi-comedy is legitimated as tragedy.

And finally, the new type is inordinately fond of every device for spectacular effect: "maraviglia"[1] is an obligatory constituent of all their plays—ghosts, furies, oracles, and ominous dreams in an atmosphere thick with horrible forebodings[2]; and no motive is more popular than the Thyestean banquet. How important the appropriate arrangement of the "spectacle" was may be gathered from the fact that the theory of its preparation became a recognised branch of architecture: drawing on Vitruvius and on their own genius, Bastiano Serlio[3] and Andrea Palladio[4] devoted themselves both to its theory and practice. In fact, from 1540 to the end of the century,

effect of compression. That it may not be lost, he generally alludes to the restricted time by a word or two put in the mouth of one of the characters (cf. *Orbecche*, II. i.; *Altile*, I. i., ii.; II. iii.; *Antevalomeni*, III. i., ii.; *Euphimia*, II. i., iv.; III. v.; *Epitia*, II. vi., IV. ii.).

[1] Cavalcanti, *Giudicio*, quoted above, p. lxxxvii; the sentiment is common to all the theorists, like Minturno and Scaliger, as well as to the editors of Aristotle, like Madius, Castelvetro, Piccolomini, and Riccoboni. A phrase from Denores (*Poetica*, 1580, pp. 12-13) will give the reason: "Deve essere la Favola Tragica etiamdio Maravigliosa: Percioche essendo ella attion horribile e miserabile, niuna cosa muove piu il terrore e la misericordia, che quella, che è congionta con la maraviglia."

[2] Cinthio uses them all. The first scene of *Orbecche* introduces "Nemesi Dea e Furie infernali," the second the ghost of Selina. Venus, Juno, Cupid, and Mercury are actors in *Didone*, Venus in *Altile*, and Juno in *Euphimia*, which also has an oracular utterance from Juno's temple. Foreboding dreams come into *Orbecche* and *Altile*, which also solves its plot happily by information conveyed in a dream.

[3] Serlio's seven books of architecture, both separately and together, had an inordinate popularity in Italy from 1537, when the first one (although it is called *Libro Quarto*) was published: Zeno (notes to Fontanini, *Biblioteca Italiana*, vol. 2, pp. 400-2) cites twenty editions of single books or the whole series up to 1600. Serlio lived in France from 1541 until his death (*c.* 1552). The volume dealing with the theatre is the second book; it appeared first (in both French and Italian) in Paris in 1545. But already, before going to France, Serlio had given himself to the practice of theatrical architecture in Italy. He himself tells us "in Vicenza città molto ricca, e pomposissima fra le altre d' Italia, io feci una scena di legname, per avventura, anzi senza dubbio, la maggiore che a nostri tempi si sia fatta. Dove per li maravigliosi intermedj, che vi accadevano, come carette, elefanti, e diverse moresche, io volsi che davanti la scena pendente vi fosse un suolo piano, la larghezza del quale fu piedi 12, e in lunghezza piedi 60, dove io trovai tal cosa ben comoda e di grande aspetto." His statement is also attested by a contemporary (quoted in Montenari's *Del Teatro Olimpico*, ed. Padova, 1749, pp. 5-6).

[4] For Palladio, see later, pp. cxxx-cxxxii.

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pamphlet, treatise, letters, and minutes of academic gatherings attest the magnificence and splendour of the Italian stage.[1] Nothing could exceed in pomp and splendour the spectacles for which Vicenza acquired fame throughout the breadth of Italy.[2]

IV. THE SENECAN TRADITION IN FRANCE.

The necessity for laying out the qualities of the Italian Senecan drama at such length and in such detail may now be evident. The French Senecans[3] in their turn produced a drama naturally of very similar build; and it would, of course, be uncritical to extenuate the large measure of community or similarity. Yet a point-to-point comparison will display more and less obvious differences in detail — differences in number and in quality sufficient to discriminate two distinct types, the French and the Italian Seneca. Even more important, a comparison will reveal

[1] Cf. Creizenach, ii. pp. 416-420, and A. Ingegneri, *Della Poesia Rappresentativa* (1598). Brantôme talks of the magnificent scenic display of the Italian actors who presented *Calandria* at Lyons in 1548, and goes on by implication to claim for them already in 1548 a similar reputation for the staging of tragedy (*vide infra*, p. ciii, *n.* 2).

[2] Dedicating his *L' Inganno* to the Olympic Academicians of Vicenza in January 1562, Gioseppe Horologgi talks of the reputation they have already gained for "le musiche, i soperbissimi Theatri, le rapresentationi, quando di Comedie piacevoli, e quando di gravissime Tragedie, e tutti quei spiritali e honoratissimi essercitii, ne i quali v' andate vertuosissimamente trattenendo"; more especially is he struck by the preparations they are making for a forthcoming presentation of *Sophonisba*: "facendo recitare la Sofonisba Tragedia Gravissima con tanto splendore di scena artificiosa, ricca, e proportionata, con tanta vaghezza, e pompa de habiti, e con tanto concerto de' Recitanti, di Musica, e de' Chori, che ne vola la Fama con ogni maniera di lode di gia per tutte le parti d' Italia, che non serà poca ricompensa a i bellissimi animi vostri, che hanno ardire, non pure di contendere, ma ancora di avanzare quelli de i Re. Essendo in vero cosa da Re, e da Principe Grande rapresentare cosi alti e illustri spettacoli, come serà questo della Sofonisba" (Dedication to Horologgi's *L' Inganno, Dialogo*, ed. Giolito, 1562).

[3] The most important authorities on the subject are É. Faguet, *La Tragédie française au XVIe siècle* (2nd ed., Paris, 1912); E. Rigal, *Alexandre Hardy et le théâtre français à la fin du XVIe siècle* (Paris, 1889), *Le Théâtre français avant la période classique* (Paris, 1901), and *De Jodelle à Molière* (Paris, 1911); G. Lanson's articles in the *Revue d'histoire littéraire de la France*, *i.e.* in vol. 10 (1903), *Les Origines de la tragédie classique en France*, and in vol. 11 (1904), *L'Idée de la tragédie avant Jodelle*. Further, A. Ebert, *Entwickelungsgeschichte der französischen Tragödie* (Gotha, 1858); A. Tilley, *The Literature of the French Renaissance*, 2 vols. (Cambridge, 1904), and Sir Sidney Lee, *The French Renaissance in England* (Oxford, 1910). None of them, however, seeks to differentiate the types of Italy and France.

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differences in intention and purpose, which, maybe, are obscured in the particular products, but which give the two types widely dissimilar values as dramatic models. The French Senecan drama plays a part in French drama, French literature, and French society different almost completely from the corresponding rôle of Senecan drama in Italy. Nor can any body of literature avoid the national characteristics of the language it speaks and the genius which gives it birth. Inevitably, then, the French Senecans ran a course divergent from that of the Italians, and created a French Senecan drama, which, when all allowance is made for community of model, for actual co-operation and contact with each other, is yet vitally different from that of Italy. France was, in fact, about half a century behind Italy: Cinthio had done for the Italian Seneca what Hardy at the end of the century was to do for the French one.

A. CONTACT OF FRENCH AND ITALIAN TRAGEDY.

At the outset, so far as concerns tragedy, the range of these inter-relations may be briefly indicated. As humanism was European rather than national, one may regard many of those who helped to found the new tragedy in the light of internationals: at all events, the currency of Erasmus, Buchanan, Muret, and Scaliger was never confined within national boundaries. As for the vernacular Senecan drama, however, there was practically no contact between the two countries. Indeed, this lack of contact remains one of the most striking features of literary history when one remembers the extent of the political, civil, and literary relations of the two countries, not only in the reign of Francis I. but in that of Henry III. In lyric poetry,[1] and even in literary opinion and theory,[2] the French throughout the century were almost basely borrowing from Italy. Even in comic drama a similar process is only slightly less obvious; but in tragedy there is an inexplicable gap.

[1] Francesco Flamini, *Le lettere italiane alla corte di Francesco I*, and *Le Rime di Odetto de la Noue e l' italianismo a tempo d' Enrico III*, both in *Studi di storia letteraria* (Livorno, 1895); and Joseph Vianey, *Le Pétrarquisme en France au XVIe siècle* (Paris, 1909).

[2] P. Villey, *Les Sources italiennes de la "Deffense et Illustration de la langue françoise" de Joachim du Bellay* (Paris, 1908).

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In the earlier half of the century political activities took the elder Baïf to Venice, and brought Bandello to France. The French willingness, or rather that of Francis I. and his sister, to welcome Italian artists and poets to Paris or to Navarre, had, through Stoa and Alamanni, strengthened these early points of direct contact in serious drama. In fact, they had perhaps become too strong; French tragedy kept throughout the century the marks of these earliest Italian tragedians of the days before Cinthio's revolution. After this, the relations between the theatres of the two countries are almost exclusively on the part of comic dramatists. Yet the few points at which French and Italian tragedy meet furnish excellent illustrations of national differences. Although Cinthio asserts[1] that the French king called for a translation of *Orbecche*, there was practically no intercourse between French and Italian Senecans. A typical Italian Senecan play with its plot drawn from a novel, Asinari's *Tancredi*, was published in Paris, *chez Pierre Chevillot*, 1587; but this was merely an unscrupulous venture by an Italian vagabond player, Bernardino Lombardi, who gave out the play falsely as *La Gismonda, Tragedia del Signor Torquato Tasso.*[2] Further, Flamini states that Billard in writing his *Polixène* and his *Panthée* had his eye on Italian authors[3]; but Billard's were behind the times when they appeared, for Hardy had already risen. *Polixène*, moreover, by its theme belongs to the least Cinthian of the Italian sort, and although *Panthée* is in subject of a type not unattractive to the neo-Senecans of Italy, it is not the most popular type, and Billard makes no attempt to exploit the theatrical possibilities of a semi-Oriental setting. In one respect, at all events, an earlier French *Panthée* (1571), that of Guersens, is in its display of a death on the stage nearer to Italian practice. Summarily it may be said that if any distinct body of Italian tragedy can be considered as influential in France, it is precisely not the new Senecan type of Cinthio but the outgrown Greek type of Trissino. Trissino's *Sophonisba*[4] was published in two French versions, one

[1] *Vide* p. lxxiii, *n.* 4. We have not seen du Monin's *L'Orbec-Oronte* (1585).

[2] Zeno's notes in Fontanini, *Biblioteca*, i. 381, ed. Venice, 1753.

[3] Flamini, *Il Cinquecento*, p. 316.

[4] *Vide supra*, pp. li ff. Melin de St. Gelais' version was made in 1555, but not published until 1559; it is in prose, except for the choruses. The 1584 version was by Claude Mermet, and is in verse.

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in 1559, the other in 1584; it was, indeed, acted in its French dress at the French Court (in 1556) before it had been performed in Italy; later it inspired Montchrétien's *La Carthaginoise* (1596). The first translator, Melin de St. Gelais, Italianate through and through as is his lyric poetry, was, however, of an older generation, and may indeed have known Trissino in Rome in the first quarter of the century. It was natural, therefore, that, bringing Italy to the French stage, he should bring the old and indeed antiquated Italy of Trissino. Others of the Trissinian school, avowedly or in practice, Alamanni and Bandello, were, as has been seen, already associated with France; and still another of the same small group, Martelli, found in Le Breton a French translator for his *Tullia*. Yet apart from these, contact between the Italian and the French tragic theatre is remarkably limited and only sporadic. Le Jars' *Lucelle* (1576) might have initiated a healthy development; it is built, however, on an Italian comedy, not on a tragedy. In 1564 the Italian Queen Mother of France, as Catherine de' Medici had become on the death of her husband Henry II. in 1559, had a tragi-comedy performed at Fontainebleau in sumptuous Italian manner.[1] The incident is remarkable not only because of the Italianate manner of presentation, but also because the play drew its plot from Italian story; it was taken from the romantic storehouse of Ariosto, which, although it supplied Garnier later with the tale of his *Bradamante*, was yet condemned as too fantastic[2] by authoritative and competent French taste: moreover, like Garnier's later play, the one performed at Fontainebleau was a tragi-comedy, a species not yet recognised by the new drama except in Italy. At another moment, an Italian valet-de-chambre and (apparently) professional entertainer, in the service of the French Court, seems wholly Italian in his dramatic activities[3]; or a town in the extreme provinces, like Pont-à-Mousson, endowed moreover with a Jesuit and hence international university, by the choice of its favourite subjects and by the manner of its

[1] *Vide infra*, p. cix.

[2] Ronsard, First Preface (*Au Lecteur*) to the *Franciade*, 1572 (ed. Blanchemain, vol. 3, p. 8): ". . . non toutefois pour peindre une poësie fantastique comme celle de l'Arioste, de laquelle les membres sont aucunement beaux, mais le corps est tellement contrefaict et monstrueux qu'il ressemble mieux aux resveries d'un malade de fièvre continue qu'aux inventions d'un homme bien sain."

[3] *Vide infra*, pp. cx ff.

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dramatic shows seems to have been sufficiently in touch with Italy to know and prefer its mode of drama.[1] Indirectly, perhaps, the most promising contact of all is that provided by the architect Serlio's ten years' residence in France, in the service mainly of the French Court.[2] He had already practised theatrical architecture in Italy, and was anxious to found a tradition for splendid scenic arrangements. In 1545, whilst in the service of Francis I., he wrote and published (simultaneously in French and Italian) his *Primo e Secondo Libro d' Architettura*, in which he lays down at length the architectural principles of theatrical and scenic construction for comedy, pastoral, and tragedy. But unfortunately circumstances never gave Serlio a chance to exert vital influence on the French theatre. His real patron, Francis I., died in 1547, five years before Jodelle raised the banner of the new tragedy. Moreover, even before his death, the king's rôle of Maecenas was interrupted by his growing religious morbidness; and already the civil dissensions, which were a bar to the growth of drama throughout the century, had given earnest of their influence, for Serlio fled from Paris to Lyons in 1550 to escape them.[3] It is even said with authority that Serlio had been but poorly rewarded by his patron Francis I.[4]; and where Francis failed, little was to be hoped from succeeding kings and from later courts whose patronage seems hardly ever to have been extended to things theatrical and dramatic.[5]

[1] Böhm's note (*op. cit.* p. 75, *n.* 1) that "one Philone's *Josias* (1556 or 1580 ?) is often described by early authorities as from the Italian" has no value. "Philone" is a *nom de plume* of Desmasures, whose *Josias* (1583) is mainly a morality (*Bibliothèque Soleinne*, 765).

[2] *Vide supra*, p. xciii, *n.* 3.

[3] Zeno's notes in Fontanini, *Biblioteca*, ii. p. 401, ed. 1753.

[4] The information is drawn from the Preface to the Italian and Latin edition of Serlio's *Settimo Libro*, published in 1575 at Frankfort, and edited by Jacobus de Strada. Strada tells that he had met Serlio at Lyons in 1550, old, in failing health, suffering from gout and over-work, and with very few of this world's goods (Zeno, *ut supra*). Perhaps, however, the gout throws a different light on the motives of his Maecenas.

[5] Most recently (*Giornale storico della lett. ital.* lxxiv., 1919) F. Neri has attempted to prove that Jodelle's *Cléopâtre* was directly inspired by Cesare de Cesari's *Cleopatra* (pub. 1552). He establishes the great probability of Cesari's priority, but the argument for contact, being based only on similarity of general conception, cannot be completely conclusive. It may be noted here that owing to the difficulties of communication during the past three years it has been impossible, even with Signor Neri's own help, to obtain a copy of his *La Tragedia italiana nel Cinquecento*, Florence, 1904.

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B. NEGLECT OF TRAGEDY IN FRANCE.

Obviously, limited contact like this leaves room for large differences. As we have seen, drama was one of the main preoccupations of Italy of the sixteenth century: through the humanists it had acquired an established position in the new scheme of social life, it was by far the most canvassed topic of the literary theorists of the time, and it was one of the chief activities of the poets. In the Renaissance literature of France, on the contrary, drama occupied an insignificant position. The earlier French humanists left it alone. The older theorists say nothing of drama: Sebillet (1548) has but a line or two for it, and those are mainly beside the mark.[1] Nor are the inaugurators of the new poetic much more concerned with it: Du Bellay's manifesto[2] gives it a sentence only; Peletier has a paragraph of even then antiquated generalities[3]; and the greater part of Ronsard's[4] interest which is not lyric is epic; beyond a six-page treatise on tragedy by Jean de la Taille and lesser snippets of other dramatists by way of prefaces—Grévin's, for instance—dramatic theory is neglected in France until after 1590, and even then occupies but a moderate position in the *Arts poëtiques* of Vauquelin[5] and de Laudun. It is indeed only after 1610, and when the course of drama was no longer rigidly Senecan, that the need to theorise by way of defence is felt by dramatists and critics in France. Another indication of the relative neglect of drama by the *Pléiade* and its successors is presented by the fact that Jean de la

[1] *Vide* Sebillet, *Art Poëtique* (ed. Gaiffe), p. 161.

[2] *Deffense*, Bk. II. ch. 4: "Quand aux Comedies et Tragedies, si les Roys et les Republiques les vouloient restituer en leur ancienne dignité . . . ie seroy' bien d'opinion que tu t'y employasses."

[3] *Art Poëtique de Jaques Peletier du Mans* (1555) mainly praises men like the elder Baïf who merely translated plays from the Greek; of Jodelle's play "j'è oui seulement le bruit," he says.

[4] At one time Ronsard thought of writing an original play:

"S'il advient quelque jour que d'une voix hardie
J'anime l'échafaud par une tragédie" (*Élégie à mon livre*);

but his failure to do so illustrates the relative insignificance of the species. The claim that he translated Aristophanes' *Plutus* has been recently disproved.

[5] That Vauquelin had his treatise on the stocks as early as 1574 and did not publish it until 1605 confirms rather than weakens our argument. Even in 1605 Vauquelin, who was intimate with the Poitiers group of dramatists (*vide infra*, p. ci, *n.* 2), was ignorant of Jean de la Taille's theory and practice.

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Taille could in 1572, *i.e.* twenty years after Jodelle's *Cléopâtre*, assert that his tragedy was the first French tragedy, because—as M. Lanson interprets him [1]—up to then no French tragedy had appeared in print; and although his implication is in fact wrong, yet his remark and, in addition, the extreme rarity of editions [2] of plays before Garnier's, emphasise the great neglect of tragedy by the men of the age. Similarly the mere fact that M. Faguet and M. Rigal can uphold completely opposite theses on one important aspect of sixteenth-century tragedy indicates the poverty of available evidence and consequently in its turn the little interest which Frenchmen of that day took in the new dramatic movement.

Du Bellay's single sentence will give us a clue to this great contrast with the Italian drama: "si *les Roys et les Republiques* les vouloient restituer," etc.: aristocratic patronage and public support are determining factors in drama.[3] The existence of

[1] See *Revue d'hist. litt. de la France*, vol. 10 (1903), for Lanson's articles, *Études sur les origines de la tragédie classique en France*, p. 191. De la Taille's words are: "Or par ce que la France n'a point encor de vrayes Tragedies, sinon possible traduittes, je mets ceste cy en lumiere" (*Art de la Tragédie*, ed. 1572, p. 6 v.). Strangely, too, Grévin in 1561 made a similar claim: "Ami Lecteur . . . premier de nostre temps je me suis hazardé de mettre la Tragédie et Comédie Françoise entre tes mains"—basing it on the plea that Jodelle's are "tirées des Grecs et Latins pour les replanter en France," whilst his own are "Tragédies et Comédies Françoises." And finally, Jaques de la Taille is brought forward as third rival for Jodelle's title:

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[2] All editions of tragedies before 1580 are rare, some extremely so: thus Böhm, who deals only with those of 1552–62, was unable to get sight of Rouillet's *Philanire*, le Duchat's *Agamemnon*, and the two plays of Jaques de la Taille, for the exact titles of which he inquires: they are *Daire, Tragedie* | *de feu Iaques de la Taille, du Pays de Beauce.* | *A Paris* | *Par Frederic Morel Imprimeur du Roy* | M.D.LXXIII.; and *Alexandre,* | *Tragedie de Iaques* | *de la Taille, du pays* | *de Beauce* | . . . (as above).

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centres of culture and learning such as were provided throughout the length of Italy by ducal courts and urban academies provided *points d'appui* for the extensive cultivation of a drama like the Senecan sort. Moreover, from these courts and academies the dramatic type acquired characteristic traits. But the new learning in France never really took on the gaiety of courtly refinement: neither in locality nor in *personnel* did it spread itself as extensively as in Italy. The whole *Pléiade* reform was mainly a Parisian movement. The literary fraternities of Bordeaux[1] and of Poitiers[2] converged on Paris, transporting their drama thither, and there deposited it within the narrow walls of one or two university colleges. Consequently, to a large extent, the French provinces were undisturbed in their old affection for the Morality. And consequently, too, the French Senecans never opened a current account either with a wealthy public which would have lent them splendour, or with a fairly representative one which would have lent them vigour; nor in consequence did they on their part contract the obligation to be dramatic and interesting.

(*a*) THE FRENCH SENECANS AND THEIR RELATION TO FRENCH SOCIETY.

Hence the course of Senecan drama in France differs greatly from that in Italy. M. Lanson[3] has protested against the conventional view that sixteenth-century French tragedy moved in a direct and unbroken line of rigid classicism from Buchanan or Jodelle onwards, until Hardy by a completely revolutionary diversion of it indicated the course which the great classical drama of the seventeenth century was to follow to triumph. In so far as he is accounting for the qualities of the classical drama of Corneille and his successors, he is assuredly right in tracing their

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[3] *Revue d'histoire litt. de la France*, vol. 11.

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sources back beyond Hardy ; but it would be a mistake to interpret his evidence as wholly destructive of the older view. It may be granted that the whole dramatic activity of the tragedians before 1590 or 1600 is not comprised within the almost exclusively Parisian, collegiate, and strictly academic group which culminates in Garnier and Montchrétien. But it is nevertheless indubitably true that there is a closely linked school of drama proceeding from Buchanan to Montchrétien ; that this is the main, even the official, course of contemporary tragedy ; and that its unmistakable trend is for a more and more academic Senecanisation of classical tragedy. Thus to discriminate the qualities of the Senecan tradition in France, one is still entitled to consider them as they were shaped in the regular progress of a closely linked line of authors from Buchanan to Montchrétien, and as they were stereotyped in the dramas of Garnier. Sporadically and in the provinces, as M. Lanson has shown, a much less orthodox tragedy is occasionally to be found. But it is independent of the main stream, and until the end of the century without influence on it. There are, moreover, other dramas, like Bounin's *La Soltane* (1561), Le Jars' *Lucelle* (1576), and Rouillet's *Philanire* (Lat. 1556, Fr. 1563), which by local or personal accident or by intrinsic quality are more directly allied with the main stream,[1] but which are distinctly more Italianate in important respects. And finally, there is a fairly considerable production of Biblical plays exhibiting the qualities of classical tragedy to a lesser or a greater degree : Desmasures and Beza are perhaps the most representative authors of them. It is true that Beza's *Abraham* (1550) and Desmasures' *David* trilogy (*c.* 1566), despite their unorthodox inclusion of distinctly popular elements, have always been taken into account by historians of the foundation of classical tragedy in France. But, in fact, they neither impede nor modify the main course which contemporary classical tragedy was following : indeed, through the mouth of Jean de la Taille, the

[1] E.g. *La Soltane* treats a favourite Italian material, the almost contemporary oriental, without, however, exploiting the theatrical possibilities of such theme. The other two have themes equally characteristic of Italy, stories reminiscent of or based on *novelle*. Both *La Soltane* and *Philanire* have an Italian fondness for melodramatic horrors : *La Soltane* defies the Unities and *Lucelle* claims the exceptional freedom to express itself in prose.

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direct line of French Senecans explicitly reject Beza and Desmasures from their ranks.[1]

In Italy conditions were altogether different. There, attempts to graft classical form on popular material had been made two or three generations before Cinthio; and the tradition so founding was a strong if unconscious influence on Cinthio from the outset. In France no such tradition existed previous to the attempt of the Senecans themselves; for the *Christus Xylonicus* (*c.* 1529) is negligible.[2] The tradition of a more free and theatrical Seneca was being built up very slowly in the provinces independently altogether of the march of the Senecans in Paris.

In the critical years of its youth French Senecan tragedy was thus almost inevitably the product of a small exclusive group, appealing to a narrow circle of scholars, without the safeguards of public will or traditional experience to hold it from the extremes of academic taste. How narrow the whole movement is hardly appears at first sight: in fact, from Buchanan to Muret, through Jodelle to Bastier de la Péruse, Toutain and Grévin, on to Le Duchat, Rivaudeau, Filleul, the two de la Tailles and Guersens, and then to Garnier, links between the authors are as close as can be. Buchanan and Muret both taught at Bordeaux. Muret was in direct contact with the Poitiers group above-mentioned, and the

[1] Amongst subjects "tousjours froids et indignes du nom de Tragedie," Jean de la Taille specifies two only in detail, "comme celuy du sacrifice d'Abraham, où ceste fainte de faire sacrifier Isaac, par laquelle Dieu esprouve Abraham, n'apporte rien de malheur à la fin; et d'un autre où Goliath ennemy d'Israël et de nostre religion est tué par David son hayneux, laquelle chose tant s'en faut qu'elle nous cause quelque compassion, que ce fera plustost un aise et contentement qu'elle nous baillera" (*Art de la Tragédie*, p. 3), and he chose these two subjects for reproof precisely because they are the subjects of Beza's *Abraham* and Desmasures' *David*.

[2] This is not incompatible with the thesis of M. Lanson that the "idea of tragedy" was steadily growing from 1500 onwards. The translations of Greek plays may have contributed to the growth of a "tragic" tradition, as may also the original plays of Stoa and Barthélemy de Loches. But the point is that they were not building a theatrical tradition of neo-Classical tragedy: *Christus Xylonicus* was not performed. Brantôme is decisive on the point at issue, and at the same time indicates, though not sufficiently, the difference between France and Italy in this respect. Talking of the magnificent staging of Bibbiena's *Calandria* at Lyons in 1548, he adds: "chose que l'on n'avoit encore vu, et rare en France; car paravant on ne parloit que de farceurs, des couards de Rouen, des joueurs de la Basoche, et autres sortes de badins et joueurs de badinages, farces, mômeries et sotteries: même qu'il n'y avoit pas longtemps que ces belles tragédies et gentilles comédies avoient été inventées, jouées et représentées en Italie" (ed. Lalanne, iii. 256, cited by Lanson).

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bonds became closer when Muret in 1551 established himself as tutor in Paris and had as his pupils Grévin and Vauquelin and Jean de la Taille, who in their turn were intimately associated with Jodelle and the younger Baïf. The whole band of tragedians up to Garnier are indeed in personal contact with each other: Grévin acted in the first performance of *Cléopâtre*, he was a friend of Florent Chrétien, who translated Buchanan's *Jephthes* into French, and so on. Their activities are intimately associated with one or two Parisian colleges: Boncourt, Harcourt, and the Collège du Cardinal Lemoine. In fact, the immediate personal influence of Muret may be said to have directed all of them: as a result, the French Senecans in general are to the Italians as Muret's *Julius Caesar* is to *Orbecche*; and these are productions of widely different qualities. Trissino and his followers have, in fact, more in common with the French tragedians than have the Italian Senecans, whilst Cinthio plays a part in Italy similar to that played by Hardy in France. Both Trissino and the French Senecans were theoretic reformers seeking to establish a new dramatic form on ancient models in utter contempt of popular drama: Cinthio, like Hardy, was trying to popularise a form so founded, and, like Corneille, he was playwright first and critic only in defence of his own practice. The consequence is important. The Italian Senecans are more pliant and fluid, the French more rigid and exclusive. Cinthio has his eye on his public; and his public is fairly representative, if not altogether popular. The French from the outset are crusading against the public taste. The *Pléiade* at large suffered from its too narrow aristocracy of culture[1]: in drama especially, contempt of the people is fraught with danger. But from Buchanan onwards[2]

[1] Cf. Ronsard (*Abrégé de l'art poét.*, ed. Blanchemain, vii. p. 336): "il ne se faut soucier, *comme je l'ay dit tant de fois*, de l'opinion que pourroit avoir le peuple de tes escrits"; and Du Bellay (*Deff.* ii. ch. 2): "Seulement veux-ie admoneſter celuy qui aſpire à une gloyre non vulgaire, s'eloigner de ces ineptes Admirateurs, fuyr ce peuple ignorant, peuple ennemy de tout rare . . . sçavoir."

[2] Buchanan (*Vita ab ipso scripta*): "fabulas conscripserat, ut earum actione juventutem ab allegoriis, quibus tum Gallia vehementer se oblectabat, ad imitationem veterum qua posset, retraheret." Jodelle (*L'Eugène*, Prologue):

> "Sans que brouillant avecques nos farceurs
> Le sainct ruisseau de nos plus sainctes sœurs,
> On moralise un Conseil, un Escrit,
> Un Temps, un Tout, une Chair, un Esprit,

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scorn of popular drama is common to all the French Senecans; and they reaped their reward. In so far as in France the middle classes at large were less open to the appeal of classical reminiscence than those of Italy, and were also more passionately devoted to a popular morality type which, unlike Italy's *sacre rappresentazioni*, was untouched by the grace of humanism, the clientèle of the new drama was widely different in the two countries.

(*b*) ARISTOCRATIC PATRONAGE IN FRANCE AND ITALY.

It is generally asserted[1] that the French Renaissance dramatists enjoyed the favour of the Court and of aristocratic circles. But, in fact, such support was completely insignificant in comparison with the lively interest and co-operation of the ducal courts and polite academies of Italy. Especially remarkable is the French Court's lack of regard for the new tragedy after 1552, the date of Jodelle's *Cléopâtre*. In the first half of the sixteenth century, under the auspices of Francis I. (died 1547) and his sister Margaret of Navarre (died 1549), the Court had not only, like the courts of Italy, patronised poets lyric and dramatic, but it had keenly

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Et tels fatras, dont maint et maint folastre
Fait bien souvent l'honneur de son theatre . . ." etc.

Grévin (*Les Esbahis*, Prologue) also attacks the "tragedies farcées" or the "farces moralisées" of the popular stage. An anonymous well-wisher of Jaques de la Taille (*Alexandre*, Paris, Morel, 1573, p. 29 v. in an appended sonnet *Au lecteur*) hoped as a result of the play—

"Que pour luy desormais l'on bannisse d'icy
Tant de Moralitez & de Farces aussi,
Qui nostre vieil François ont farcy longuement."

Jean de la Taille is even more outspoken (*Art de la Tragédie*, p. 4): ". . . Moralitez (où bien souvent n'y a sens ny raison, mais des paroles ridicules avec quelque badinage) et autres jeux qui ne sont faicts selon le vray art, et au moule des vieux, comme d'un Sophocle, Euripide et Seneque, ne peuvent estre que choses ignorantes, malfaites, indignes d'en faire cas, et qui ne deussent servir de passetemps qu'aux varlets et menu populaire, et non aux personnes graves." And even in later days, a dramatist who had come under the popularising influence of Hardy could write in the Preface to his *Jacob* (1604):

"Au vulgaire ignorant nous ne desirons plaire,
Son humeur nous desplait, et nous luy desplaisons.
Nous ne mendyons pas d'un rude populaire
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[1] Rigal (*Théâtre français*, p. 112): "Le nouvel art dramatique de son côté avait pour lui la Cour, l'Université, une élite lettrée que l'antiquité avait séduite"; cf. also Lanson, *op. cit.*

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bonds became closer when Muret in 1551 established himself as tutor in Paris and had as his pupils Grévin and Vauquelin and Jean de la Taille, who in their turn were intimately associated with Jodelle and the younger Baïf. The whole band of tragedians up to Garnier are indeed in personal contact with each other: Grévin acted in the first performance of *Cléopâtre*, he was a friend of Florent Chrétien, who translated Buchanan's *Jephthes* into French, and so on. Their activities are intimately associated with one or two Parisian colleges: Boncourt, Harcourt, and the Collège du Cardinal Lemoine. In fact, the immediate personal influence of Muret may be said to have directed all of them: as a result, the French Senecans in general are to the Italians as Muret's *Julius Caesar* is to *Orbecche*; and these are productions of widely different qualities. Trissino and his followers have, in fact, more in common with the French tragedians than have the Italian Senecans, whilst Cinthio plays a part in Italy similar to that played by Hardy in France. Both Trissino and the French Senecans were theoretic reformers seeking to establish a new dramatic form on ancient models in utter contempt of popular drama: Cinthio, like Hardy, was trying to popularise a form so founded, and, like Corneille, he was playwright first and critic only in defence of his own practice. The consequence is important. The Italian Senecans are more pliant and fluid, the French more rigid and exclusive. Cinthio has his eye on his public; and his public is fairly representative, if not altogether popular. The French from the outset are crusading against the public taste. The *Pléiade* at large suffered from its too narrow aristocracy of culture[1]: in drama especially, contempt of the people is fraught with danger. But from Buchanan onwards[2]

[1] Cf. Ronsard (*Abrégé de l'art poét.*, ed. Blanchemain, vii. p. 336): "il ne se faut soucier, *comme je l'ay dit tant de fois*, de l'opinion que pourroit avoir le peuple de tes escrits"; and Du Bellay (*Deff.* ii. ch. 2): "Seulement veux-ie admonester celuy qui aspire à une gloyre non vulgaire, s'eloigner de ces ineptes Admirateurs, fuyr ce peuple ignorant, peuple ennemy de tout rare . . . sçavoir."

[2] Buchanan (*Vita ab ipso scripta*): "fabulas conscripserat, ut earum actione juventutem ab allegoriis, quibus tum Gallia vehementer se oblectabat, ad imitationem veterum qua posset, retraheret." Jodelle (*L'Eugène*, Prologue):

> "Sans que brouillant avecques nos farceurs
> Le sainct ruisseau de nos plus sainctes sœurs,
> On moralise un Conseil, un Escrit,
> Un Temps, un Tout, une Chair, un Esprit,

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scorn of popular drama is common to all the French Senecans; and they reaped their reward. In so far as in France the middle classes at large were less open to the appeal of classical reminiscence than those of Italy, and were also more passionately devoted to a popular morality type which, unlike Italy's *sacre rappresentazioni*, was untouched by the grace of humanism, the clientèle of the new drama was widely different in the two countries.

(*b*) ARISTOCRATIC PATRONAGE IN FRANCE AND ITALY.

It is generally asserted[1] that the French Renaissance dramatists enjoyed the favour of the Court and of aristocratic circles. But, in fact, such support was completely insignificant in comparison with the lively interest and co-operation of the ducal courts and polite academies of Italy. Especially remarkable is the French Court's lack of regard for the new tragedy after 1552, the date of Jodelle's *Cléopâtre*. In the first half of the sixteenth century, under the auspices of Francis I. (died 1547) and his sister Margaret of Navarre (died 1549), the Court had not only, like the courts of Italy, patronised poets lyric and dramatic, but it had keenly

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Et tels fatras, dont maint et maint folastre
Fait bien souvent l'honneur de son theatre . . ." etc.

Grévin (*Les Esbahis*, Prologue) also attacks the "tragedies farcées" or the "farces moralisées" of the popular stage. An anonymous well-wisher of Jaques de la Taille (*Alexandre*, Paris, Morel, 1573, p. 29 v. in an appended sonnet *Au lecteur*) hoped as a result of the play—

"Que pour luy desormais l'on bannisse d'icy
Tant de Moralitez & de Farces aussi,
Qui nostre vieil François ont farcy longuement."

Jean de la Taille is even more outspoken (*Art de la Tragédie*, p. 4): ". . . Moralitez (où bien souvent n'y a sens ny raison, mais des paroles ridicules avec quelque badinage) et autres jeux qui ne sont faicts selon le vray art, et au moule des vieux, comme d'un Sophocle, Euripide et Seneque, ne peuvent estre que choses ignorantes, malfaites, indignes d'en faire cas, et qui ne deussent servir de passetemps qu'aux varlets et menu populaire, et non aux personnes graves." And even in later days, a dramatist who had come under the popularising influence of Hardy could write in the Preface to his *Jacob* (1604):

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fostered literary relations between the two countries. Alamanni[1] dedicated his drama (with his *Opere*) to his Maecenas, Francis I., in 1533; Bandello[2] inscribed his play to Margaret in 1539; and Lazare de Baïf,[3] who had been ambassador in Venice, also found favour with Francis I. as a dramatic translator. It was, moreover, Francis I. who patronised Serlio.[4]

But the Court of Henry II. fulfilled neither of these functions adequately; above all, it was of little service to the new tragedians. The king cared little for literature, except for the most salacious poetry.[5] The more serious poets, who for personal reasons were most in favour at Court, were those of the school of Marot. They were notoriously hostile to the poetical innovations of the *Brigade* which became the *Pléiade*, and not less so to the offshoot of it which sponsored the new drama. When Henry II. found casually a moment for literature which was not of the gutter, it was to mock with his chaplain, Melin de St. Gelais, at the new poet, Ronsard[6]; for St. Gelais belonged really to the followers of Marot. These survivors of the old school of poetry do indeed find a place in the history of French tragedy, and, moreover, in the attempt to Italianise it: Sebillet translated *Iphigenia in Aulis*,[7] and St. Gelais translated *Sophonisba*.[8] But drama of this sort had already become antiquated in Italy; and still further, its importance in the growth of French classical tragedy has been exaggerated. St. Gelais is said to have written his *Sophonisbe* in deliberate hostility to Jodelle's *Cléopâtre*; and the enmity between

[1] *Vide supra*, p. xxxiv.

[2] *Vide supra*, p. xxxiv, *n.* 1.

[3] *Vide supra*, pp. xxxiv and xxxvii, *n.* 2.

[4] *Vide supra*, p. xciii, *n.* 3, and xcviii.

[5] Bayle (*Dictionnaire*, *sub nom.* Garasse) points out that the more serious minds of the century and of the next specially singled out the poets of Henry II.'s Court as a particular source of national harm. He cites de Thou and de Mezerai, and gives a long quotation from the Sieur de la Planche's *Histoire* (ed. 1576): "ce qui aggrava en ce faict l'ire de Dieu fut que la cognoissance des bonnes lettres . . . ayant esté ramenée en France par le Roy François, plus anobly par cela que pour autre chose advenue de son temps, se tourna aux esprits malins et curieux en occasion de toute meschanceté, ce qui s'est trouvé principalement en certains grands esprits, adonnez à la Poesie Françoise, qui lors vindrent à sourdre comme par troupes: les escrits desquels ords et sales et remplis de blasphemes, sont d'autant plus detestables, qu'ils sont emmiellez de tous allechemens qui peuvent faire glisser, non seulement en toute vilaine et puante lubricité, mais aussi en toute horrible impieté, tous ceux qui les ont entre mains."

[6] *Vide* Ronsard, *Œuvres* (ed. Blanchemain, viii. pp. 22 *seq.*), and St. Gelais, *Œuvres* (ed. Blanchemain), Introd. pp. 23-24.

[7] *Vide supra*, p. xxxvii, *n.* 2.

[8] *Vide supra*, p. xcvi, *n.* 4.

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Sebillet and the new poets is well known.[1] In fact, Du Bellay's manifesto of the new school is deliberately framed to pour scorn on the principles embodied the year before by Sebillet in his *Art Poétique*[2]; and Sebillet—nothing could better illustrate the argument—used the very preface of his drama, *Iphigénie* (1549), to retaliate by attacking the new poetic creed. But in any case, scant help could be expected in the foundation of the new drama from a man who, like Sebillet, saw little difference between classical tragedy and the French morality.[3] Of the whole court circle, says Du Bellay,[4] the only real friend of the new literary productions and the new literary ideas was Henry's sister, the second Margaret, and she left France for Savoy in 1559. And even in her case it is significant that Jodelle the dramatist, commending himself to her, makes no mention of anything but his claims as a lyric poet.[5] A little later the Court under Henry III. was certainly more favourably disposed to letters. Henry

[1] The hostility between St. Gelais and the *Pléiade* circle was ultimately appeased; Ronsard withdrew an offending passage from his *Odes*, and Du Bellay atoned for *Le Poète Courtisan* by an ode of fulsome eulogy of St. Gelais. But the reconciliation was merely a piece of social diplomacy, not a literary *entente*. For our argument it is sufficient to recognise that St. Gelais represented in the public eye the old order as against the new. Thus immediately after the appearance of the manifesto of the new school, Du Bellay's *Deffense*, it was assailed anonymously by Barthélemy Aneau in his *Quintil Horatian sur la Deffence* (1550) (reprinted in 1555 and 1556), and Aneau's hero is indifferently St. Gelais or Marot.

[2] As M. Chamard has clearly shown in his edition of Du Bellay's *Deffense*.

[3] Sebillet, *Art Poétique* (ed. Gaiffe, p. 161): "La Moralité Françoise represente en quelque chose la Tragédie Gréque et Latine, singuliérement en ce qu'elle traitte fais graves et Principaus. Et si le François s'estoit rengé a ce que la fin de la Moralité fut toujours triste et doloreuse, la Moralité seroit Tragédie."

[4] *Vide* Du Bellay's letter, Oct. 5, 1559 (printed in Ste. Beuve, *Nouveaux Lundis*, xiii. 353): "Ce désastre avec le partement de Madame qui, à ce que j'entends, est pour s'en aller bientôt ès pays de Monseigneur le duc son mari, m'a tellement étonné, et fait perdre le cœur que je suis délibéré de jamais plus, etc. . . . ayant perdu . . . la présence d'une telle princesse, qui, depuis la mort de ce grand roi François, père et instaurateur des bonnes lettres, étoit demourée l'unique support et refuge de la vertu et de ceux qui en font profession [*i.e.* in the technical sense, poetry and poets]."

[5] *Vide* Ronsard, *Œuvres*, v. 7, *Epistre d'Estienne Jodelle . . . à Madame Marguerite* (written 1560). Later, another dramatist, Jean de la Taille, complains that only Ronsard can hope for favour: "Mais les Mecenes et les Augustes defaillants en ce temps, il [l'autheur] en laisse volontiers et la charge et l'honneur à ceux qui auront plus que luy et du ciel et du Prince les graces favorables, comme auiourd'hui peult avoir Ronsard" (*Au Lecteur* of his poem *La Mort de Paris, Alexandre*, etc., appended to *La Famine*, 1574, p. 32).

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III. prided himself on the encouragement he gave to *belles lettres*, and in moments of special seriousness even tried to make himself a scholar.[1] He was, moreover, almost as eager for Italian literary fashions as Francis I.[2] But a temperament like his was incapable of patronising a serious art like that of tragedy, and in any case the miseries of the time would have prevented even the best patron from establishing conditions out of which a virile national theatre could have grown.[3] The religious wars did certainly occasion the writing of a number of tragedies by way of propaganda; but they destroyed the amenity and even the luxury of civil life which more than anything else nourishes living drama.[4] Towards the end of the century, conditions were even less favourable to literature and drama. The civil dissensions were not eased until Henry IV.'s recognition. Yet when he became king, his personal qualities encouraged even greater disregard of literature. The most distinguished man of letters of the day was Casaubon, a pure scholar, who with all his learning was yet utterly devoid of poetic sense. The king was notoriously illiterate: "rex, etsi ut scis, *οὐ μουσικώτατος*," as Casaubon tells Scaliger. And it was his royal jest that "avec son chancelier, qui ne savoit point de latin, et son connétable, qui ne savoit ni

[1] *Vide* Henri Étienne's dedicatory epistle, *Tractatus de Lipsii Latinitate*, p. 11: "Noster Galliae rex Henricus III., elegantiae sermonis sui studiosus (aliquot praesertim ante obitum annis: quo tempore plura regia quam multi credunt habebat) haud infelici et inutili studio fuit." The king gave Étienne 3000 livres in 1579 and a pension of 300 livres a year.

[2] Flamini, *Le Rime di Odetto de la Noue e l' italianismo a tempo d' Enrico III*, in *Studi di storia letteraria* (Livorno, 1895).

[3] Pasquier tells how "ce nouveau Roy, comme s'il eust esté exposé en la tranquillité d'une profonde paix au lieu d'endosser le harnois, se faisoit enseigner d'un costé la Grammaire et langue Latine par Dorat, . . . et d'un autre costé exerçoit une forme de concert et academie avec les Sieurs de Pibrac, Ronsard et autres beaux esprits à certains jours. . . . Noble et digne exercice vrayement, mais non convenable aux affaires que lors ce Prince avoit sur les bras," and he adds: "Ces nouvelles leçons de Grammaire me donnerent subject d'esclater par une colere ces six vers Latins:

Gallia dum passim civilibus occidit in armis,
Et cinere obruitur semisepulta suo,
Grammaticam exercet media rex noster in aula,
Dicere jamque potest vir generosus, Amo.
Declinare cupit, vere declinat et ille;
Rex bis qui fuerat, fit modo Grammaticus."

[4] See the actual words of Brantôme, Jodelle, Jean de la Taille, and Garnier, quoted *infra*, p. cix, *n.* 4.

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lire ni écrire, il pouvoit venir à bout des affaires les plus difficiles."[1] In fact, when French tragedy came to its own at the end of the century, it was by appeal from the Court to the populace at Paris: Hardy secured the stage of the Hôtel de Bourgogne.

It would seem, then, no inadequate measure of the support which the Court gave to the new tragedy that its most recent historian can find authentic evidence of but four performances at Court between 1552 and 1590.[2]

From our point of view the details of these presentations are full of interest. The performance of *Sophonisbe* at Blois was at the instigation of the Queen Mother, who was of course an Italian; but she had left Italy in 1533, before the days of Cinthian tragedy. Her undoubted love of plays scarcely needs Brantôme's attestation; but time and circumstance were against her. She who might have fired in the French Court something of her country's passion for the new tragedy, sponsored at the outset a dramatist who was himself hostile to the new school, and whose translation was of an Italian play itself belonging to a type outgrown in contemporary Italy. It is ominous of the type that amongst the actors of this *Sophonisbe* at Blois were the two young princesses; but it is more remarkable still that even Trissino's pseudo-Greek restraint was not decorous enough, and his enactment of Sophonisba's death *coram populo* is pushed back behind the scene by his translator.[3] But the *Genièvre* performance at Fontainebleau in 1564 was also under Catherine's auspices; and although the play is lost, it seems to have been not only founded on Italian romance, but abreast with the new fashion of the Italian theatre.[4] An instance of this sort, taken with the recol-

[1] *Vide* M. Pattison, *Isaac Casaubon*, p. 132.

[2] Lanson (*Revue d'hist. litt. de la France*, vol. 10, p. 418); Jodelle's *Cléopâtre* in 1552; St. Gelais' *Sophonisbe* at Blois in 1556; an anonymous *Genièvre* at Fontainebleau in 1564; and Filleul's *Lucrèce* at Gaillon in 1566.

[3] It should be noted, however, that, in the manner of the Italians, spectacular *intermezzi* were interspersed between the acts of *Sophonisbe*, as also of the later *Genièvre*. Moreover, Catherine seems to have urged her husband to build a "theatre" in the Palace at Saint-Germain, and it seems likely that a room in it was fitted for theatrical shows. But although its style was clearly Italianate, it never seems to have been used for presenting tragedy.

[4] It should be added that Ebert (*Entwickelungsgeschichte*, p. 135) asserts that the Queen Mother also had the partly Italianate *La Soltane* of Bounin performed in 1560. Although Lanson does not accept the evidence for performance as genuine, the tradition

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lection that Le Jars, who also drew his unconventional *Lucelle* from an Italian source, was a Court official,[1] indicates how radical a transformation might have been effected if the French Court had imitated those of Italy in the generous patronage of drama. And a half-Italian court like the French one might have established a free intercourse in drama between the two countries: indeed, when we remember how very closely France was related to the traditional home of the theatre in Italy, namely, Ferrara, the meagre dramatic results are astounding. Renée of France lived in Ferrara as its Duchess or Dowager-Duchess until 1560; but in the days when Ferrara was reasserting itself as a theatrical centre with the work of Cinthio, her interest in the Reformed religion had almost isolated her from court and city life. In earlier and happier days, her chief connection with French literature was through Marot, who fled to her protection in Ferrara and lived there until 1536: but Marot was no dramatist; his earlier dramatic interests, as fitted an *Enfant sans Souci*, were presumably with the popular sort, and now even as poet he was to be set aside by the men through whom French tragedy arose.

There is, however, later, an indirect association with Ferrara which allows us to see vividly what French tragedy might have learnt from Italy. Valet-de-chambre to the Duke of Nemours was a certain Chasteauvieux. As the Duke, who himself inherited Italian blood, had married the widow of the Duke of

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adds strength to the argument above. Brantôme, who attests Catherine's love of drama, also points out that circumstance deprived her of the opportunity to satisfy her predilection: after the playing of *Sophonisbe*, he says (somewhat inaccurately), "elle n'en fit plus jouer," being restrained by political considerations. In 1558 Jodelle gave similar reasons for not being able to arrange a festival performance of tragedy: "j'avois des tragédies . . . pendues en croc, dont la plupart [he is talking of comedies too] m'avait été commandée par la Reyne et par Madame seur du Roy, *sans que les troubles du tems* eussent permis de voir rien" (cited by Lanson, *op. cit.* vol. 10). Jean de la Taille carries the lament over another decade: "Combien que les piteux desastres advenus nagueres en la France fussent si grands, et que la mort du Roy Henry, du Roy son Fils, et du Roy de Navarre . . . fust si pitoiable qu'il ne faudroit ia d'autre chose pour faire des Tragedies: ce neanmoins pour n'en estre du tout le propre subject, et pour ne remuer nos vieilles et nouvelles douleurs, volontiers je m'en deporte . . ." (*Art de la Tragédie*, Dedic.). Garnier adds his voice too: "Mais l'ignorante barbarie qui par l'assiduité des guerres s'est de tout temps emparee de l'esprit des Seigneurs, leur a faict dedaigner les lettres, et par ce mepris, empesché l'heureuse naissance d'une infinité de beaux fruicts" (Dedic. of *Cornelie*, 1574).

[1] King's Secretary of the Chamber.

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Guise, who was by birth Anne d'Este, and as the real name of Chasteauvieux was Cosimo la Gamba,[1] it seems natural to think of the latter as connected with Ferrara: at all events, Italian he certainly was. And, thanks to M. Lanson's researches,[2] it is now possible to catch glimpses of this man as a dramatist, although no dramatic work of his is extant. He is known to have arranged performances of comedies and tragedies for successive kings of France, to have performed in them himself, to have written tragedies of his own, and to have ransacked the novels of Bandello for their plots.[3] In these capacities, he is clearly Italianate through and through; and his plays, in source, theme, and presentation, must have been much more like their Italian counterparts than like those of typical French Senecans. But that is not all. Chasteauvieux's plays, like those of Italy, were enthusiastically received not only by courtiers, but by the bourgeois; they were performed by the bourgeois on a stage, provided, like that of Ferrara, by the local aristocracy for a species of communal civic holiday-making; and on that occasion, as also in Ferrara, spectacular attractions were increased by musical accompaniments.[4]

Chasteauvieux, as we have seen, was not only in the service of Nemours, he was also valet-de-chambre to Henry III.; nor would it be impossible to extend this account of the opportunities the Court of France had for encouraging and directing the new

[1] Or whatever be the Italian equivalent of Cosme la Gambe. All that seems to be known of him is what is said by Du Verdier (quoted on this page, *n.* 3) and Vauquelin's references (*Art Poétique*, i. 751 and iii. 109) to him as a "brave farceur," "bouffonnant pour gosser et pour rire"; but he must have been more than a strolling comedian. He is not mentioned in M. É. Picot's most valuable articles *Les Italiens en France au XVIe siècle* (in *Bulletin italien*, vols. 1-4, 1901–1905).

[2] *Revue d'hist. litt. de la France*, vol. 10.

[3] Lanson (*op. cit.* vol. 10, p. 199): "Cosme la Gambe dit Chasteauvieux, Valet de Chambre du Roi et de Monsieur le duc de Nemours, a recité plusieurs comédies et tragédies devant le Roi Charles IX et le Roi a present reignant [Henry III] et en a composé quelques unes, assavoir *Romeo et Juliette*, *Edouard Roi d'Angleterre*, tragédies tirées de Bandel." (Quoted from Du Verdier, *Bibliothèque française*, ed. 1585.)

[4] Lanson (*op. cit.* vol. 10, p. 206) gives from the *Mémoires d'Adrien Miton* (*Documents concernant l'histoire de Neufchâtel-en-Bray*, 1884) a contemporary account of this: "Les lundy et mardy gras de la dite année 1581 fut jouée la tragédie de *Romeo et Julliette*, au chasteau du dit lieu [suivent les noms des acteurs, bourgeois de la ville] laquelle fut représentée et tenue la plus belle qui se soit vue de longtemps avec la musique et les instrumens, et y assista tous les deux jours plus de trois mille personnes, chacun étant libre d'y entrer et de sortir."

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French tragedy.[1] But it remains that whatever transformations the Court might have effected by establishing free intercourse with Italian drama, it did in effect practically nothing. Even if incapable of intellectual assistance, it might at least have given a ready ear to the new tragedy; for courtly patronage would have meant the provision of means for adequate staging,[2] and consequently the gradual growth of a theatrical sense which in itself would have transformed French Senecan drama. But it did not even do that: Jean de la Taille seems to have appealed in vain to the Court to provide a performance of his *Saül*[3]; his words imply that performances of tragedy at Court were unknown,[4] and he dedicates his *Saül*, not to one in the forefront of the Court, but to the Duchess of Cleves who alone is likely to be interested in tragedy.[5]

[1] *Vide supra*, pp. xcvii ff. Not quite as a neglected opportunity, but still as one of the more remarkable of the links which might have been, we may note that both Grévin and Cinthio were in the service of Emmanuel Philibert of Savoy and his wife Margaret of France: they were both resident in Turin at the same time (*vide* Pinvert's *Grévin*, p. 71 ff., and Cinthio's dedication of his *Hecatommithi* to the Duke, 1565). But the dramatic career of both was behind them.

[2] We know, for instance, that at least two of the four Court performances mentioned above (p. cix, *n.* 2) employed sumptuous decorative effects: viz. *Genièvre* and *Cléopâtre*, which was given, according to Scévole de Ste. Marthe, "magnifico veteris scaenae apparatu."

[3] Rigal, *Théâtre Français*, p. 128. His interpretation seems justified. But it is not clear that the generally accepted interval between Jean de la Taille's lament and his first writing the play is ten years. The play was written in 1562: the first known edition is 1572, when it was printed with the *Art de la Tragédie* as a preface in which the lament occurs. But was the *Art de la Tragédie* written as late as 1572? The deaths mentioned in it (see quotation above, p. cix, *n.* 4) occurred in 1559, 1560, and 1562, and the "deux rencheutes de nos folles guerres" of the next paragraph may well be the outbreaks of 1560 and 1562-63. Is it not likely, then, that the treatise followed immediately the writing of the play in 1562? The point is important on account of the enunciation of the Unities: if the *Art de la Tragédie* is before 1570, Jean de la Taille is the first in Europe to enunciate the three Unities, Castelvetro doing so in 1570.

[4] "Pleust à Dieu que les Roys et les grands sçeussent le plaisir que c'est *de voir réciter, et représenter au vif* une vraye Tragédie ou Comédie en un théâtre tel que *je le sçaurois* bien deviser, et qui jadis estoit en si grande estime pour le passetemps des Grecs et des Romains" (*Art de la Tragédie*, p. 4 v.).

[5] "Je mets ceste cy [Tragedie] en lumiere soubs la faveur du nom de vous, Madame, comme de celle qui presque seule de notre age favorisez les arts et les sciences, qui seront tenues aussi pour ceste cause de vous publier à la posterité, pour luy recommander vostre gentil esprit, sçavoir et courtoisie, à fin qu'elle entende que vous avez quelquefois fait cas de ceulx qui ont quelque chose oultre ce vulgaire ignorant et barbare" (*ibid.* p. 6 v.).

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The large body of the aristocracy was similarly indifferent[1]: of the two first performances of *Cléopâtre*, one in the Hôtel de Reims[2] and the other in the Collège de Boncour, echoes of the second only resound distinctly in the common report of the time. Nor indeed could a movement so limited to Paris as was that of the new drama hope to obtain extensive aristocratic support: in those days the nobles lived on their estates and not in the metropolis. In effect the French Seneca never escaped from his first direction: to Buchanan and Muret, the new tragedy was completely conditioned by the needs of a school society. It remained to the end predominantly a thing for schoolmasters or even scholars to write and for school children to present[3]; and if at its best it entered wider precincts than those of a school, it was hardly ever to larger ones than those of a college; and though for twenty years it secured some distinction there, yet throughout the whole half-century it never monopolised even the college stage.[4]

[1] Garnier, dedicating his *Cornélie* to Rambouillet, wrote: "Mais l'ignorante barbarie, qui par l'assiduité des guerres s'est de tout temps emparée de l'esprit des Seigneurs, leur a faict dedaigner les lettres, et par ce mespris, empesché l'heureuse naissance d'une infinité de beaux fruicts." And precisely he, the most famed of the sixteenth-century tragedians, in the dedication of his last play, complained bitterly of his lack of support: "Je m'estois resolu . . . de quitter l'ingrat exercice des Muses, où ie ne me suis que trop inutilement esbatu. . . . Car combien que, ou par l'infelicité du siècle, ou par defaut de merites, ou par un malheur particulier, les peines que i'ay prises à les caresser, m'ayent esté autant infructueuses jusques icy, que les assidus et desagreables labeurs de ma vocation: si veux-ie vous regracier. . . ."

[2] There can be little doubt that the Hôtel de Reims and not a similarly named college was the scene of the performance. But persistent errors in the allocation confirm our argument. It should be added that at the College performance the Court was present.

[3] Amongst the records of the provincial performances M. Lanson has collected, "joué par les enfants de l'école au collège de cette ville" is a typical phrase: nine-tenths of these recorded performances are school presentations. Sometimes the schoolmaster was author, like Mathieu; sometimes even a pupil, like the "jeune Thillois, élève de Rhétorique" at the Collège des Bons Enfants at Reims, and author of a *Mustapha* played there in 1608.

[4] Grévin's *Brief Discours* (1561) shows that even then the new tragedy had lost its hold on the Parisian college stage. Grévin explains his attempts to reform drama: "L'autre cause qui me l'a faict faire, a esté voyant les lourdes fautes, lesquelles se commettent journellement es jeux de l'Université de Paris. . . . La faute que j'y voy c'est que contre le commandement du bon precepteur Horace, ils font à la manière des basteleurs un massacre sur un eschaffaut, ou un discours de deux ou trois mois et semble qu'en cest endroit, ils ayent conjuré pour mal faire: et autres badineries que je laisse pour estre bref." Indeed after 1563 Rigal finds no authenticated performance of classical tragedy on the sixteenth-century college stage at Paris.

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After M. Lanson's researches, M. Rigal's extreme theory,[1] that the great majority of the sixteenth-century tragedies after *Cléopâtre* which were not performed on the bare stage of a Parisian college were not written for performance at all, can no longer be held. In addition to the above-mentioned performances at Court, there were clearly many performances in provincial colleges and schools, a few presentations in provincial châteaux, and still fewer either by bourgeois amateurs or touring professionals in the provinces. But M. Lanson's discovery of this provincial activity only adds to the misfortune that effectively the fortunes of the French Seneca were being settled by a close Parisian corporation. Yet some of M. Rigal's conclusions are unshaken; and they concern matters of the utmost influence on the new drama. In Paris there was no connection at all between the new tragedy and the old theatre: the Confrères de la Passion, who had the monopoly of public drama of any serious cast, never performed classical tragedies. A simple improvised stage[2] in a college, with just occasionally, maybe, a

[1] M. Rigal maintained it first, against Faguet's *La Tragédie fr. au XVIe siècle*, in his *Alexandre Hardy* (1889), and less absolutely in his *Théâtre fr. avant la période classique* (1901). M. Lanson raised objections in the *Revue d'hist. litt. de la France*, vols. 10 and 11 (in articles called *Études sur les origines de la Tragédie classique* and *L'Idée de la Tragédie en France avant Jodelle*). In the same *Revue* (vol. 11) Jules Haraszti, by way of a *compte-rendu* of his own book, *La Litt. dramat. au temps de la Renaissance*, assailed Rigal, but his attack contains serious errors of fact and argument. M. Rigal replied with further modification, but with no withdrawal of the sound implication of his thesis, in the same *Revue* (vol. 12), *La Mise en scène dans les tragédies du XVIe siècle.*

[2] M. Rigal convincingly urges the lack of specific localisation in the plays, the almost complete absence of references to objects in the setting, and the emergence of the idea of the *lieu théâtrale*, as evidence of the poverty of the average college stage and its decoration. He proves clearly that it never adopted the at least varied display of the simultaneous scheme of the morality stage, and in fact that, except on a few special occasions, it made no pretence at theatrical decoration of any extent. Other evidence might be added: Parisian colleges and scholars of the time were proverbially poor, and expensive scenery could only have been used when a rare patron guaranteed to pay for it, as, for instance, when Jodelle's *Cléopâtre* was acted. Yet the same Jodelle in the Prologue to *L'Eugène* laments the limitation of his stage:

> " Quant au theatre encore qu'il ne soit
> En demy-rond, comme on le compassoit
> Et qu'on ne l'ait ordonné de la sorte
> Que l'on faisoit, il faut qu'on le supporte,
> *Veu que l'exquis de ce vieil ornement*
> *Ore se voüe aux princes seulement.*"

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somewhat richer improvisation in the more favourable locality of an aristocratic *hôtel*; amateur actors[1]; inexpensive decoration; a relatively small and unrepresentative audience of those students who were sympathetic, and a few specially invited guests, with the possibility of distinguished ones on very particular occasions: these were all that could be hoped for in the first forty years of the new tragedy.[2] In the provinces school performances may have attracted a larger and a more mixed audience,[3] but only at the

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Contrast this with the princely patronage of Italy. Cinthio's stage must have been gorgeously decorated, for in the prologues to his plays he usually mentions the spectacle in detail; for instance, the prologue to *Altile*:

> "*Eccola*, Spettatori, *Ecco* le stanze
> Reali, et à palagi e superbi
> Di que' Signori, c' hoggi comparire
> Vedrete qui [*i.e.* as characters in the play]."

Even in the English colleges conditions were favourable, and often the necessary funds were voted from the rich college foundations. Read, for instance, Anthony Wood's description of the realistic imitation of the hunt and the cry of hounds in Edwardes' *Palamon and Arcite* at Oxford in 1566, and the burning of a rich cloak in a funeral pyre on the stage. Mantzius (*History of Theatrical Art*, Eng. Trans., 1903, vol. 2, p. 322) reproduces a French engraving of the sixteenth century showing a contemporary college stage; it is merely an unadorned bare board, and the actors do not even seem to be dressed differently from the audience. At the back of the stage three actors who are not wanted for the moment are seated waiting for their cue in full view of an audience—a practice which Cinthio especially rejected as in the highest degree untheatrical.

[1] M. Lanson's plea to lessen the presumed limitations such acting involves would be more convincing if it were not the fact that in the large majority of recorded performances the actors were not only amateurs, but young school children.

[2] Of course as time went on, and more particularly after 1571 when Italian actors began to tour in France, the manner of the Italian theatre and its spectacle became known in France and was occasionally reproduced there. But where here and there contemporary records mention elaborate scenic display, they almost invariably mention that it is "in the manner of Italy." M. Lanson has shown that the pastoral *La Fiammetta*, performed in Paris in the house of the Duc de Joyeuse in 1584 by a company of Italian actors speaking in Italian, probably employed the conventional Italian stage decorations for the pastoral; and that in 1596, in the Duc de Mercœur's castle at Nantes, Montreux's pastoral *L'Arimène* certainly had all the elaborate trappings of the Italian theatre. But neither of these plays are tragedies; and, moreover, the performances are after Garnier had ceased to write tragedy.

[3] Provincial school performances seem to have been generally public. We hear of Bedouin's tragedies performed "par les lieux publics de la ville et faubourgs du Mans, par aucuns écoliers de la dite ville"; in 1579, in the same town, the directeur du collège de la Coûture had a tragedy, *Elips, comtesse de Salberry en Angleterre*, publicly performed; and so on. But such performances were not always public: it is specially recorded, for instance, that in 1583 at Saint-Maixent, "à l'après dîner fut jouée aux écoles la tragédie de *Cleandre* fort bien et y eut silence, parce que le commun peuple n'y entra" (*vide*

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expense of increased inferiority in the actors and very severe restrictions in the choice of material suitable for representation by children: indeed, when one hears of the performance of a *Cléopâtre* by the girls of a convent school, one realises clearly the besetting dangers of the movement at large. The contrast with the gorgeous display of the Italians, with their Roscios like Montefalcone and their popular favourites like Ruzzante, and with the large concourse of people and princes, is complete. It is only just before 1600 that the French classical tragedy is recognised by the popular stage and the professional actors of Paris; and then, of course, it is emerging from its seclusion as a purely scholastic Seneca. Even in the provinces it is remarkable that, as far as documents show, no municipal bodies financed academic plays for public pleasure until 1593[1]; and it is significant that when for the first time the documents record the performance of tragedies by a known professional actor,[2] they record also that he played not only tragedies but tragi-comedies.

(*c*) TRAGI-COMEDY IN FRANCE AND ITALY.

In themselves the relative dates of the emergence of tragi-comedy in the two languages are a measure of the relation between the dramatists and their public in each country; for tragi-comedy has been traditionally regarded as arising from the constraint of the public on the author.[3] Cinthio himself tells us that he wrote

Lanson, *op. cit.* vol. 10). Moreover, it must be remembered that these provincial performances in no wise affected the line of dramatists who up to the time of Hardy were settling the shape of French Seneca in Paris.

[1] Both at Lille and at Bayonne in this year; and, as has been pointed out to us, it is significant that Lille was then not in France, but in Spanish dominions, while Bayonne was on the Spanish frontier.

[2] Valleran Lecomte's company at Bordeaux in 1592. These dates also provide a ready means of comparison. For instance, we know that a professional actor Ruzzante was to perform Speroni's *Canace* in 1542. It is 53 years later when French records first give the name of a professional actor as performing a known tragedy by a known author, Bounin's *La Soltane* by Charles Chautron in 1595 at Francfort: and that is for a performance *not* in France, of an author *not* typically French!

[3] It was defended as conforming to the kind of tragedy Aristotle placed in the second rank, although "some place [it] first. Like the *Odyssey* it has a double thread of plot, and also an opposite catastrophe for the good and for the bad. It is accounted the best because of the weakness of the spectators; for the poet is guided in what he writes by the wishes of his audience" (*Poetics*, xiii. 7, Butcher's trans.). The name and some qualities of the species were inherited from Plautus' humorous description of *tragi-*

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tragi-comedies in deference to public taste; nor does he see great need to apologise for them, indeed he soon prides himself on his submission.[1] In effect, the foundation of tragi-comedy is usually a pledge of progress. Even the early loose use of the term to label a species the members of which had little in common except an obvious unfitness to be called comedy or tragedy, marks a healthy attempt to strike out original forms: in pre-Shakespearian English, in sixteenth-century Spanish, and in early seventeenth-century French drama, these intermediate or mixed varieties, often definitely calling themselves tragi-comedies, have heralded the highest dramatic achievements. When, moreover, as a species, tragi-comedy was becoming more articulate and distinct, almost every one of its characteristic features is a sign of a healthy tendency, if not always a consummate attainment. Rejection of academic prescription, indifference to the unities, extension of interests, doubling of plots, introduction of comic material, choice of romantic themes of sexual love and honour,—these are clear attempts to link up drama with the life of its age, and "deference to the audience" is less satisfactory as a phrase for describing the motive of this attempt than as a way of carrying it out. Nor is this the only instance in which appearance does not do justice to theorists of tragi-comedy. Much of their discourse turns on the legitimacy of the "happy ending"; and this may appear to be an insignificant question. But once choice has determined on a theme of love, can it most appropriately rely on the traditional ending of tragedy? At all events Shakespeare did not repeat the experiment of *Romeo and Juliet*.

In any case, Cinthio realised that the most characteristic feature of the majority of his dramas was their "happy ending" and the "double thread of plot" which made that possible: such *tragedie di fin lieto*, he says, you may call tragi-comedies if you wish.[2] They have, too, most of the qualities of tragi-comedy

comoedia in the prologue to *Amphitruo* (*vide supra*, p. lxxv, *n.* 1); but even there, deference to the audience is given as the cause for the choice; and Cinthio at all events, along with most of his contemporaries, thought that Aristotle and Plautus meant the same thing.

[1] *Vide supra*, p. lxxxvi, *n.* 4.

[2] Prologue to *Altile*:

"Ma si pur vi spiacesse, ch' ella nome
Havesse di Tragedia, à piacer vostro,
La potete chiamar Tragicomedia."

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as approved in the seventeenth century: a relative freedom, a romantic plot turning on love and honour, characters of high degree, comic passages, a striking intrigue involving considerable action, highly improbable incidents,—these are the staple of six of Cinthio's tragedies *di fin lieto*. Historians of drama have not sufficiently realised how much Cinthio's influence on tragi-comedy has been: perhaps it is because he preferred not to use that title for his plays.[1]

But for our present argument Cinthio's tragi-comedies are highly significant. At the very beginning of the new Senecan tradition its founder grafts on to it as main shoots associations which are a pledge for its more representative audience, a means of greater contemporary popularity, and a source of a vigorous and healthy after-life. By the time the *tragedia di fin lieto* met its first considerable opponent, Faustino Summo, it had established itself, in a pastoral setting, for European fame in the works of Tasso and Guarini.[2]

[1] *Vide supra*, p. lxxv, *n.* 1. Ristine, *English Tragicomedy* (1910), does something in this respect to make good the omission of Lancaster, *The French Tragicomedy* (Baltimore, 1907), from which Cinthio is omitted for the reason given above in the text; but the likeness of the Cinthian type to the Cornelian type makes this omission especially important. And Ristine under-estimates the importance of Cinthio; his importance is not merely to have justified the tragedy of happy ending, but to have stimulated the dramatic production of the type before Guarini, who has appeared the founder because of his choice of the word tragi-comedy for the type. Other predecessors besides Cinthio deliberately refused the title but accepted the type (*vide* Cavalcanti, *Giudicio*, pp. 16, 17).

[2] Summo, *Discorso intorno al contrasto tra Canace e il Giudicio*, 1590. Even there the attack is bound up with Summo's assault not only on the *tragedie di fin lieto* but on Guarini's form of them, pastoral *tragicommedie*. Summo continued his attack in his *Discorsi Poetici* (Padova, 1600), the fourth of which is "S' egli si dia secondo Aristotile tragedia di lieto fine," and the eleventh and twelfth are against tragi-comedies, pastoral tragi-comedies, and Guarini. He followed it up by reprinting (perhaps twice) the two last *Discorsi* (1601) and adding to them *Una replica alla difesa del detto Pastor Fido publicata sotto nome di Orlando Pescetti* (Vicenza, 1601). But Summo was one of the most conservative of the older type of pedantic classicists, bound entirely to the word of Aristotle, who, he says, is "il commun Maestro de tutti voi altri, et è il vero Savio del secolo" (*Risposta al Liviera*, 1590, p. 6). He bans, for instance, "invented" plots, and the display of violent action of all sorts. The editors of Aristotle were also generally against the "happy ending." One of them, Castelvetro, who whole-heartedly adopted Cinthio's standard that the theatre is the test, takes a peculiar position. Theoretically he can find nothing at all against the tragedy of the happy ending; but in the end he bars them out by Cinthio's own principle—"Anzi nella tragedia senza il fine tristo non si può ragionevolmente generare, nè si genera, *secondo che mostra l' esperienza*, spavento nè compassione" (*Poet. d'Arist.* p. 290).

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In France it is almost exactly the reverse. There are "tragi-comedies" in France in the sixteenth century, but until the very end of it plays with that title either belong to the species of *moralité* or *miracle*[1] which the French Senecans so bitterly despised, or are sporadic productions unrecognised by the bearers of the Senecan tradition.[2] There is substantially but one exception: the most Senecan of all the French, Garnier, wrote in 1582 his *Bradamante*, which conforms almost exactly to the Cinthian type; it has a romantic fictitious story, taken from Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* (cantos 44-46); its theme is love; love and honour lead to differences which only a duel will settle; its characters are of high rank; its action serious, with a sprinkling of comic speech, and the unities are relaxed.[3] But whereas two-thirds of Cinthio's plays are of the new type, this is the only one of Garnier's eight which can be called tragi-comedy; and whereas Cinthio maintains to the end his preference for the species, Garnier reverts to regular tragedy. Moreover, until Garnier's experiment, the possibility of tragi-comedy had been officially precluded by the ban which, without exception, the French Senecans in practice

[1] Henry de Barran's *Tragique Comédie Françoise de l'homme justifié par Foy* (1554) is the first to have the name, and is a Morality. Antoine de la Croix' *Tragi-comédie . . . des trois enfans* (1561) is the second and is a Miracle.

[2] Le Jars' *Lucelle* (1576), for instance, and *Geniève* (*vide supra*, p. cix).

[3] It should, however, be noted that even *Bradamante* was not written for immediate performance. A phrase of its author's has been the occasion of much dispute between the supporters and opponents of M. Rigal's theory that Senecan drama in France was not written for the stage. For our purpose we need not use these words of Garnier's to generalise on the whole of the Senecan drama in France; but in so far as they refer to *Bradamante* itself, it is difficult to see how Rigal's interpretation can be rejected. Garnier wrote: "Et par-ce qu'il n'y a point de Chœurs, comme aux Tragedies precedentes, pour la distinction des Actes: Celuy qui voudroit faire representer cette Bradamante, sera, s'il luy plaist, adverty d'user d'entremets, et les interposer entre les Actes pour ne les confondre, et ne mettre en continuation de propos ce qui requiert quelque distance de temps" (*Argument de la Tragicomédie de Bradamante* prefixed to the play). That is, he felt that choruses of some sort were necessary if a performance was intended, and he did not provide them; it seems, then, that he had not a performance in mind when he wrote and issued the play. Moreover one could go the whole way with M. Rigal in this interpretation, adding an argument he does not use: *Bradamante* is the only play of Garnier's for which, from his own point of view, a stage presentation, owing to breach of the unity of time, necessitated a chorus; he has choruses in all his other plays, in none of which there is a similar obligation; but precisely with *Bradamante*, he omits them. Consequently it looks as if he never had his eye on performance at all. It is, however, still another step to the assertion that these plays were never performed by contemporaries.

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and theory placed on tragedies of happy ending.[1] Once more France awaits Hardy, before a relation between public and author similar to Cinthio's in Italy is set up.

C. DIFFERENT CHARACTERISTICS OF FRENCH AND ITALIAN TRAGEDY.

It is apparent that in almost every single circumstance affecting the relationship of drama to society and to social life, as well as to other forms of literature, the French Senecans differ widely from their Italian contemporaries and counterparts. The summary effect of this is virtually that, whereas the Italians seek what may broadly be called dramatic or theatrical qualities, the French Senecans lack theatrical intentions of almost every description. It is not only that circumstance debarred them in general from the splendour of scenic display, but they never really acquire the faculty for manipulating striking dramatic scenes. Indeed, M. Rigal's final analysis[2] of the *mise en scène* in sixteenth-century tragedy is conclusive evidence that authors paid no regard to Aristotle's advice that "in constructing the plot and working it out with the proper diction, the poet should place the scene as far as possible before his eyes"[3]; hence emerges the indeterminate *lieu théâtrale* as the field of their action, "ce lieu public, où chacun est chez soi et ne rencontre que ceux qu'il a intérêt à rencontrer." And hence also a progressive falling off in the use of the traditional

[1] Peletier (*L'Art Poëtique de Jaques Peletier du Mans, departi an deus livres*, Lyon, 1555, p. 72): "Au lieu qu'an la comedie les choses ont joyeuse issue, an la tragedie la fin ét tousjours luctueuse e lamantable, ou horrible à voèr." Jean de la Taille, as we have seen (*vide supra*, p. ciii, *n.* 1), barred out the story of Abraham and Isaac because it "n'apporte rien de malheur à la fin." Once more Vauquelin is a little more liberal than the Senecan dramatists whom he favoured; he approves the "happy ending," recognises that plays with it are tragi-comedies, but for reasons similar to Cinthio's disapproves of the name:

> "On fait la Comedie aussi double, de sorte
> Qu'avecques le Tragic le Comic se raporte.
> Quand il y a du meurtre et qu'on voit toutefois,
> Qu'à la fin sont contens les plus grands et les Rois,
> Quand du grave et du bas le parler on mendie,
> On abuse du nom de Tragecomedie;
> Car on peut bien encor par un succez heureux,
> Finir la Tragedie en ebats amoureux" (*Art Poétique*, iii. 163 ff.).

[2] *Revue d'hist. litt. de la France*, vol. 12.

[3] *Poetics*, xvii. (Butcher's translation).

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instruments of theatrical effect; witness, for instance, the decline of the ghost, who is an actor in Muret, Jodelle, and Grévin, but by the time of Garnier is felt to be incompatible with tragic dignity.[1] Similarly, the French tragedians eagerly accept the traditional classic ban on the presentation of violent action and scenes of death; St. Gelais makes Trissino's Sophonisba kill herself indoors, and Grévin, although exhibiting blood-stained dagger and toga, will not display the body of Caesar; Grévin himself tells us a massacre on the stage is a most heinous offence,[2] although he lets Caesar's murderers appear with bloody daggers. With one voice the French prescribe more stringent prohibitions than Greeks and Latins had adopted, and very often they go as far as to blame the latter for not transforming enough of the action into narrative![3] Hence French themes are more sparing

[1] Although Garnier did not mind his characters narrating their encounters with ghosts, only one ghost is given entry to his plays, "l'ombre d'Egée" in *Hippolyte*; but the whole play is little but a free translation of Seneca. In fact the whole of Garnier's *theatrical* merits are to be found in the parts most immediately taken from Seneca. In Italy, too, in 1598 the ghost fell under the ban in Ingegneri's *Della Poesia Rappresentativa*; but for very special reasons "come per la difficoltà della rappresentazione, non avendo io giamai veduto ombra in Scena se non ridicolamente introdotta" (p. 488 in reprint in Guarini, *Opere*, vol. 3, ed. 1738). And Ingegneri is not at all willing to forgo the scenic effect of ghosts; hence he gives full directions (p. 533) for their suitable introduction on the appropriate part of the stage, in proper perspective, with fitting curtain and lighting effects, with suitable gait and voice, and with ingenious mechanical contrivances for their sudden entry and exit. In this way a ghost has a real theatrical force, "aita assai l' orribilità." One spectral figure is particularly Senecan—Megaera, whose qualities commended her to the Italian Senecans. It would appear that the French regarded her as naturalised in Italy; for when the performance of *Sophonisbe* at Blois in 1556 was being decked out in Italian manner, *intermezzi* were thrown in, and one of them, contributed by Jean Antoine de Baïf, consists of a speech by Megère, whose description of herself allows us to see her contribution to the spectacle. But Megaera did not find a home in French Senecan tragedy. Characteristically, Garnier employs her Senecan-wise to give rhetorical horror to the least dramatic and the earliest of his plays, *Cornélie*; but after that, he has no use for her at all.

[2] Grévin, *Brief Discours*, prefixed to *Théâtre* (1561) quoted above, p. cxiii, *n.* 4.

[3] Jean de la Taille, for instance, bans all forms of death: "n'y faire executer des meurtres et autres morts et non par fainte ou autrement" (*Art de la Tragédie*, p. 3), arguing that whereas merely feigned murders and deaths will convince nobody, it is neither convenient nor right to have real murders and deaths on the stage! Even Vauquelin forbids the presentation of death and all incidents exciting horror:

> "Or pour loy le Tragic et le Comic tiendront
> Quand aux ieux une chose en ieu mettre ils voudront
> Qu'aux yeux elle sera de tous representee,
> Ou bien faite desia, des ioueurs recit

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of the gruesome and of the marvellous than are those of Italy, and are worked out in accord with a system of decorum which has about it more of the manner of the polite drawing-room than of the pompous ceremonial of the royal levees of the Italian Senecans. The villain is not a common character[1]; hardly ever, in fact, does he play the rôle of worker of atrocities which commended him to the special favour of the Italian stage: when introduced, he comes rather as a sinner or a heretic who may fitly give occasion for lengthy moralisings, and indeed most generally his villainy is merely technical, like that of Grévin's Brutus.

Nor are these defects merely on the surface: the truth is that the French Senecans are substantially without dramatic sense. They prefer the narrowest action, the simplest *crise*: in practice they choose the simple rather than the complex plot in general use in Italy. Often there is hardly an action at all[2]:

Et bien que ce qu'on oit emeuve beaucoup moins,
Que cela dont les yeux sont fidelles tesmoins,
Toutesfois il ne faut lors montrer la personne,
Quand la honte ou l'horreur du fait les gens etonne:
Ains il l'a faut cacher, et par discours prudens
Faut conter aux oyants ce qui s'est fait dedans:
Et ne montrer le mort, aporté sur l'Etage
Qui caché des rideaux aura receu l'outrage:
Car cela se doit dire: et plusieurs faits ostez
Hors de devant les yeux sont mieux apres contez."

Then he goes on to blame the exhibition of Medea murdering her children, or

"Qu'on montre Antigone en la cave pendue
Et son amant Hemon lequel aupres se tue."

(*Art Poëtique*, ii. 385 ff.)

It is obvious, then, how much more restrictive is France even than the ancient tragedians. Theoretically, she will not even admit suicide on the stage, whereas neither Greece nor Rome was shy of that; and Seneca even had murders. *A propos* of Cinthio and the *Giudicio* on Speroni's *Canace* (*vide supra*, p. lxxxii) we have seen how Senecan Italy was in this. It ought to be added that French practice is probably more liberal than its theory; but this is to be taken cautiously: the occasional suicides which appear in these plays were not of course action *coram populo*, if the plays were not staged.

[1] Jean de la Taille (*Art de la Tragédie*, p. 3) bans him authoritatively: "Que le subject aussi ne soit de Seigneurs extremement meschants, et que pour leurs crimes horribles ils meritassent punition." And the usual restriction of action in French drama to a simple issue, as opposed to the double thread preferred in Italy, hardly leaves room for a full villain, even as a subsidiary character.

[2] Cf. Ronsard's definition of tragedy, "La plainte des seigneurs fut dite tragédie" (*Discours à Grévin*); Jean de la Taille's description of it, "Son vray subject ne traicte que de piteuses ruines des grands Seigneurs, que des inconstances de Fortune, que

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quality alone, the *versi sciolti* of the Italians is the cause of wide divergences in the two types.[1] For instance, the Italians are rhetorical enough, but they do not create the impression of purely formal and forensic speech ; even the long harangues move with less rigidity and precision. Nor is it overstraining the argument to detect in these prosodic and linguistic differences wider differences of dramatic style. Cinthio tried deliberately to give his heroes high-sounding language which he mistook for the grand style ; his failure to do so is not a little due to the genius of the language and the verse of his country. But the French Senecans do very often attain something of the massive formality which only Frenchmen can utter ; yet if Cinthio's, judged absolutely as "style," is but shoddy compared with Garnier's, nevertheless perhaps, from the point of view of drama, more of good proceeds from Cinthio's failure than from Garnier's success.

(*a*) THE DRAMATIC UNITIES.

The sense of order and form indicated by the characteristics of the French dramatists which have been noted so far was unfortunately, by the circumstances under which their drama held its course, too readily perverted to a barren formality : as a close corporation of propagandists they inevitably were led to press their theories to extremes.

For instance, how did the French and the Italians respectively stand towards the Unities? That may be expected to furnish a good practical test for discriminating the two types. The comparison can hardly be reduced to a completely concrete form, as so many other problems of a quite different nature are involved. Thus, in reality, unity of action as an aesthetic principle does not consider extent of action at all ; but extent of action was in the sixteenth century taken as a practical measure of unity, and so, for our purpose, will supply a sufficient standard of contrasts in tendencies. Whereas in both France

[1] Trissino had initiated the use of *versi sciolti* for the greater part of the dialogue. Cinthio and his followers almost invariably employ it, and even more thoroughly than Trissino, for the sequence is uninterrupted by rhyming choric songs within the acts. But in his later plays Cinthio habitually employs, in one or two scenes, short rhymed verse-forms for one or two speeches in dialogue ; *e.g.* the Priest in *Euphimia*, III. iii., the confidante of Semne in *Arrenopia*, III. ix.

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and Italy the extent of the action is small, it is strikingly apparent that the French practice was still further to reduce it, and the Italian to stretch it: in general, the French Senecan dramas contain less action than those of Seneca, whilst the Italian ones contain more.[1] Further, unity of action was considered to affect the qualitative relation of the scenes; and whereas the French Senecan tragedy maintains a uniform solemnity throughout, Cinthio, if not capable of mingling kings and clowns, yet allows for a larger variety in tone between scene and scene; he not only seeks more familiar speech for his subordinate characters, but occasionally introduces scenes which may in some sense be called comic, and are indeed so called by Flamini.[2]

It is more difficult, however, to compare the French and the Italians from the point of view of the unities of time and place. The problems involved differ not only with each of the two unities, but with the circumstances of the drama in either country. As is well known, the conception of the unity of time comes into Europe as a perversion of a phrase of Aristotle's *Poetics*; in a series of critical treatises or commentaries on the *Poetics*, Trissino,[3] Robortelli,[4] Madius,[5] Victorius,[6] and Scaliger[7] discourse on the

[1] See, for instance, *supra*, p. xcii, on the double plot.

[2] Flamini, *Cinquecento*, p. 260. The phrase in the text above is necessarily guarded, since the connotation of the word *comic* varies largely in different languages. Cinthio has nothing at all which is farcical or intentionally ridiculous. But in his plays there are frequently scenes, and especially the last scenes in his tragedies of happy ending, which are "comic" in the sense that they are not "tragic." There are scenes too within the body of the play where the whole tone is "comic" in the sense of the *comédie héroïque*: *e.g.* the preparations for the nuptials of *Epitia* (II. v.) and much of *Arrenopia*. But the nearest approach to the comic in tragedy such as is meant by English playwrights is provided by the grim humour and cynical irony of the villains, as, for instance, in *Altile* (IV. i.) and *Euphimia* (II. i.).

[3] *Poetica*, 1529 (the divisions which talk of drama, viz. 5 and 6, were not published until 1563; but Trissino says these were written with the others which were published in 1529).

[4] *In Librum Aristotelis de Arte Poetica Explicationes*, Florence, 1548.

[5] Madius (V.) and Lombardius (B.), *In Aristotelis Librum de Poetica communes explanationes*, Venice, 1550.

[6] *Commentarii in Primum Librum Aristotelis de Arte Poetarum*, Florence, 1560.

[7] *Poetices Libri Septem*, Lyons, 1561. Scaliger lived in France from 1525 until his death in 1558: his book was also first published in France. But he was a much greater power in Italy than in France during the sixteenth century. In Italy his *Poetics* was widely known.

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limits of time in a dramatic plot — Madius and Scaliger dimly realise also that limits of space are likewise involved; until finally, in a commentary on Aristotle, Lodovico Castelvetro[1] (1570) definitely enunciates the laws of the three unities.

We have seen already, as a mark of its little interest in drama, that France produced no formal commentary on Aristotle's *Poetics* during the sixteenth century; but the unity of time is mentioned informally in occasional prefaces or prologues by Jodelle,[2] Grévin,[3] and Rivaudeau,[4] until it is briefly but succinctly incorporated along with the unity of place amongst the principles of tragedy by Jean de la Taille in 1572.[5] But there is no mention of these unities in the authoritative *Art poétique* of Ronsard[6]; and in the last critical document of his life, written perhaps a year before he died in 1585, and edited for posthumous publication by his friend Binet as the 1587 (Second) Preface to the *Franciade*, there is mention only of the unity of time.[7]

[1] *Poetica d' Aristotile vulgarizzata et sposta*, Vienna, 1570: "La tragedia conviene havere per soggetto un attione avenuta in picciolo spatio di luogo, et in picciolo spatio di tempo, ciò è, in quel luogo, et in quel tempo, dove e quando i rappresentatori dimorano occupati in operatione, e non altrove, nè in altro tempo" (ed. 1576, p. 109).

[2] *Cléopâtre*, Act I. (1552): "Avant que ce soleil, qui vient ores de naistre, | Ayant tracé son jour chez sa tante se plonge, | Cleopatre mourra."

[3] *Brief Discours pour l'intelligence de ce Theatre*, prefixed to his *Theatre*, 1561. The reference occurs in Grévin's protest against the monstrosities of the popular drama of the college stage: "que, contre le commandement du bon précepteur, Horace, ils font . . . un discours de deux ou trois mois." By *discours* he means story, drama.

[4] *Avant-Parler* to his *Aman* (1565): "Ceux qui font des tragedies ou comedies de plus d'un jour ou d'un tour de soleil (comme parle Aristote) faillent lourdement, ce que ie di hardiment, combien que Terence ait donné deux iours à son Eautontimorume, . . . et d'autres mesmes. Car en tout cela ne se peut sauver du vice, mais il est monstrueux d'y mettre beaucoup de mois ou d'ans, comme font quelques-uns. Mais ces tragedies sont bien bonnes et artificielles, qui ne traitent rien plus que ce qui peut estre advenu en autant de temps que les spectateurs considerent l'ébat."

[5] *Art de la Tragédie*, prefixed to *Saül le furieux*, 1572: "Il faut tousiours representer l'histoire, ou le jeu en un mesme jour, en un mesme temps, & en un mesme lieu." On the possibility of an earlier date for this edict, see p. cxii, *n.* 3.

[6] The assertion (in Arnaud, *Les Théories dramatiques au XVIIe siècle*, and in Rosenbauer, *Die poetischen Theorien der Plejade*) that Ronsard embodies the rule of the unity of time as early as 1565 (in the *Abrégé de l'Art Poétique*) seems to be wrong.

[7] Ronsard, *Œuvres* (ed. Blanchemain, vol. iii. p. 19). Talking casually of comedy and tragedy he says: "D'autant qu'elles sont bornées et limitées de peu d'espace, c'est-a-dire, d'un jour entier. Les plus excellens maistres de ce mestier les commencent d'une minuict à l'autre, et non du poinct du jour au soleil couchant, pour avoir plus d'estendue et de longueur de temps."

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It is worth while noting that whilst in Italy there is considerable talk of the unities before their final enunciation, all those who theorise on them (except Trissino, who, as we have seen already, has much more in common with the French than with the Italian Senecans) are not dramatists at all but just scholars and critics; in France, however, where there is little talk of them, the only people who mention and support them are the practising dramatists.[1] In Italy the practising dramatists are the potential rebels: Cinthio, who of course in 1541 knew nothing of a unity of place, is concerned to secure some extension of the one-day limit which the critics of his day were enunciating.[2] Moreover, the Cinthian drama of Italy had thriven vigorously for thirty years before the unities were finally stereotyped with the addition of the unity of place. In France, on the contrary, the new Senecan drama at its birth is swaddled in the unity of time, and is still but young when the whole cycle of unities is imposed on it in the most absolute manner.[3] In France, moreover, not until 1582[4] is a dramatist's voice raised in protest against the tyranny of the unities, and he was an obscure fellow: in fact, up to 1600, there is but one real attack on the unities in France; it comes from a dramatist, turned critic by experience, Pierre de Laudun[5]; it comes, too, at a time when the strict Senecan drama in France had run its course and was giving way to a wider species. This instinctive drift of the French Senecans towards

[1] Except Ronsard, who, however, was closely allied to the dramatists and their work.

[2] *Vide supra*, p. xcii, and notes 2 and 3 thereon.

[3] Jodelle, as we saw, the first tragedian, is the first to allude to the unity of time. When Jean de la Taille formulated the code in 1572, although twenty years had elapsed, the species had hardly enjoyed a vigorous life; so much so that he called himself its first exponent.

[4] Jean de Beaubreuil, Preface to *Regulus, tragédie*, claims the right "de s'affranchir de la règle superstitieuse des unités," but the play produced by this freedom is more of a mediaeval morality than a classical drama.

[5] Pierre de Laudun d'Aigaliers, *Art Poétique* (1598), of which chap. 9, livre 5, is headed "De ceux qui disent qu'il faut que la tragédie soit faite de choses faites en un jour." He gives five reasons for his opposition: 1. Ancient law does not necessarily constrain moderns. 2. Adoption of the unity of time would entail absurdities and impossibilities. 3. Seneca, Euripides, and Sophocles do not always observe it. 4. The royal themes and the complete changes of fortune required in tragedy cannot happen in a day. 5. Those who observe the unity do not always write better tragedies for so doing; and indeed if you must frequently bring in all the life of your hero, you cannot do it in one day. De Laudun wrote two tragedies, *Dioclétian* and *Horace* (1596).

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greater restriction, compared with the attempts at a larger scope in Italy, is still further emphasised by the specific conception of the unities held by the French dramatists. It is clear from Jodelle's allusion that his incorporation of the unity of time is due, not to considered theory, but to his dramatic models[1]: moreover, from sunrise to sunset constitutes his "day"[2]: Rivaudeau and de la Taille make it still narrower: merely, like Castelvetro, approximate coincidence of time of performance and time of action.[3] Only one of these founders of the unity tradition in France prefers a full day of twenty-four hours to the artificial one of twelve; and characteristically the demand for so much freedom comes, not from a dramatist, but from Ronsard.[4] On the contrary, and precisely in regard to restriction of time, in Italy the founder of the new Senecan drama, Cinthio, himself originates the process which Corneille was to call the "wise accommodation" of the unities by some extension of their limits.[5]

The problem has been dealt with here primarily from the point of view of theory, because it is extremely difficult to know what the actual practice of the Senecans was. The difficulty arises mainly from our ignorance of the *mise en scène*, especially in France, and therefore more especially applies to the unity of place. With regard to the unity of time, neither in Italy nor in France was a longer period than two days demanded (although a ruse like Speroni's Prologue to *Canace* plays havoc with time almost as much as in another way does Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*). With such brevity, therefore, the actual passage of time does not suggest itself to the audience or the readers unless specific allusion in the play draws their attention to it. But particularly

[1] Creizenach, ii. 493, points out that the ghost draws attention to the one-day time of action in Seneca's *Thyestes*, and is thence imitated in Speroni's *Canace*, Dolce's *Marianne*, and Jodelle's *Cléopâtre*.

[2] *Vide supra*, p. cxxvi, *n.* 2. [3] *Vide supra, ibid.*, *n.* 1. [4] *Vide supra, ibid.*, *n.* 7.

[5] A still further instance of the unfortunate inversion in France of the relation of dramatist to critic when compared with that of Italy may be added. In Italy, critics dogmatise, dramatists accommodate; in France, dramatists are rigorous restrictionists, critics are relatively more liberal. Before de Laudun, Vauquelin is the most liberal of the French; of the classical tragedians, Grévin alone has been commended for seeking enfranchisement — defending a breach of classical practice he writes: "diverses nations requièrent diverses manières de faire" (*Brief Discours*); but in practice the liberty merely justifies a minor difference in the form of the chorus.

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in France these temporal allusions are very rare, and consequently their dramas are, as it were, abstracted from time. In Italy the allusions are more common, and, moreover, they are more common especially in those plays which do not seek to avail themselves of the relatively wider limit of two days which Italian theory was, as a rule, prepared to recognise as a legitimate satisfaction of the demands of "unity of time." It would appear at first sight, then, that the Italian dramatists were more enamoured of the most restrictive unity. But a totally different impression is obtained when the reasons for their preference are heard, for those reasons are as unacademic and as little abstract as can be. The Italian dramatists are not slaves binding themselves blindly to an ancient prescription. They are practical dramatists considering everything from the point of view of the pit. Their declared object is by inserting temporal allusions deliberately to remind the spectators how marvellously the dramatist has packed his world-shaking incidents into a few hours' time ![1]

It is much harder to specify the practice of the two countries with regard to the unity of place. But once more the position is the same; and to English people, accustomed to regard the unities as the gravest impediments to really effective and theatrical drama, it is similarly paradoxical. But in fact, as regards the tragedy of Italy and France in the sixteenth century, the more

[1] *Vide supra*, p. xcii. *n.* 3, where Cinthio claims that the shortness of time adds the spell of marvel to the action. Cinthio's attitude passes on by direct contact to Castelvetro (1570): "Cosa più maravigliosa è, che si faccia una mutatione grandissima in contrario, in uno e poco tempo, et in uno e picciolo spatio di luogo, che si faccia in più e lunghi tempi, et in varii e larghi luoghi" (*Poetica*, ed. 1576, p. 534). And Castelvetro, it must be remembered, first formulated the full scheme of the unities. The particular importance of this to our purpose is that he did so on a basis limitedly and thoroughly "dramaturgic" or theatrical—the exigencies of action on a stage and of the minds of the audience in the theatre (*vide* Charlton, *Castelvetro's Theory of Poetry*, Manchester, 1913, pp. 83-94). Moreover, purely on this essentially practical basis, he argues for a unity as restrictive as can be imagined, namely, for an absolute identity between the supposed time of the action and the real time of performance, *i.e.* at most three or four hours. Finally, Ingegneri (*Della Poesia Rappresentativa*, 1598), who forms with Cinthio and Castelvetro the trio of the only theorists in the whole of the sixteenth century whose point of view was purely practical and dramaturgic, defends the unity of time from precisely the same practical standpoint and in precisely the same form. It was in fact taken over by him from Castelvetro (*vide* reprint in Guarini, *Opere*, vol. 3, ed. 1738, pp. 486-7). It is therefore patent that the unities in general, and more especially the unities in their narrowest interpretation, were urged as a means to the most profitable and efficient conduct of actual theatrical performances.

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patently and narrowly the unity of place is adopted, the more obviously has the dramatist concerned himself with the practical problem of effective theatrical presentation. All turns on the *mise en scène*. With such principles of stage decoration as were crystallising themselves in Italy,[1] the more elaborate that stage decoration was, the more necessary was a strict adhesion to the unity of place. The Palladian theatre at Vicenza represented a fixed scene, with more or less realistic detail. The proscenium formed a sort of open space or a semi-open *aula* into which three streets converged in proper perspective. There were also side entries, and the buildings, houses, palaces, etc., which formed the background had doors and windows which could also be used as entries and exits. It seems likely that Cinthio's stage had in general anticipated Palladio's decorative scheme,[2] for

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[2] The evidence is of various sorts. (*a*) Cinthio is known to have employed celebrated painters to prepare his scenes. (*b*) When the *Pastor Fido* quarrel was raging (from 1588 onwards), the Palladian principles were well known to all the theatrical circles of Italy, and the Guarini group were especially concerned with elaborate stagecraft. One of the pamphlets on the dispute was issued by Guarini under the name of a celebrated professional actor of the time, Verato. This was answered by the enemy, and then, under the name of l' Academico Attizzato, Guarini replied in his *Verato Secondo* (1593). In this he speaks of Verato as "allievo . . . di Giovanbattista Giraldi, che a moderni Poeti ha il buono e diritto uso della scena insegnato." Such a statement could not have been made by people directly in touch with Cinthio's practice unless that practice had resembled the accepted usage of their own day. (*c*) Cinthio began a new system of having for each play a prologue to be spoken from the stage before the play proper began: in the prologue to every play (except *Didone*) attention is called to the stage decoration, the scene is given its proper name, and very often buildings, especially palaces, are indicated. *E.g.* (references are all to the 1583 editions of his tragedies) *Orbecche*, p. 13, "Vi trouarete in uno instante in Susa, | Città nobil di Persia . . . Ecco quest' è, l' ampia città reale, | Questo è 'l real palazzo . . ."; *Altile*, pp. 9-10, "Nè uopo vi sia lontano ir da la vostra | Città felice . . . per venirvi in Siria | . . . Vi hà quà, con arte occulta hoggi il Poeta | Condutta, per gran mari et erti monti, | La Città di Damasco, in Siria illustre | . . . Eccola, Spettatori, Ecco le stanze | Reali et i palagi alti e superbi"; *Gli Antivalomeni*, p. 8, ". . . che son per avenire hoggi qui in Londra, | Che questa è quella eccelsa alma cittade . . ."; *Cleopatra*, p. 9, "Questa

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[2] When Minturno, in his *De Poeta* (1559), pp. 241-2, comes to talk of the " apparatus " of tragedy, he gives an antiquarian account of the ancient stage and of the dresses suitable to the different actors. But when five years later he translated his treatise into Italian as *L' Arte Poetica* (Venice, 1564), in the corresponding passage he omits all the historical portion, substituting the following information (ed. 1725, p. 150) : " Nè tratterò quì del modo, che tenean gli antichi nel vestire : perciocchè convien, che s' abbia a servire nell' abito di ciascuna maniera di persone quella forma, laqual ne' tempi nostri si vede usare. Aveano ancora gli antichi li Teatri, ne' quali acconciamente la Scenica Poesia rappresentavano. Nè vi dimostrerò quali, e quante fussero le parti di quelli ; poichè, *come vedete, oggi non sono in uso. Ma nelle sale* de' grandi palazzi si fanno apparecchiamenti di legname in forma di quella Città, nella qual si finge che sia avvenuto quel, che alla Commedia diede materia, e con le case delle persone da' recitanti

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è Alessandria, e quel, ch' è là è l' Egitto, | Che sì fertile fan l' onde del Nilo" : *Arrenopia*, p. 10, "E tutto ciò averrà quì ne la terra | Che Limirico è detta, intorno à cui | Con la sua gente è à campo il Re di Scotia" ; *Euphimia*, p. 8, "Che questa Corintho è, che quì vedete" ; *Epitia*, p. 7, ". . . in Ispruche (perche questa | Città che quì vedete Ispruche è detta)" ; *Selene*, p. 10, "E benche 'n Alessandria, ch' è 'n Egitto | Venga questo soccesso, e sia lontana | Questa città de la cittade vostra, | Il Poeta, per men vostro disagio, | Insensibilemente, con nova arte, | Vi hà tutti insieme à lei fatti condurre. | *E se nol mi credete, alzati gli occhi* | A' questo almo paese, ch' io v' addito | Et vi vedrete, senza muover piede, | Giunti tutti in un punto in Alessandria."

[1] The whole practice of theatrical architecture and stagecraft in Renaissance Italy is built on Vitruvius' account of the ancient theatre. His *Ten Books of Architecture* had been known even to Charlemagne's Court. At the Renaissance several MSS. were discovered, the earliest by Poggio in 1416. The study of Vitruvius was especially keen, because he enabled scholars to reconstruct ancient Rome either in books or indeed in practice. In some of the earlier academies he was the main subject of study ; especially is this the case in Rome, both in the early Roman Academy (*fl. c.* 1490) of Pomponius Laetus and in Tolomei's *Accademia della Virtù* (*fl. c.* 1530) ; and in both cases the study of him is connected indirectly with the history of the theatre. It was Pomponius' Academy which first put Seneca on to a stage, the chief patron of their performances being Cardinal Riario to whom an early edition of Vitruvius was dedicated explicitly on the grounds of its bearing on theatres ; and it was a friend of Tolomei's circle, Trissino the dramatist, who brought Palladio to Rome and urged him to study Vitruvius, not knowing of course that the most splendid fruit of that study was to be Palladio's *Teatro Olimpico*. Moreover, it was natural for Vitruvius to be the model for all technical treatises on architecture, especially after the *editio princeps*, 1486, made him accessible. And from Alberti's *De Re aedificatoria* (1485) onwards it is customary to take over, with other material, Vitruvius' sections on theatrical architecture. It is in this way that they come into Serlio's treatises and Palladio's. Finally, with the publication of Daniel Barbaro's translation (1556) all who wished could read Vitruvius. In the meantime, too, commentators on Aristotle's *Poetics* relied on Vitruvius for explaining various technical difficulties of stagecraft.

[2] When Minturno, in his *De Poeta* (1559), pp. 241-2, comes to talk of the "apparatus" of tragedy, he gives an antiquarian account of the ancient stage and of the dresses suitable to the different actors. But when five years later he translated his treatise into Italian as *L' Arte Poetica* (Venice, 1564), in the corresponding passage he omits all the historical portion, substituting the following information (ed. 1725, p. 150) : "Nè tratterò quì del modo, che tenean gli antichi nel vestire : perciocchè convien, che s' abbia a servire nell' abito di ciascuna maniera di persone quella forma, laqual ne' tempi nostri si vede usare. Aveano ancora gli antichi li Teatri, ne' quali acconciamente la Scenica Poesia rappresentavano. Nè vi dimostrerò quali, e quante fussero le parti di quelli ; poichè, *come vedete, oggi non sono in uso. Ma nelle sale* de' grandi palazzi si fanno apparecchiamenti di legname in forma di quella Città, nella qual si finge che sia avvenuto quel, che alla Commedia diede materia, e con le case delle persone da' recitanti

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foreground must have been less definite than in Palladio's theatre, since it served at times for an interior, and (in *Arrenopia*) as a space between rival armies, whereas its most frequent use in every play was to represent the convenient open space immediately in front of houses. Altogether, then, the stage of the sixteenth-century Italian theatre may have employed its main acting portion as a *lieu théâtrale*. But at least this *lieu théâtrale* represented a definite, if conventional, scene. It therefore obliged the dramatist to fit his action into it without any obvious inconsistency; and occasional flagrant breaches of the unity of place are probably due to the poverty of the stage decoration in the offending plays. Necessarily, then, the general tendency of the Italian dramatists is to a more rigorous adoption of the unity of place; but it is part of a large movement to make the theatre more dramatic and theatrical. Castelvetro, in fact, made the unity of place chief of all the unities in direct opposition to Aristotle, and to practically every dramatic theorist. He did so because, in his opinion, the unity of place is the primary requisite for the primary object of theatrical representation, namely, the fabrication of the illusion of reality.[1]

But in France there is nothing of this. The whole setting is indefinite. As a rule, references to details of the *mise en scène* are very few; and generally, instead of defining the scene and thereby assisting to envisage it concretely, they merely confuse it. In fact, the French tragedies seemed to be abstracted from both space and time. By this abstraction they may acquire as closet-dramas an artificial unity of place, but it is not really the unity of a *lieu théâtrale*, it is rather the unity of a void. And some of the plays cannot even be constrained to that ghost of a unity of place. The utter confusion of the *mise en scène* has

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rappresentate in guisa di Scene. Nè lascerò d' ammonirvi, che alle Tragiche persone convengono palazzi di colonne e d' altezza, e d' insegne reali ornati," etc. The setting for tragedy thus recommended is practically identical with Vitruvius' account: "quod tragicae [scenae] deformantur [*i.e.* are modelled] columnis, fastigiis et signis reliquisque regalibus rebus" (*De Architectura libri decem.* v. chap. 8).

[1] The only mention of the principle of "illusion" in France is a casual phrase in Jean de la Taille's *Art de la Tragédie*, where he protests against deaths and murders on the stage because, amongst other objections, "chascun verra bien tousjours que c'est et que ce n'est tousjours que faintise" (p. 3). Whatever may be the aesthetic worth of the principle of illusion, it is at least evidence of preoccupation with stagecraft.

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in fact been urged[1] as a very strong argument that the French tragedians of the sixteenth century seldom wrote with the thoughts of a possible stage performance in their minds, so seldom do they themselves envisage the concrete setting of the incidents they are putting into dialogue.[2]

Summarily, then, it may be said that the attitude of the Italians to the unities, whether, for the occasion, lax or rigorous, was always determined by the wish to increase the theatrical quality of their dramas; whilst, on the contrary, the French attitude is in every way an indication of the complete lack of real theatrical interest.

(*b*) PLOTS OF FRENCH TRAGEDY.

But perhaps the clearest indication of the difference between the Senecans of France and Italy is to be found in their preference for different material as their stories. There are distinct tracts, much favoured by the Italians, which are almost completely avoided by the French. The Orient opened up to Italy scenes of horror and magnificence of great melodramatic power. But French drama did not want its peculiar horror and had little opportunity to display its magnificence. Moreover, although by their fondness for Biblical story the French Senecans often have a nominal Eastern locality, its sacred inhabitants alone are sufficient to forbid such exploitation of incident and setting as was possible with the secular Orient in the minds of Italians; very rarely, too, as for instance with Jaques de la Taille, another Orient is chosen, but it is that of more sober classical history and never that of the romantic poet. For Italy, too, the East frequently meant the added excitement of contemporary history affecting their own and their city's very existence: with one voice the French dramatic lawgivers ban modern subjects of every description[3];

[1] It is one of the main arguments of M. Rigal. See especially his article *La Mise en scène dans les tragédies du XVIe siècle* (*Revue d'hist. litt. de la France*, vol. 12).

[2] Jean de la Taille, *Art de la Tragédie*, p. 4 verso, claims that he could be a practical stage-manager, but that circumstances debarred him the chance: "Pleust à Dieu que les Roys et les grands sçeussent le plaisir que c'est de voir reciter et representer au vif une vraye Tragedie ou Comedie *en un theatre tel que je le sçaurois bien deviser*."

[3] Vauquelin, *Art Poétique*, ii. 1109 ff.:

"et si nostre Echafaut
Tu veux remplir des tiens, chercher loin ne te faut

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and the only modern contact allowed to their drama was the application of its doctrine to contemporary political and religious problems. The didactic element is thus not merely an inheritance or a traditional justification against puritan criticism; it is always in the forefront, and is very often the whole purport of the play. In Italy, to satisfy the absorbing interest in the romance of sex, the stories of the novelists were extensively employed. But novels rarely supply the French plots. On the one hand, the special province of novels is not that of "reges, principes, ex urbibus, arcibus, castris" which Scaliger [1] ordained for tragedy; and on the other hand, *novella* plots are generally "feigned" or "invented," and thus lack the serious sanction which tragedy required. The French Senecans accept implicitly the traditional dogma of classical theory, that tragedy deals with historic kings and princes [2]; and even de Laudun, who as a critic is frequently ready to reject tradition, categorically asserts the necessity "que l'argument de la tragédie ne soit point feint, mais vray." [3] Such deliberate

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Un monde d'argumens : Car tous ces derniers ages
Tragiques ont produit mile cruelles rages.
Mais prendre il ne faut pas les nouveaux argumens :
Les vieux servent tousiours de seurs enseignemens."

Ronsard, Second Preface to *La Franciade* (ed. Blanchemain, iii. p. 23): "Au reste, lecteur, je te veux bien advertir que le bon poëte jette tousjours le fondement de son ouvrage sur quelques vieilles annales du temps passé ou renommée inveterée, laquelle a gagné credit au cerveau des hommes"; and (*ibid.* p. 29): "Tu noteras encores, lecteur, ce poinct qui te menera droict au vray chemin des Muses : c'est que le poëte ne doit jamais prendre l'argument de son œuvre que trois ou quatre cens ans ne soient passez pour le moins."

[1] *Poetices Libri Septem*, i. cap. 6.

[2] It is Garnier's custom at the end of the Argument prefixed to each of his plays to give a detached list of his historic authorities. Jean de la Taille vaunts : "je n'ay des histoires fabuleuses mendié icy les fureurs d'un Athamant, d'un Hercules, ny d'un Roland, mais celles que la Verité mesme a dictées, et qui portent assez sur le front leur saufconduit par tout" (*Art de la Tragédie*, p. 5 v.).

[3] De Laudun, *Art Poétique*, livre v. chap. 4. It should be added that Vauquelin (*Art Poétique*, iii. 153) chooses as an ideal illustration of a tragic plot incidents from Ariosto's *Orlando*, canto 29. But (1) Vauquelin's is the only critical admission of feigned matter; (2) it comes from a critic, not a dramatist; (3) it was not published until 1605; (4) it really belongs to a conception of tragicomedy (see p. cxvi). Vauquelin, too (*ibid.* ii. 1115), even when more conventionally prescribing subjects from ancient history, does so in what is for France an unconventional manner : the quotation given on p. cxxxiii, *n.* 3, above continues :

"Puis la Muse ne veut soubs le vray se contraindre :
Elle peut du vieil temps, tout ce qu'elle veut, feindre."

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rejection of *novella* material is fraught with heavy consequences. Sexual love is scarcely ever a main motive of their plays: even in their *Cléopâtre* or their *Didon* it is not, nor indeed could it be expected in a college drama frequented little by women, and still less in school plays[1]; and in the whole sequence of French Senecan dramas, in Garnier especially, the depiction of women is an outstanding failure. Further, by debarring "feigned"[2] subjects, the French deprived themselves of the novelty and surprise with which Cinthio sought to entice his audience: occasionally Jean de la Taille seems awake to the potentiality of this, but he was withheld from exploiting it by too much regard for common sense.[3] Once more French tragedy waited for Hardy to bring it into line with that of Cinthio and the Italians; and Hardy's drama, like that of Cinthio, owes not a little of its predominant characteristics to its adoption of plots from the novelists.

There are two ranges of subject matter which stand out predominantly as the special concern of the French Senecans, two great tracts of "true" historic matter; firstly, Bible story,[4]

[1] For instance, the extent to which Buchanan deliberately avoids the sexual interest in a theme like that of his *Baptistes* is remarkable.

[2] Of course, historic themes allowed minor flights of fiction. Garnier notes at the end of the Argument to *Porcie*, after a list of his historic authorities: "au reste ie luy ay cousu une piece de fiction de la mort de la Nourrice, pour l'enveloper d'avantage en choses funebres et lamentables, et en ensanglanter la catastrophe." The fiction hardly improves *Porcie*, but the alleged reason for it admirably indicates some of the advantages of "feigned" material over strictly historic sources.

[3] He claims that it is "le principal point d'une Tragedie" to dispose the plot "de sorte qu'elle change, transforme, manie et tourne l'esprit des escoutans de çà de là, et faire qu'ils voyent maintenant une joye tournée tout soudain en tristesse, et maintenant au rebours" (*Art de la Tragédie*, p. 3 v.). But it is to be no more so than "as happens in actual life," "à l'exemple des choses humaines." In another place (*ibid.* p. 3) he bars out certain exciting types of presentation "car chascun verra bien tousjours que c'est, et que ce n'est tousjours que faintise." Faguet (*Tragédie française*, p. 53) exalts Vauquelin for providing for the element of surprise in his definition of tragedy (*Art Poétique*, iii. 153 ff.) by the insertion of "un fait non attendu." But the insertion is general in critical tradition, neither peculiar to Vauquelin nor emphasised by him.

[4] Of these two, Roman history was perhaps the more popular, Bible story theoretically the more desirable. At the outset, Jodelle prefers Roman history without comment; Grévin prefers it, probably feeling not so much that Biblical material was unsuitable for tragedy, but that on the one hand it was too sacred, and on the other, much more decisively, it had too close association with the *miracle* and the *moralité*. (Cf. *Avant-jeu de la Trésorière*:

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and secondly, scenes from Roman history.[1] And in both these they were narrowly following their first exemplars, Buchanan for the one and Muret for the other.

The bitter struggle in France between Reformation and Counter-Reformation, dividing even the Senecans themselves, accounts largely for their choice of religious topics: Buchanan's picture of unscrupulous intriguing priests, and still more Beza's propagandist drama, taught the Huguenots to regard drama as a weapon. On the other hand, the school curriculum is probably a sufficient explanation of their preoccupation with the Romans. These differences from the Italians in choice of material carry other divergences in their train. Biblical matter not only imposed the necessity of strict adherence to the story of the text, but it made room for the largest extension of an element the French were inordinately fond of—the didactic.[2] With

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" Car ce n'est pas notre intention
De mesler la religion
Dans le sujet des choses feintes;
Aussi jamais les Lettres saintes
Ne furent données de Dieu
Pour en faire après quelque jeu.")

But Buchanan's example of counter-acting the *moralité* by using Bible story for a strict Senecan tragedy was seized on by Jean de la Taille, whose practice was enough to sanction the type. Theoretically, however, de la Taille asserts no advantage for Bible subjects over those of ancient history, and even of ancient fable, provided such fable is already accepted in Greek or Latin tragedy (*vide* the stories he cites as good tragic matter). But ultimately, the keen Christianising of literature associated with the *Pléiade* movement in its later days still further increased the hold of Biblical material. Vauquelin (*Art Poétique*, ii. 134-135, iii. 33, 845-847) recommended Bible story for every sort of poem. Yet with tragedy the complete supremacy of Bible themes remained rather a *desideratum* than a practice. Vauquelin (cited in Arnaud, *op. cit.* 119) exclaims, " Oh, quel plaisir serait-ce à cette heure de voir . . . du vieux Testament . . . une tragédie extraite proprement "; and though Garnier (Dedication to *Les Juifves*) writes, " La prerogative que . . . prend . . . un sujet et discours sacré sur un profane m'induit à croire que ce Traitté pourra preceller les autres," his *Juifves* is his only Biblical play.

[1] Like the Italians, but to a less extent, the French will also approve themes from the legendary outskirts of ancient history: Ronsard (*Discours à Grévin*) commends incidents " D'Athènes, Troye, Argos, de Thèbes et de Mycènes," but Grévin and his followers preferred the more authenticated days of Rome.

[2] Ronsard roundly states that comedies and tragedies " sont *du tout* didascaliques et enseignantes " (Second Preface to the *Franciade*, ed. Blanchemain, iii. p. 19), and nothing could exceed in dogmatic comprehension Peletier's prescription (*Art Poétique*, p. 72): " Le poëte doit parler sentencieusement, craindre les Dieux, reprendre les vices,

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Roman history, too, whereas Italy preferred the more barbarous chapters, the French rather turned to those Augustan scenes which, as students, scholars, or schoolmasters, they knew or had to know with closest familiarity; but the urbanity of these scenes on the one hand, and on the other their familiarity, likewise imposed restrictions on an exploitation of them for theatrical or even dramatic effect. But perhaps the worst consequence the French suffered by their general preference for "historic" material arose from the fact that the presentation of history, through a form which has no scope for action, inevitably means nothing but political disquisition, long discourses of arguments of State, as Dryden called it: Garnier, in fact, called his plays *traités*,[1] and to Grévin[1] *discours* is synonymous with "drama." Thus a personal interest, which is the very heart of drama, and which is at least manipulated to the forefront by Cinthio, becomes well-nigh impossible, and is in effect completely obscured by general and abstract interests.[2]

With that, we are at what is the essential difference between the French and the Italian Senecans: the French thought of plays as things to be read, the Italians, after Cinthio, as things to be acted. Scaliger,[3] who left Italy for France before Cinthio's reform, takes the opportunity of Aristotle's logical distinction between the art of play-writing and that of play-presenting to put the latter outside the scope of his concern: in like manner none of the French arts of poetry concern themselves with the theatrical aspect of drama; and when Jean de la Taille is thinking of performances, all he mentions is pronunciation and

menacer les mechants, ammoneter à la vertu et le tout succintement et resolument." Garnier recommends his one play on a Biblical subject, "c'est d'un suiet delectable, et de bonne et saincte edification" (Dedication of *Les Juifves*), in a phrase the brevity of which emphasises the moral advantage of religious subjects.

[1] *Vide supra* (p. cxxiv, n. 4) quotation from Dedication of *Les Juifves*. Like Grévin, Garnier also uses *discours*; and regularly in dedicating his plays he speaks of them merely as *mes vers*.

[2] Thus Garnier's *Antigone* is called alternatively on the title-page *ou La Pieté*.

[3] Aristotle, *Poetics*, vi. 19; Scaliger, *Poetices Libri Septem*, I. xi., talking of the fifth and sixth of Aristotle's parts of tragedy: "Melodia, extra rem penitus. Tantò longius etiam apparatus"; *ibid.* I. vi., talking of the Aristotelian definition of tragedy: "nam quod harmoniam & melos addunt, non sunt ea, ut philosophi loquuntur, de essentia Tragoediae, etenim Tragoedia in scena tantùm esset, extra scenam non esset"; and I. v. "Profectò nihilominus Comoedia est, etiam quum legitur vel tacitis oculis."

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enunciation. But the most considerable Italian theorist of drama in the sixteenth century, Castelvetro,[1] reared the whole of his theory on the axiom that drama was a thing for playing; and, even more to our present purpose, this theatrical standpoint he shared with and indeed possibly took over from the founder of the Italian Senecan tradition, Cinthio, who is known to have lived in Castelvetro's house at the time when Cinthio was enlarging his own theories, and when Castelvetro was thinking his out. We have also seen most of the consequences of this difference: in effect, France makes Seneca more academic than he was, Italy develops his theatrical leanings. The French are mainly concerned with literary form and moral content, the Italians with spectacular show and melodramatic effect. In France action is almost dispensed with, stirring incident is banned, dialogue becomes monologue, *sententiae* are expanded to sermons, language acquires the perpetual gloss of rhetoric—in short, a French Senecan drama is drama in little but name. No one will for a moment maintain that the Italian Seneca is a masterpiece; he has, too, some of the congenital ailments of his French fellow; but the history of Seneca in Elizabethan English drama sufficiently reveals that, whereas the French Seneca was a dramatic *cul de sac*, the example of Italy was in fact the first opening of the way which leads to Shakespeare.

V. THE SENECAN TRADITION IN ENGLAND.

The influence of Seneca on Elizabethan drama has been treated extensively by the most competent authorities.[2] For our

[1] *Vide* Charlton, *Castelvetro's Theory of Poetry*, Manchester, 1913.

[2] Historians of English or specifically Elizabethan drama *passim* (Schelling, Ward, Creizenach, Brandl), and Symonds, *Shakespeare's Predecessors* (1884); J. W. Cunliffe, *The Influence of Seneca on Elizabethan Tragedy* (1893), and *Early English Classical Tragedies* (1912); R. Fischer, *Zur Kunstentwickelung der englischen Tragödie* (1893); A. D. Godley, *Senecan Tragedy* (in *English Literature and the Classics*, ed. Gordon, 1912). There is also much material in F. S. Boas, *Works of Kyd* (Introd.) (1901), in his *University Drama in the Tudor Age* (1914), and in Churchill and Keller, *Die lateinischen Universitäts-Dramen in der Zeit der Königin Elisabeth* (in *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, xxxiv.). The Senecan translators are dealt with in part in H. de Vocht's *Jasper Heywood and his Translations of Seneca* (1913) and E. M. Spearing's *Studley's Translations of Seneca* (1913), both in W. Bang's series of *Materialien zur Kunde des älteren englischen Dramas*; and comprehensively in E. M. Spearing, *The Elizabethan Translations of Seneca's Tragedies* (1912). Besides these there are numerous articles

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purpose, it is only necessary briefly to restate their account of the historical progress with slight modifications in their groupings in order to discriminate the forces which were incorporated in the English Senecan tradition and to compare them with those we have found operative on the Continent. That will lead us directly to the specific group of Senecans with which Sir William Alexander is associated.

Summarily, a consideration of evidence provided by performances of Seneca in Latin, by the appearance of vernacular translations, by the writing of plays closely following the Senecan model, and of those in which his influence is more fugitive, would suggest a rough division of the historic growth of the English Seneca into the following periods: (*a*) up to 1559, (*b*) 1559–1570, (*c*) 1570–1580, (*d*) 1580–1590, (*e*) 1590–1603, (*f*) 1603 onwards. Broadly speaking, these almost decennial limits mark distinct stages in the evolution of Senecan influence.

A. STAGES OF THE GROWTH OF THE ENGLISH TRADITION.

Up to 1559 tragedy hardly enters the story of English drama. For the people at large, delight in the rough humour of comic interludes left little demand for "serious" drama beyond what could be provided by the sermonisings which were the ballast of the moralities and interludes; and for those whose superior learning required a more literary-seeming product, there were the English offshoots of the humanist *tragicomoedia sacra* for performance, generally in Latin, at the universities and, very probably, in English in town and country.[1] In the meantime, classical story and legend was timidly beginning to lend material to the English stage[2];

in periodicals and very valuable introductions in editions of individual Elizabethan Senecan tragedies, *e.g.* W. D. Briggs' edition of Jonson's *Sejanus*, J. W. Cunliffe's of Gascoigne's *Jocasta*, etc.

[1] Thus Grimald's *Christus Redivivus*, *Christus Nascens*, *Protomartyr*, *Fama*, *Athanasius sive Infamia*, all Latin, were all performed at Oxford in or immediately following 1540, and his *Archipropheta* in 1546-47; whilst Cambridge had Watson's *Absolon c.* 1540, Christopherson's *Jephthe c.* 1544, and Kirchmayer's *Pammachius* in 1545 (*vide* Boas, *op. cit.*). The best known author of more "serious" plays in the vernacular for popular audiences is Bishop Bale, and there are records of a performance of his most famous play *King Johan* at Ipswich.

[2] *Thersites*, an interlude made by translating Textor's dialogue, and although in broad popular type, chosen for performance at Magdalen College in 1537, is the first

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Up to 1559 tragedy hardly enters the story of English drama. For the people at large, delight in the rough humour of comic interludes left little demand for "serious" drama beyond what could be provided by the sermonisings which were the ballast of the moralities and interludes; and for those whose superior learning required a more literary-seeming product, there were the English offshoots of the humanist *tragicomoedia sacra* for performance, generally in Latin, at the universities and, very probably, in English in town and country.[1] In the meantime, classical story and legend was timidly beginning to lend material to the English stage[2];

in periodicals and very valuable introductions in editions of individual Elizabethan Senecan tragedies, *e.g.* W. D. Briggs' edition of Jonson's *Sejanus*, J. W. Cunliffe's of Gascoigne's *Jocasta*, etc.

[1] Thus Grimald's *Christus Redivivus*, *Christus Nascens*, *Protomartyr*, *Fama*, *Athanasius sive Infamia*, all Latin, were all performed at Oxford in or immediately following 1540, and his *Archipropheta* in 1546-47; whilst Cambridge had Watson's *Absolon c.* 1540, Christopherson's *Jephthe c.* 1544, and Kirchmayer's *Pammachius* in 1545 (*vide* Boas, *op. cit.*). The best known author of more "serious" plays in the vernacular for popular audiences is Bishop Bale, and there are records of a performance of his most famous play *King Johan* at Ipswich.

[2] *Thersites*, an interlude made by translating Textor's dialogue, and although in broad popular type, chosen for performance at Magdalen College in 1537, is the first

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but this was hardly of sufficient weight to have the least influence on an already vigorous and fairly self-conscious native tradition. Before 1559, however, the tragedian who was most powerfully to affect this tradition, Seneca, had made his first bow on the English stage: his *Troades* was performed (in Latin) in Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1551–52[1]; that, however, is his only entry before 1559.

In the next period, 1559–1570, Seneca's influence is strongly marked, and a foretaste of the strength of it is provided by the rapidity with which it was manifested. In 1559–60, two of his plays (in Latin) were performed at Cambridge, followed by two in 1560–61.[2] In 1559 an Oxford scholar, Jasper Heywood, published the first English version of a play of Seneca's, viz. his *Troas*; this was reprinted in the same year, again between 1560 and 1562,[3] and was followed in 1560 by the same translator's version of *Thyestes*, and in 1561 by that of *Hercules Furens*. Further, in 1561–62, the first[4] original English tragedy extant

appearance of classical story in an extant English play. But an earlier performance of a lost Latin *Dido* before Wolsey in 1532 is known; and Grimald's lost play *Troilus* (in English) was performed at Oxford about 1540.

[1] G. C. Moore Smith, *Fasciculus* (*ut supra*), p. 269.

[2] *Ibid.* pp. 269-70, *Oedipus* and *Hecuba*, and *Troades* and *Medea*, all in Trinity College. Boas accepts Moore Smith's suggestion that these are Seneca's plays, and not Latin versions of Greek ones: if so, *Hecuba* is, of course, identical with *Troades*.

[3] Vocht, *Jasper Heywood and his Translations of Seneca*, p. xliv, argues plausibly for an earlier date for this third reprint than the 1563 given in the *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

[4] There may have been earlier ones, if not original, which are now lost. For instance, conjecture turns eagerly to the play on *Romeo and Juliet* which Arthur Brookes in 1562 had seen "lately set forth on stage with more commendation than I can look for" (Introd. to his *Romeus and Juliet* (poem), 1562). Authorities are agreed that this lost play was probably English; suggestions, inherently improbable, have been made that it was a version of Groto's *La Hadriana*. Modern opinion regards it as the original of an extant Dutch play, *Romeo en Juliette*, of 1634, and of Shakespeare's play. But the argument does not carry conviction; and it is difficult to imagine that a *Romeo and Juliet* of that kind, which would at that early date have inaugurated a new species, could have lived thirty years and then disappeared completely. It is easier to imagine it a version of Chasteauvieux's play (see above, p. cxi). As such, although from a French original, it would be of a normal Italianate Senecan quality, and might have appealed to the students of the Inns of Court whose plays Brookes saw at Christmas 1561, and who in that very year inaugurated the English Seneca with *Gorboduc* and seven years later produced *Gismond of Salerne*, another Italianate Senecan piece. Nor is it hard to imagine the fame of Chasteauvieux's play reaching England: he was valet-de-chambre to the Duc de Nemours, who in the early sixties was known throughout Europe and was in fact projecting a visit to England to woo its queen.

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on close Senecan model, *Gorboduc*, was acted before the Queen at Whitehall. Thus in three years, in Latin and in English, in the theatre and in the press, Seneca had established himself. And throughout the decade to 1570 he consolidates his position. Probably all his plays, authentic and apocryphal, except the fragmentary *Thebais*, appeared in English before 1570.[1] In 1563 another Cambridge college, Queen's, followed Trinity by performing *Medea* in Latin; and Cambridge in 1564 with *Dido*, and Oxford in 1566 with *Progne*, inaugurated the academic practice of staging modern Latin plays built closely on Senecan pattern. Moreover, the decade produced two other English plays in this precise Senecan mould, Gascoigne's *Jocasta* (1566) and *Gismond of Salerne* (1567), called by the editor of the first edition (1591), Robert Wilmot, who was part author of the original version and reviser of the later one, *Tancred and Gismund*. Since both these English plays were written and performed by students of the Inns of Court, it may at first sight seem as if the Senecan activity of the whole of this decade is after all only in academic circles. But the law students performed them for the Court, and the Court was the great mediator between academic and popular drama; in these very years, for instance, it had been entertained by Pickering's *Horestes* (*c.* 1566–67), R. B[ower]'s *Appius*

Another play which may have run a close race with *Gorboduc* (performed Jan. 18, 1561–62) is one performed a fortnight later, *Julyus Sesar*. Collier (*Hist. of Dramatic Poetry*, i. 180) quotes from a contemporary document a description of the performance of *Gorboduc*, and a continuation of the quotation narrates the performance of the Roman play. It was presumably performed by the same body of people—the law students—under the same circumstances as *Gorboduc*. It was probably, then, a Senecan play, not a popular one. It may have been a version of Muret's. But may it not have been a version of Grévin's, which was based on Muret's? Grévin had been in England in 1560 with the play in his pocket and as yet unperformed (evidence of its performance before the college performance in Feb. 1560–61 immediately on his return to France is strongly suspect: it was first published in 1561); in a poem, published for the first time in Pinvert's *Grévin* (Paris, 1899), he thanks Queen Elizabeth for doing him

" cest honneur
D'avoir pour agreable ung mien petit labeur " (p. 357).

Was it his *César*?

[1] To Heywood's three mentioned above add Studley's *Agamemnon* (1566) and *Medea* (1566), Neville's *Oedipus* (tr. 1560, printed 1563), Nuce's *Octavia* (*c.* 1566–67); and in addition Studley's *Hippolytus* (most probably in 1566–67) and his *Hercules Oetaeus* (if not 1566–67, probably 1570), although no copies of the last two are extant (Spearing, *Elizabethan Translations of Seneca*, pp. 36-37).

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and Virginia (*c.* 1563), T. Preston's *Cambyses* (*c.* 1569), and R. Edwardes'[1] *Damon and Pythias* (*c.* 1564), all of which are substantially true to the tradition of the native interlude. But this group of interludes forms an important step in the evolution of the Senecan tradition: through them came the first invasion of classical influence on the popular stage. Written for the Court, but ultimately passed on to the people, they form a series of plays popular in form but classical in story; and hence potentially classical in dramatic motive and incident, and thus competent to create in due season a taste for certain elements of classical tragedy: for instance, a finer spirit might have discerned in the story of *Horestes* an idea of tragedy from which a *Hamlet* could germinate.

The decade which forms our next period (1570–1580) is extremely hard to qualify, owing to the remarkable paucity of extant plays produced in it: we are almost entirely dependent on a list of plays, mostly lost, which are named in the Revels Accounts as having been performed at Court. It looks, however, as if it was a period in which the tastes of Court and people were approaching more closely together to applaud the work of dramatists like William Hunnis. Plays on classical subjects seem to become somewhat more common.[2] It would appear, however, that few, if any, conformed to the exact Senecan pattern of *Gorboduc* and its successors; very probably those which tended to serious drama did so in the way of *Damon and Pythias* and *Cambyses*, whilst the rest belonged to a type of heroic romance which was as popular at Court as in the city. Apparently, then, there was a temporary lull in the influence of Seneca[3]: even

[1] Edwardes particularly illustrates the thesis of the above paragraph. His intrinsically "popular" play, *Damon and Pythias*, was not only performed for the Court, it was also staged on the academic boards of Merton College, Oxford, in 1567–68; and another play of his, *Palamon and Arcyte*, possibly of similar type, but not extant, had been performed at Christ Church in two parts in 1566.

[2] Gosson, then an actor in popular plays, wrote a *Theagenes and Chariclea c.* 1572, and a *Catiline* before 1579. He knew also a *Caesar and Pompey*, which is probably a play performed also at Court in 1580. A *Queen of Ethiopia* was performed at Bristol in 1578; and Hunnis is credited with apparently crude things like *The Tragedy of the King of Scots* as well as plays on classical story. Further, the *Revels Accounts* mention Court performances of plays called *Ajax and Ulysses* (1572), *Alcmaeon* (1573), *The Four Sons of Fabius* (1580), *Quintus Fabius* (1574), *Timoclea at Thebes* (1574), *Mucius Scaevola* (1577), *Titus and Gisippus* (1577).

[3] Nothing is definitely known of the quality of William Hunnis's plays; but Antony

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the universities have left no record of Senecan activity during this decade; but the extant titles of plays on classical subjects would seem to imply that less direct traits of the Senecan type were welding themselves on a broad native tradition, without, however, as yet producing a virile dramatic species.

But in the next decade (1580–1590) we reach the period in which the solution was found. It opens with a distinct revival of the Senecan influence. In 1581 not only was the translation of the whole of Seneca completed by Newton's version of the *Thebais*, but the complete Seneca was given further currency by the same Newton's collection of the earlier translations of individual plays into one volume now issued as *Seneca His Tenne Tragedies Translated into Englysh*, London, 1581. A little before, a revival of Senecan interest in the universities is attested by the performance in 1579–80, at St. John's, Cambridge, of Legge's *Richardus Tertius* (in Latin), a play which undoubtedly showed the possibilities of allying Seneca and chronicle dramas. The year of the *Tenne Tragedies* is also marked by a revival of narrowly academic Senecan tragedy in Latin; a *Solymannidae* of 1581 is still extant in MSS., and at Oxford Eedes' *Caesar Interfectus* (1581–82) coincides with the emergence of William Gager, the most Senecan of our English Latin dramatists, whose first and most Senecan tragedy, *Meleager*, was performed at Christ Church in 1581–82. Throughout the decade Senecan influence is strong: in the universities he finally establishes his supremacy[1]; the students of Gray's Inn produced another purely Senecan drama in English, *The Misfortunes of Arthur* (1587–88), and at the end of the decade a new version of their old play *Gismond* was being prepared. But the most important influence of Seneca during this period is to be found in the popular drama: in the plays of Peele (if he really be the author of *Locrine*, and if *Locrine* be of about 1586) and of Kyd, a sufficiently suitable

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Wood records that he was "a crony of T. Newton"; and Newton at the end of this decade published his edition of Seneca in English. His crony's plays may well have borne signs of this.

[1] Seneca's *Octavia* was performed at Christ Church in 1588; his *Hippolytus*, with Gager's additions, in 1591–92. Gager's influence was paramount. His *Dido* was played at Christ Church in 1583, his *Meleager* revived in 1584–85, and his *Ulysses Redux* both in 1591 and in 1592.

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amalgam of Seneca and popular tradition was brought together to serve substantially as the basis on which Elizabethan romantic tragedy should be raised. From *Locrine*, the *Spanish Tragedy*, and *Titus Andronicus*, there are for the first time in England two currents of tragic drama, the popular English variety which has naturalised much of Seneca, and the academic variety of the relatively unmixed Seneca, which diverges more and more from the native English tradition.

The period from 1590 to 1603 is that of the highest achievement in English tragedy; and in that achievement Seneca, through Shakespeare and lesser men like Marston, has his share, often fragmentarily but palpably, often extensively but obscurely. That story, however, must be omitted here, to follow him in more secluded paths where he is more recognisably himself. The unpopularised Seneca fell on evil days: he could still count on a home in the universities[1]; but neither for court nor city could he compete with the magnificent English upstarts. Wilmot commends his *Gismund* to the students of the Inns of Court, and to them only, as he adds, half contemptuously, half plaintively, deliberately shunning wider circles where vulgar tragedians have gained absolute mastery.[2] But an attempt was at the very moment being made to re-establish the academic favourite; and that he might stand out distinctly from the thoroughly popularised Seneca, who, in the lesser or greater disguise of a completely unclassical form, was now the glory of the people's stage, the organisers of this new Senecan revival presented him shorn of all attributes of popularity and cast in the rigours of the classical

[1] Alabaster's *Roxana*, played at Trinity College in 1592, would seem to imply that, following Oxford's recent lead, Cambridge welcomed back the now unpopular Roman dramatist to the college in which he had made his début before revolutionising the drama of our country. But even in the universities he had no monopoly; Shakespeare's *Hamlet* was played at both Oxford and Cambridge.

[2] Wilmot's dedicatory letter to his *Tragedie of Tancred and Gismund* (1591): "Wherefore I am now bold to present Gismund to your sights, and unto yours only, for therefore have I conjured her, by the love that hath been these twenty-four years betwixt us, that she wax not so proud of her fresh painting, to straggle in her plumes abroad, but to contain herself within the walls of your house; so am I sure she shall be safe from the *tragedian tyrants* of our time, who are not ashamed to affirm that there can no amourous poem savour of any sharpness of wit, unless it be seasoned with scurrilous words. But, leaving them to their lewdness, I hope you, and all discreet readers, will thankfully receive my pains, the fruits of my first harvest."

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form. In this manner he appears between 1590 and 1607 in the works of a group[1] of authors whose direct model was France; and so French Seneca comes to England for the first time. They may possibly in the early years have hoped to see their denuded Seneca treading the boards of the stage[2]; but it was almost immediately evident that such book-dramas were unsuited to the play-house, even, indeed, to the academic theatre[3]; and the majority of their authors explicitly renounce any intention of performance.

The last of the periods we are considering, from 1603 onwards, brings us indeed to the last really powerful attempt in Elizabethan drama to make a relatively pure Seneca fit for public playing. Its leader is Ben Jonson himself. In the meantime popular tragedy had grown in majesty and comprehensive appeal beyond the wildest expectation, and its strongly romantic current inevitably occasioned in more scholarly dramatists something of regret for the different beauties of the classical theatre. Jonson's *Sejanus* (acted 1603) is an attempt to entice the Elizabethan audience back to Rome by giving them a play in which many distinctive Senecan features are discarded without sacrificing the type. But the audience refused to be thus caught; and the play "suffer'd no lesse violence from our people here, then [than] the subject of it did from the rage of the people of Rome."[4] So for eight years Jonson deserted tragedy and left the audience to their vicious tastes. When in 1611 he returned to tragedy with his *Catiline*, he defiantly affronted public opinion by adding to the more obviously classical qualities already incorporated in

[1] The Countess of Pembroke's *Antonie* (written 1590, printed 1592); Kyd's *Cornelia* (wr. winter 1593–94, pr. 1594 and 1595); Daniel's *Cleopatra* (pr. 1594 and frequently afterwards), *Philotas* (pr. 1605); Samuel Brandon's *Virtuous Octavia* (pr. 1598); Fulke Greville's *Alaham* (pr. 1633, wr. probably 1604–1609, *vide infra*, p. clxxx), *Mustapha* (pr. surreptitiously 1609, authoritatively 1633, wr. probably between 1604–1609); Sir Wm. Alexander's *Darius* (1603), *Croesus* (1604), *The Alexandraean* (pr. 1607), *Julius Caesar* (1607). There is also a non-extant *Antony and Cleopatra*, wr. probably in 1600–1604, by Fulke Greville, and destroyed to prevent political persecution.

[2] *Vide infra*, p. clxxviii, and notes 3 and 4 thereon.

[3] Schelling, ii. 8 *n.* 1, points out that French Seneca had strangely no influence on contemporary Latin drama in the universities. But the words he uses to say this are unfortunate. The original French Seneca was most emphatically "academic" and not at all "aulic."

[4] Author's dedicatory letter in the 1616 edition.

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the earlier play; and a still later tragedy, which exists, however, only in fragment, goes even farther in this direction.[1] But Jonson as a tragedian can hardly be said to have influenced his age profoundly. It is true that in the last decades before the Puritans closed the theatre doors, there is a marked tendency towards a more sober classicism[2]; it is true also that in the same period Senecan plays in Jonson's manner, as practised by men like May[3] and Richards,[4] are a recognised part of theatrical repertoires. But these currents are merely elements in a general disintegration of taste, and in no sense are they the most important of those elements. They shrink into nothing before the overwhelming popularity of Beaumont and Fletcher[5]: they are the work of minor men writing for audiences who have lost the alert dramatic sense of the true Elizabethan courtiers and groundlings.

Thus Seneca moves through Elizabethan tragedy. But he represents different dramatic impulses and traditions at different stages of his march. Symonds finely said "our English scholars went to school with Seneca beneath the ferule of Italian ushers,"[6] and the phrase has been tacitly accepted as a right, if rhetorical, description of the growth of Elizabethan tragedy. It has, however, not been generally realised how different Italy's Seneca was from him of France; and as relatively very little evidence of specific contact between the theatres of England, France, and Italy is forthcoming, it is probable that most people would without demur accept French ushers along with the Italians of Symonds'

[1] The fragment called the *Fall of Mortimer* was identified by Fleay with a *Mortimer* mentioned in Henslowe's *Diary* in 1602. But Briggs (Introd. to *Sejanus*, p. xxxix) seems right in rejecting this; he assumes that the piece is at least after the fire (*c.* 1623) which consumed Jonson's books, and accepts the implication of the old note of Sir Kenelm Digby that Jonson was engaged on the play when interrupted by death.

[2] For instance, *Sejanus* was a failure on the stage in 1603, *Catiline* was indifferently received in 1611, but became increasingly popular.

[3] As in his *Cleopatra* (1626), *Julia Agrippina* (1628), *Antigone* (printed 1631), and (in Latin) *Julius Caesar* (still in MS.).

[4] As in his *Messalina, the Roman Empress* (printed 1640).

[5] A full comparative study of the tragi-comedy of Beaumont and Fletcher in England, Garnier and Hardy in France, and Cinthio in Italy, would not only throw light on obscurer places of literary history, it would provide a most excellent clue to the discrimination of the radical elements in national literary taste. Especially illuminating is the relative influence of Seneca on the three types and his almost complete displacement from the English variety.

[6] *Shakespeare's Predecessors*, p. 217.

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phrase. So much at all events may be inferred from Sir Sidney Lee's *French Renaissance in England*.[1]

But, in fact, the main march of the English Seneca was along the road which the Italians had first struck out; and, as we have seen, this led in altogether different directions from that taken in France. As the English Seneca, however, went much farther on this common track than the Italians, and as by so doing he impelled a relatively isolated group to seek more classical paths with France for guide, we have in the respective achievements of these two groups admirable material for contrasting the value of Italy and France as guides.

B. CONTACT OF ENGLISH WITH FRENCH AND ITALIAN TRAGEDY.

In the limited field of sixteenth-century tragedy there is little surviving evidence of direct contact between England and either Italy or France; but the little there is points to Italy rather than to France. In the first half of the century Heywood's comic interludes and Lyndsay's morality prove that our English authors knew the French theatre much better than the Italian. But as the century moved on, things Italian gained a general ascendancy. A significant illustration of this is supplied by two pieces, Henry Cheke's *Freewill* (1561),[2] and John Ponet's *Tragedie or dialoge* (1549)[3]; for these are not only remarkable as being amongst the few tragedies or so-called tragedies which advertise themselves as translations, they are the more remarkable because, being admittedly translations from the Italian, they belong not to the dramatic species for which Italy was becoming famous, but to the older varieties in which France had always the ascendancy.

[1] Scholarship is greatly indebted to Sir Sidney Lee for correcting the over-emphasis of direct Italian influence on our Elizabethan literature. He has conclusively demonstrated, especially in lyric poetry, that much of this Italian current flowed here through French channels, and indeed in some cases that the influence is exclusively French. But particularly in regard to tragedy, and of course the William Alexander group excepted, his case is not strong. The chapters on the co-ordinate development of the theatre in general and of tragedy in particular in the two countries are really so broad that they mislead by obscuring differences.

[2] Translated direct from Francesco Negri's *Tragedia del Libero Arbitrio*, 1546.

[3] Translated from Bernardino Ochino as the *Tragedie or dialoge of the unjust . . . primacie of the Bishop of Rome*. Neither Negri's nor Ochino's is in any wise dramatic, they are merely treatises in dialogue form.

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It should be noted, too, that when tragedy in England was in its swaddling clothes, the greatest of our English writers of serious drama was Grimald, the son of an Italian father: if his plays were in English instead of Latin, they would be epoch-making. His masters, however, were the German and Dutch humanists, not the Italian Senecans whose work was rather a little later than contemporary with his. But if he could hardly have known the new Italian Seneca, that opportunity was open in succeeding years. Italian actors are known to have been in England in 1572,[1] 1574,[2] and in 1578[3]; and as early as 1582 there is evidence,[4] strengthened also from other sources,[5] that the most characteristic feature of professional Italian drama was known to the English stage. On the other hand, there is no known record of French actors in England in Elizabeth's reign, although they are heard of as early as 1494 and 1495 in Henry VII.'s household.[6] Even if these Italian actors may not have had Senecan[7] plays in their *répertoire*, at least they would confirm Italian theatrical practices: it was, in fact, especially for the technique of stagecraft and scenic devices that the Italian professional actors were famed[8]; and if

[1] In July 1572 the Privy Council commanded the Lord Mayor to "permitte libertie to certein Italian plaiers to make shewe of an instrument of strainge motions within the citie."

[2] Einstein, *The Italian Renaissance in England* (1907), p. 78, who also adds that Italian actors were *regularly* employed for the performance of Court masques.

[3] Collier, *History of English Dramatic Poetry*, iii. 398.

[4] Collier quotes Whetstone's *Heptameron* (1582) on the comedians of Ravenna and their *commedia dell' arte* (iii. 398).

[5] See the extant *plattes* or outline sketches of plays, and Halliwell-Phillipps, *The Theatre Plats of Three Old English Dramas*.

[6] Lee, *The French Renaissance in England*, p. 372, *n.* 3. W. J. Lawrence (*Elizabethan Playhouse*, 1912, p. 128) confirms this absence of records, which seems to him so striking that he adds: "It seems highly improbable that no further visit of the French comedians took place before 1629." The last previous record (Collier, i. 48) is for 1508: but who were the Queen of France's players who were rewarded by the prior of the convent at Thetford for performances there presumably during Henry VIII.'s reign (Collier, i. 83)?

[7] Kyd, in his *Spanish Tragedy*, talks of the "Italian tragedians," but as if they performed *ex tempore* tragedies in the same way as the *commedia dell' arte*.

[8] Thus in the first half of the century the English Court employed Italians as decorators and performers of masques: in Elizabethan times the masque retained its connection with Italy—thus in two masques given at Court in 1578–79 special provision was made to have the speeches translated into Italian (Collier, i. 242); and more remarkable, as pointing to the reputation of the Italians for what may be called the practical

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it is not quite certain that the dumb show was Italian in origin, at least its elaboration and the consequent impetus it gave to making tragedy a thing of the theatre owed much to the Italian actors. But there are also several more direct points of definite contact between the tragedies of the two countries: there are a few plays which are either translated from or closely built on Italian ones. Calfhill's Latin *Progne*[1] was probably a close adaptation of Corraro's old play; Gascoigne's *Jocasta* was an English version of Euripides through Dolce's *Giocasta*; Alabaster's Latin *Roxana* was closely adapted from Groto's *La Dalida*[2]; and the Cupid Prologue of Dolce's *Didone* is borrowed with modification for a similar purpose in *Gismond of Salerne*.[3] These are but slim records; yet they stand in distinct contrast with those concerning France. Indeed, until the beginning of the later English school of French Senecans in 1590, there is practically no evidence of knowledge of French tragedy: a lost Latin *Philanira*, performed at Cambridge in 1564–65, is plausibly taken to be Rouillet's[4]; but Rouillet, and especially in his *Philanira*, is more Italianate than typically French. Beyond that[5] there is nothing until we come to the inclusion of a line or two from Garnier in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*,[6] that is, in a play in which a thoroughly Italianate Seneca has been further developed by

business of the stage, we find that in 1574 an Italian woman and her daughter were paid as "makers up" for the performers (*ibid.* 209). For not only were the Italians famed for a purely histrionic skill such as impromptu comedy required, but also for their invention of mechanical stage devices, and especially for such as were used in puppet-shows and "motions." Inigo Jones went to Italy to learn the art of stage mechanism and decoration.

[1] Acted in 1564 at Cambridge: although the play is lost, Boas convincingly argues for its close relation to Corraro's *Progne*, which, although written *c.* 1429, was first published in 1558 (*University Drama*, p. 104).

[2] *Roxana* was acted at Cambridge in 1592, and published both surreptitiously and authentically in 1632 (*ibid.* p. 286).

[3] Cunliffe, *Modern Lang. Assoc. Publications*, xxi.

[4] Moore Smith, *Fasciculus*, p. 271, followed by Boas, marks it simply Rouillet ?, adding the note that his *Philanira* (in Latin) was published in 1556 (Boas has 1536 wrongly). The ascription is plausible, and the performance may have been suggested by the publication in 1563 of the author's translation of his play into French.

[5] See above, p. cxl, *n.* 4, for the possibility that the 1562 *Julius Caesar* was Grévin's, and the contemporary *Romeo and Juliet* Chasteauvieux's; but if the latter be so, it must be remembered that Chasteauvieux is also by no means typically French.

[6] Boas, Introd. *Works of Kyd*, xviii.

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English adoption and naturalisation. Garnier's predecessors were apparently quite unknown; in 1598—that is, when our English imitators of the French Seneca had already for eight years been following their course—Meres, mentioning Jodelle, finds it necessary to add "a French tragical poet."[1] Hence, in view of the fact that the French Senecan group in England did not write for the stage, it is difficult to see how any claim at all can be made for the influence of French Senecan tragedy on English prior to 1610.

It is not the object of the present argument to claim that on the regular growth of Elizabethan tragedy to its maturity there is a regular or even an extensive influence directly from Italian tragedies. In the narrowest sense of the word "influence" to denote a point-to-point contact from play to play there is, in fact, very little. The most careful investigator of the subject[2] finds that, omitting our Latin dramatists, the only Italian tragedian who contributed directly to English tragedy was Dolce; but at the same time he proves conclusively not only the indebtedness of Gascoigne's *Jocasta*, but of parts of *Gismond of Salerne*, to the tragedies of Dolce. What the argument does seek to prove is that there are certain broad coincidences in the methods by which the two countries developed the Senecan tradition; and that, though of many factors which determined those methods some arose independently in each country, while others are either extra-literary or of a sort which does not amount to a direct discipleship on the part of England, it can nevertheless be urged with perfect safety that the operative influence of Italy was considerably greater than would appear from the few records of direct imitation from Italian dramas to be found in the tragedies of English playwrights. More than this: seeing that the most direct marks of Italian influence are found in the decade when English Seneca was first appearing, and in the following one when our dramatists were feeling their way, it may with equal safety be urged that this Italian influence was probably of considerable force in shaping the direction of development. A phrase of Thomas Nash's in 1589 admirably indicates the attitude of a man of letters

[1] *Palladis Tamia* (repr. Gregory Smith, *Elizabethan Critical Essays*, ii. p. 324).

[2] Cunliffe in *Modern Lang. Assoc. Publications*, xxi., and further, the same author's *Influence of Italian on Elizabethan Drama* in *Modern Philology*, iv. (1907).

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and a dramatist to the Italians, and it is the more appropriate since it concerns one of the earliest shapers of the Italianate English Seneca : " who ever my private opinion condemneth as faultie, Master Gascoigne is not to bee abridged of his deserved esteeme, who first beate the path to that perfection which our best Poets have aspired too since his departure ; whereto he did ascend by comparing the Italian with the English, as *Tullie* did *Graeca cum Latinis*." [1]

Thus in the whole Elizabethan tragedy there are but four plays directly modelled on or directly borrowing from Italian tragedies : three of these four appear between 1564 and 1568. Moreover, two of these three plays are respectively the second and the third regular tragedies which were written in English. And the one of the two which in quantity borrows least from an Italian tragedy takes its whole story straight out of Boccaccio, without the mediation of an English or French translation. Nothing points more conclusively to the direction of men's eyes in the crucial formative period of English tragedy. Moreover, the authors of these early Senecan plays belonged to the section of society which still maintained the tradition that travel in Italy was indispensable to a gentleman's education ; and, in fact, the only one of the first group of Senecan plays which is not in direct contact with an Italian tragedy, *Gorboduc*, was written in part by a man who is known to have travelled in Italy. Other evidence is available, too, that in the decisive years between 1565 and 1587 Italian literature was particularly attractive to Englishmen. Especially noteworthy is the sequence of translations of the Italian novelists, generally straight from the Italian but sometimes through the French. Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* in 1566 is the first of its kind, but by 1580 Fenton, Fortescue, Pettie, Whetstone, Smythe, and others, had made large additions to the stock.[2] Moreover, the glamour which Italian letters had

[1] Nash's Preface to Greene's *Menaphon* (Gregory Smith, i. p. 315). Nash is probably thinking of poetry in general, not of drama in particular.

[2] Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* was reprinted in 1569 and 1575 ; a *Second Tome of the Palace of Pleasure* appeared in 1567 ; Fenton's *Certaine Tragicall Discourses*, 1567 (reprinted 1576 and 1579), are through a French version ; Fortescue's *Forest or Collection of Historyes*, 1571 (reprinted 1576), probably through a French version ; Sanforde's *Garden of Pleasure*, 1573 (reprinted 1576) ; Pettie's *Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, 1576 ; Whetstone's *Rocke of Regard* (in verse, includes two stories from

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for English readers, especially in the 'seventies, may be estimated by the fact that in three years (1575–78) four books of instruction in the Italian tongue appeared from the press.[1] But all these, it may be objected, are but general literary relations not primarily concerning things dramatic. Yet it must be remembered that Italian poetry, Italian story, and contemporary Italian life guided and confirmed our Elizabethans in their leaning to romance, and provided them with a wealth of raw material which was eagerly appropriated by our poets and particularly by our dramatists. If these sources cannot be shown to have contributed largely to our earlier and more rigid Seneca,[2] their aid in transforming him to his ultimate English shape is nevertheless considerable. And still further, account must be taken of a kind of influence which is especially important in the development of a dramatic type. It has been seen that many of the characteristics of the Italian Seneca were due to certain features of the Italian theatre and the purposes of its stagecraft. And, in fact, one of the earliest links between England and Italy in the Renaissance is precisely in these matters directly or indirectly "theatrical." As early as 1512–13 semi-dramatic spectacular displays in elaborate Italian fashion

Bandello), 1576; Smythe's *Foure Strange and Lamentable Tragicall Histories*, 1577, through the French; W[otton]'s *Courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cautels*, 1578 (in verse and prose); H. C.'s *Forrest of Fancy*, 1579; Gifford's *Posie of Gilloflowers*, 1580, from both Italian and French.

[1] *An Italian Grammar written in Latin by Scipio Lentulo and turned into English by H[enry] G[rantham]*, 1575 (reprinted 1578, 1587); *The Italian School-Maister*, by C. Hollyband (*i.e.* C. Desainliens) 1575; *A comfortable aid for Schollers . . . gathered out of an Italian author*, by D. Rowland, 1578; and the celebrated John Florio's *First Fruites*, 1578.

[2] Something concrete they did contribute. *Gismond of Salerne* (1568) is taken direct from Boccaccio without Painter's mediation and is a story of Italian life. Sir Henry Wotton also wrote a lost play, *Tancredo*, about 1586; from Walton's description—"he was by the chief of that college [Queen's, Oxford] perswasively injoyned to write a Play for their private use: (it was the Tragedy of Tancredo) which was so interwoven with Sentences, and for the Method and exact personating those humours, passions, and dispositions, which he proposed to represent, so performed, that the gravest of that society declared, he had in a sleight imployment, given an early, and a solid testimony of his future abilities" (*Reliquiae Wottonianae*, ed. 1685)—it appears to have been a Senecan play; Ward's opinion (*Sir Henry Wotton*, p. 12), that it was based on the *Gerusalemme* of Tasso and not on Boccaccio, seems plausible. Finally T. Legge, author of the Senecan "history," *Richardus Tertius*, wrote a *Destruction of Jerusalem* (Boas, *University Drama*, p. 131), presumably of the same type and presumably based on Tasso's poem.

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were introduced into the English Court[1]: Henry VIII. still further popularised these masques, as they were called, and at the same time added to their Italianate qualities by employing Italian artists, architects, and musicians to design the settings and manage the performance[2]; and it has already been noted that masques of this kind were frequently presented by Italian actors at Elizabeth's Court[3] in the very years when English Senecan tragedy was finding its footing and seeking spectacular attractions by incorporated dumb shows. There can, indeed, be no doubt that between 1570 and 1580 our Elizabethan dramatists and audiences were familiar with Italian theatrical practice: it is in that decade that records attest the presence of Italian actors in this country with their mechanical devices and their *commedia dell' arte*; indeed, Gosson, in his *Plays confuted in five actions*, written about 1581, asserts that the stage of the regular theatres in London was frequently occupied by Italian actors performing plays in Italian manner and even in the Italian language.

Insomuch, then, that all these things were happening in the very years when Elizabethan tragedy was first shaping itself, it would appear that the Italian influence on the growth of it was not inconsiderable; and in particular that something of the coincidence in the development of the Senecan tradition in the two countries may legitimately be assigned to the direct influence of Italy on England.

C. EVOLUTION OF THE ENGLISH TRADITION.

(*a*) THE TRANSLATORS OF SENECA.

At first sight it would be sufficient to credit the translators whose versions were collected in the *Tenne Tragedies* of Seneca in 1581 merely with rendering Seneca's text current in the vernacular, for the benefit of those "that never yet coulde latine

[1] Einstein, *Italian Renaissance in England*, p. 76, quotes Hall's *Chronicle* describing a Court entertainment in 1512–13 "after the manner of Italy, called a Mask, a thing not seen before in England."

[2] He employed Vincentio Volpe and Antonio Toto as painters and architects of masques, and is known to have had as many as eleven Italian musicians at one and the same time in his permanent household.

[3] Male and female Italian actors performed in masques at Windsor and Reading in 1574; and see above, p. cxlviii, *n.* 2.

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understande," as the shade of Seneca says to Heywood.[1] Three editions of the first vernacular version—Heywood's *Troas*—were called for within two or three years; and the wider currency of the dramatist consequent on the collected versions of 1581 is attested by reverberations throughout the length of Elizabethan drama. But in effect they were more than purveyors of an English text; they gave to their Seneca the first characteristic traits of our later Elizabethan Seneca. And further, it is at least possible that they brought their original not only into English books, but into an English theatre: although there are no records of performances of Seneca in English, Heywood may have hoped for a stage presentation, and Neville wrote expressly for one. It seems clear, however, that succeeding translators and the editor of the collected edition had no thought for the theatre at all.[2] But

[1] Heywood, Preface to *Thyestes* (1560), l. 203.

[2] Schelling, i. 97, agrees with Fischer and Cunliffe that the translations were all meant for performance. But more recently de Vocht (*Heywood's Translations*, Bang's *Materialien*, p. xxxiii) declares "there is, however, hardly an argument in favour of this hypothesis." But Neville, translating contemporaneously with Heywood, avows: "albeit when first I undertoke the translation of this present Tragedy I minded nothing lesse, than that at any tyme thus rudely transformed it shoulde come into the Printêrs hands . . . but onely to satisfy the instant requests of a few my familiar friends, who thought to have put it to the very same use that SENECA himselfe in his Invention pretended: which was by the tragicall and Pompous showe upon Stage . . . etc." (Ded. Letter to *Oedipus* in the *Tenne Tragedies*, pp. 75 v. and 76). Neville was then at Cambridge, where the performance of Seneca in Latin was already a practice; indeed, this very play *Oedipus* was acted at Neville's own college, Trinity, in 1559–60, presumably in Latin. Is it impossible, however, that the recorded performance was of Neville's translation? At all events, his words show that he was writing for a similar presentation. But as his Preface did not appear until 1563, he would in all likelihood have told us if it had been performed; the most plausible explanation would be that his English version for the stage was suggested by the Latin performance. Neville goes on to tell us that, just because he was writing for performance, "this caused me not to be precise in following the Author, word for word: but sometymes by addition, sometimes by subtraction, to use the aptest Phrases in giving the Sense that I could invent." Now Heywood, in his *Troas*, makes much more material "additions and subtractions" than does Neville: were they made for the same reason? His own explanation (To the Readers, *Troas*, 1559) is: "forasmuch as thys worke seemed unto me, in some places unperfytte (whether left so of the authour or part of it lost as tyme devoureth all thynges I wotte not) I have (where I thought good) wyth addicyon of mine owne pen supplied the want of some thynges. . . ." This at all events leaves the suggestion open, if it adds nothing explicit to strengthen it. Nor does his previous phrase describing the genesis of his *Troas* forbid the suggestion: "For neyther have I taken thys worke first in hand as once entẽding it shoulde come to light (of well doing whereof I utterly dispayred) and being done but for mine owne

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if the translators provided rather a book to read than a play to perform, at least they were domesticating Seneca in more things than in language;[1] and some of them were, by additions and modifications of the original, giving him traits which, when the time was come, were destined to strengthen his hold on the English theatre.

Of the English versions in the *Tenne Tragedies*, Heywood's *Troas* and his *Thyestes* and Neville's *Oedipus* have extensive alterations from the original; Studley's four, *Medea*, *Agamemnon*, *Hippolytus* and *Hercules Oetaeus*, have a few; the rest of the ten are closely literal. The alterations are excellent indications of tendencies.

In general they affect (*a*) the Chorus, (*b*) a distinct body of particular material and effect, and (*c*) the predominant style. In bulk, those affecting the Chorus are greatest: thus at the outset the translators are instinctively preparing Seneca for the theatre by coping with the most obvious impediment to his appearance

private exercyse"; for the unprompted occasion implies a keen interest in Seneca, and his "private exercise" may just as well be interpreted as exercise in turning a play into a play as in turning Latin into English. Heywood's next version, *Thyestes*, has fewer alterations of the original; his last, *Hercules Furens*, adds nothing at all. So we find on the title-page of the last: "for the profit of young schollers so faithfully translated into English metre, that ye may se verse for verse tourned as far as the phrase of the english permitteth"; and the Dedicatory Letter repeats the claim: "verse for verse (as far as the englysh tongue permitts) and word for word wyth the latyn." May one assume that the free *Troas* was written not without regard for presentation, since all its deviations from the text add in some sort the theatrical qualities to the piece; but that, either disappointed of a performance or persuaded by the success of the translation as a book, calling, as it did, for three reprints in rapid succession, he soon decided to think only of the production of book versions? This would seem probable in that the translators following Heywood and Neville within a year or two are in general much more literal, and seem by their prefaces to be thinking only of making literary translations, not plays; and the editor of the collected versions talks only of "the readinge of these tragedies" (Ded. Letter, 1581).

[1] For instance, the greater part (except in choruses) is thrown into a characteristic and popular English verse, the fourteener. Moreover, Heywood substitutes for Seneca's chorus to *Troas*, Act III., a new one of his own, and, as he himself explains, for purely naturalising and popularising reasons: "For as much, as nothing is therein but a heaped noumbre of farre & strange countreies, consydering with my selfe, yᵗ the names of so many unknowne countreyes, mountaines, desertes, and woodes should have no grace in the Englishe tonge, but be a straunge and unpleasant thing to the readers (except I should expounde the histories of eche one, which would be farre to tedious), I have in the place thereof, made a nother beginning, etc." (Preface to *Troas*).

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on the modern stage. Neville frequently shortens Seneca's choruses, and the mere shortening is a dramatic gain in the direction of ultimate exclusion. One chorus, indeed, he rejects without substitute, and only once does he add to the length of his original.[1] Heywood, at first sight, seems to go in the opposite direction: not only does he retain all Seneca's choruses, but he adds an original one[2] and increases the length of another by three stanzas.[3] But ultimately his direction is the same; the added chorus is a string of descriptive illustrations pointing the lesson—"O kings, ye are but dust,"[4]—in which the general moral commonplaces usual in Seneca are getting a political twist attractive to the first group of English imitators of Seneca—the students of the Inns of Court; and in the added stanzas to the other chorus, Seneca's sceptical ruminations on the after life are led back to the plot by laments for Astynax and his mother. Otherwise, too, modifications are made in these choruses for what, in the light of subsequent developments, may be called more dramatic effect. Neville omits altogether a choric dithyramb in praise of Bacchus[5]: a brief moralising on the traditional theme of tragedy, the fall of princes, is substituted for a longer lament on the miseries of the Theban plague[6]; and a briefer sermon on the obviously tragic text *respice finem* takes the place of a much more philosophic but less obviously dramatic discourse in praise of moderation, "quidquid excessit modum, Pendet instabili loco."[7] Studley, too, substitutes for a lyrical epithalamium on Jason and Creusa a chorus more descriptively commenting on the blindness of Medea and the treachery of Jason.[8]

Much more distinctive is a group of added material inserted in the "action" of the tragedies. In Seneca's *Troas* the ghost of Achilles is a motive in the story but not an actor in the play, Talthybius merely narrating his encounter with it. Heywood

[1] *Oedipus*, at the end of Act I.: 92 original lines are stretched to 117, but the material of it is strikingly descriptive and the extension is little but what is necessary in converting succinct Latin into English. At the end of Act II. he omits the chorus altogether; at the end of Act III. he replaces Seneca's 55 lines by 22, and at the end of Act IV. 30 are replaced by 14. (The figures are from Spearing, *Elizabethan Translations of Seneca*.)

[2] *Troas*, end of Act I.

[3] *Ibid.*, end of Act II.

[4] *Ibid.*, l. 52 of added chorus.

[5] *Oedipus*, Act II.

[6] *Ibid.* Act III.

[7] *Ibid.* Act IV.

[8] *Medea*, Act I.

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seizes the opportunity, by the addition of a new scene of ninety-two lines, to bring the ghost into the play to act and speak for itself: and a very Acherontic ghost it is. It bursts through the ground from the burning lakes by rending the "soyle in twayne"; it spouts "mischief, murder, wrath of hell," so that "earth and seas do quake . . ."

> The poales with stroke of thunderclap ring out,
> The doubtful starres amid their course do stand,
> And fearful Phebus hides his blasing brand;

and all the while it shrieks its greed for "vengeans and blood."[1] Thus, fully equipped in manner, speech, and dramatic function, the Senecan ghost first enters Elizabethan drama—and he is by law, at all events, Heywood's ghost, not Seneca's at all! Lesser additions in the *Tenne Tragedies* also illustrate the tendency to add to the implements of supernatural horror. Studley takes advantage of a line in Seneca in which Phaedra invokes the dead Hippolytus, to hold his unseen spirit as ghostly listener to a dozen lines of pseudo-pathetic rhetoric.[2] He adds at the end of *Agamemnon* a speech by Euribates, addressed rhetorically to the ghost of Thyestes and his accomplices, the "hatefull hellish Hagges," and the "furies foul and fell," simply to get the rant of the melodramatic scenario. Much in the same way Heywood adds a final scene to *Thyestes*, so that by depicting the remorse of the villain he may not only atone for violations of poetic justice, but also allow Thyestes to rave through an imaginative exploration of the "deepe and dredfull denns of blackest Tartar" in search of "grysly ghosts of hell," of villainy like to his. Such additions provide both melodramatic sentiment and incident and also the setting for declamation of the most gorgeous fustian. And throughout the whole of the *Tenne Tragedies* no common quality is more obvious than the straining to outdo Seneca in rhetorical bombast. The style produced is rank enough; but if any excuse at all can be urged for such rant, it must be based on theatrical grounds—and the Elizabethan pit would never have questioned its validity.

So the Seneca translators were really founding a tragical tradition by exaggerating the rhetoric of their original, and in-

[1] *Troas*, II. i.

[2] *Hippolytus*, V. i.

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creasing Seneca's ghostly apparatus,[1] not only for its own horrible appeal, but for the wider limits it gave to these high-astounding terms. They were thus unfolding Seneca as a mine of tragic material, instinct with melodramatic possibilities, and were giving the lead in the further exploitation of his extravagantly romantic appeal. And these were the very qualities by which Seneca later entranced the groundlings of the Elizabethan theatre. Naturally, in productions called translations, adaptations of form are hardly to be looked for; but the minor modifications in the form of the Chorus have already been noted, and more especially the alterations in its material and function. Equally significant is Heywood's remark, thrown out as a casual admission in excuse of his free dealings with the Chorus, that such "alteracyon may be borne with all, seeing that the Corus is no part of the substance of the matter."[2]

Finally, it should be added that records are extant associating the translators of the *Tenne Tragedies* with the next group who carry on and modify the Seneca tradition, the students of the Inns of Court. Neville became a member of one of the Inns and was acquainted[3] there with Gascoigne, who later wrote *Jocasta*. Studley went on from Gascoigne's college, Trinity, to the Inns,[4] and although Heywood never betook himself to the study of law, yet in the years in which he was beginning his Seneca translations he was intimately acquainted with the literary life of the Inns of Court, and precisely in 1560, that is, nearly two years before *Gorboduc*, he specially commends the translation of Seneca to Sackville and Norton, along with others of their associates, as better able than he to do the work fittingly.[5]

[1] For Gager's like-minded addition to *Hippolytus* for performance at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1591–92, see Boas, *University Drama*, p. 198. One of the scenes added by Gager introduced Megaera as a ghostly prompter to revenge, even as Seneca had himself employed her in *Thyestes*.

[2] Preface to *Troas*.

[3] See *D.N.B.*

[4] Spearing, *Studley's Agamemnon and Medea* (Bang's *Materialien*), p. xxii.

[5] Addressing the vision of Seneca, whom he summons to warrant his work in similar fashion to Pistoja's device in Italy for sanctioning his play, Heywood says (Preface to *Thyestes*, 1560):

> "In Lyncolnes Inne and Temples twayne, Grayes Inne and other mo,
> Thou shalt them fynde whose paynfull pen, thy verse shall florishe so
> That . . .

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(*b*) THE EARLY SENECAN DRAMATISTS

The second stage of the development of the Senecan tradition in England is to be found in the work of a group of law students whom Heywood had exhorted to the task; but they went beyond his invocation, for instead of translating Seneca they produced the first set of original English plays on a fairly rigorous Senecan model. All historians of our drama have recognised the importance of these products and have given them notice at length. But there has been a tendency to exaggerate the relative proportion of them in the full story of contemporary dramatic activity, whilst on the other hand too little attention has been paid to the exact qualities of their Senecan characteristics. The whole group consists of but four plays, of which three succeed each other in a range of six years, whereas the fourth is first heard of a generation later.[1] They were written by authors all associated formally in

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There Sackuyldes Sonetts sweetely sauste and featly fyned bee,
There Nortons ditties do delight, there Yelvertons doo flee
Well pewrde with pen: suche yong men three as weene thou mightst agayne,
To be begotte as Pallas was, of mightie Jove his brayne . . ."

It is remarkable that the three young men thus joined together in successive lines are all intimately connected with the next Senecan movement; Sackville and Norton, of course, in *Gorboduc*; and Christopher Yelverton not only wrote the Epilogue for *Jocasta* (1566), but is later amongst those who devised dumb shows for the presentation of *The Misfortunes of Arthur*.

[1] *Gorboduc* (acted 1562), *Jocasta* (acted 1566), *Gismond of Salerne* (acted 1568), and *The Misfortunes of Arthur* (acted 1587). Is it possible that the *Misfortunes* was written much earlier, and years later revived merely as part of a bigger show? It is the only narrowly Senecan play of the 'eighties; and when published in 1587 its title ran, *Certaine Devises and Shewes presented to her Maieste*, etc., stressing, of course, the dumb shows rather than the play, which has indeed nowhere in the volume a title of its own. The Devices were obviously the more important; were they also the only new things? Moreover, at the end of the volume we have: "Heere after followe such speeches as were penned by others, and pronounced in stead of some of the former speeches penned by Thomas Hughes"; one is "A speach penned by William Fulbecke—and pronounced in stead of Gorlois his first speeche penned by Thomas Hughes," and the other "One other speeche penned by the same gentleman, and pronounced in stead of Gorlois his last speache penned by Thomas Hughes"; and lastly a note tells us that "Besides these speaches there was also penned a chorus for the first act, and another for the second act, by Maister *Frauncis Flower*, which were pronounced accordingly." The substitutions would seem to imply that an older play was being improved for the occasion. And references or echoes within the play itself seem to associate it with the 'sixties. Thus the Chorus to Act I. (*i.e.* one of those cut out for Flower's substitution) has:

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a narrow circle of life; and their plays were confessedly "occasional" productions. It is obviously, then, too much to say that "the Senecan type of tragedy now leaped into popularity in learned and court circles." But, on the other hand, it is insufficient to class the four plays together as of Senecan type without discrimination of the modifications commonly or progressively exhibited in the type.

As the work of a close corporation of students, these plays might be expected to be more like those of France than those of Italy. But the members of the Inns of Court were not even a partially secluded academic body like those of the English universities and the French colleges. The Inns of Court were the training ground of politicians, diplomatists, and the highest officers of Court and State. They were thus in close contact with the Court; Sackville, at the time of *Gorboduc*, a student

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"In Rome the gaping gulfe would not decrease,
Till *Curtius* corse had closde her yawning jawes:
In Theb's the Rotte and Murreine would not cease,
Till Laius broode had paide for breach of lawes,"

which must have been suggested by *Jocasta* (1566), of which the Theban tragedy is the subject, and which has a remarkable dumb show in which "there opened and appeared in the stage a great Gulfe [and after repeated unsuccessful attempts to close it up, there] came in a knighte with his sword drawen, armed at all poyntes, who walking twise or thrise about it, & perusing it, seeing that it would nether be filled with earth nor with their Iewells and ornaments, after solempne reverence done to the gods, and curteous leave taken of the Ladyes and standers by, sodeinly lepte into the Gulfe, the which did close up immediatly: betokning ... by the historye of *Curtius* ..." (*Jocasta*, The order of the thirde dumbe shewe). This clear suggestion from *Jocasta* is significant, because unlike *Gorboduc*, which was well remembered by scholars in 1580 (see Sidney's Apology, and note the resemblance to Dumb Show No. 1 in *Gorboduc* of the Dumb Show No. 1 in *Misfortunes*, written just before performance in 1587), *Jocasta* does not seem to have been remembered at all after the 'sixties. It was, however, published for the first time in 1573. In the *Misfortunes* (1. i. 54) is a panegyric to Elizabeth by way of topical allusion to the Cassiopoea constellation, remarkable for the appearance in 1572 of a brilliant new star (see Cunliffe's notes, *Early English Classical Tragedies*, p. 328). Thus 1573 would seem a likely date for the writing of the *Misfortunes*. The little that is known of the author would tell for, rather than against, the suggestion: he matriculated at Queens' College, Cambridge, in 1571, proceeding B.A. in 1575–76; his play may well have been an undergraduate production in academic mould. Other indications of its early associations are provided by the elaborate "hap" "hope" word-play of II. ii., which is strongly reminiscent of similar games in *Appius and Virginia* (wr. *c.* 1563, published probably *c.* 1568, since entered in the *Stationers' Register*, 1567–68), especially in the speeches of Haphazard and in his song "Hope so and hap so," etc.

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at the Inner Temple, was already familiar at Whitehall. Through him, wealth, aristocratic birth, and a literary reputation already secured by the *Mirror for Magistrates*, lent their glamour to the introduction of Seneca to the English stage. Moreover, the students of the Inns of Court had a traditional delight in elaborate entertainments; the *Gesta Grayorum* reached the height of sumptuous scenic shows; and their object was regularly the entertainment of the Court. They erected, in effect, not an academic stage, but a Court stage.

Thus the English imitations of Seneca do not present themselves as books by chance poets; they are not literary models issued by poets and critics as part of a programme of literary reformation; they are the corporate theatrical devices of groups of men[1] joining together for courtly entertainment and dignified revelry in splendid spectacular pomp; and the Senecan model is chosen precisely because it lends itself to this theatrical parade. To memorise the production in a printed book merely for readers was at first a fortuitous afterthought; *Gorboduc* was "never intended by the authors thereof to be published,"[2] and the publication of the other plays of the group followed their presentation by a relatively long interval.[3] Clearly, the play, or at least the spectacle, was the thing. Thus at the very beginning, to enhance the spectacular appeal, gorgeous dumb shows were grafted on to the plays, and although without classical warrant, became indispensable parts of the English Seneca; they were attached not only to original plays, but to translations like *Jocasta*; and in *The Misfortunes of Arthur* they are more important than the

[1] All the plays are the product of collaboration of at least two authors: Sackville and Norton for *Gorboduc*; Gascoigne and Kinwelmersh for *Jocasta*; Rod. Staf., Hen[ry] No[el], G. Al., Ch[ristopher] Hat[ton] and R[obert] W[ilmot] for *Gismond*; whilst Nicholas Trotte, Frauncis Flower, Christopher Yelverton, Frauncis Bacon, John Lancaster and Maister Penroodocke all united to swell the charm of Hughes' *Misfortunes of Arthur*.

[2] Preface to the Reader, *Gorboduc*, 1570 edition.

[3] *Gorboduc*, acted 1562, was first authoritatively printed in 1570, but only because some publisher pirate had "put it forth exceedingly corrupted" in 1565. *Jocasta*, acted 1566, was not published until 1573, and then only in a collected edition of Gascoigne's poems. *Gismond*, acted 1567–68, was never printed in its original form, but only in a revision prepared for publication in 1591. *The Misfortunes of Arthur* was acted in 1587–88 and published the same year; but it was probably an older play (see p. clix, *n.* 1 above).

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[1] In *Gorboduc* the dumb shows are all purely symbolic and involve little action beyond that of processional pageantry; but in one a symbolical king drinks poisoned wine, and in another symbolical furies chase a symbolical royal couple from the scene. In *Jocasta* the allegorical intention is the same, but it more frequently works by analogy than by symbol: the presentation of an illustrative incident taken from history takes the place of mere pageantry, and frequently involves not only more action, but more realistic action and more exciting incident. Thus the sacrificial suicide of Curtius in a striking scenario is presented, and the story of the Horatii gives opportunity for a regular stage battle, with general assaults and particular duels. And in their turn, these draw more and more on the devices of the stage carpenter. In *Gismond* the action has not only become realistic, but has become virtually identical with the play proper: the characters of the play are shown in incidents which really illustrate the actions spoken of in the play or bind them together, and moreover the incidents chosen for inclusion in the dumb shows are virtually the crucial moments of the plot. (Neither of the MSS. in which *Gismond* is preserved includes dumb shows; they are found, however, in the revised *Gismond* printed in 1591 by Wilmot as *Tancred and Gismunda*. Cunliffe assumes that they are identical with the ones presented with the original *Gismond*; but Brandl (*Quellen des weltlichen Dramas*, cvi.) gives plausible reasons for thinking they are not.) In *The Misfortunes of Arthur* the type of dumb show is really a reversion to the allegoric of *Gorboduc*. But it is with much more pomp and splendour; and indeed in one of them the most gruesome incident imaginable is presented, armed soldiers dashing out the brains of a child by hurling it against a wall. It may be mentioned that music was an element in every dumb show.

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Thus our first English Seneca is a Seneca partly Italianate. He is destined solely for the stage, and for a striking and sumptuous performance thereon; his theme is one of fratricide and revenge; to add novelty to that, he rejects the traditional stories of the Latins to broach a hitherto untapped source of dramatic material; he strives to extend the scope of his action and the list of his *dramatis personae* beyond original warrant, and as a result he incurs the disapprobation even of enlightened critics[1] for greater defiance of the unities than was to be met with in the Italian Seneca. In addition, he speaks in a new dramatic verse, which is the English equivalent of the *versi sciolti*. All these qualities are in the Seneca of *Gorboduc*; all are characteristics unlike those of the French Seneca and similar to those of the Italian. In but one feature alone is *Gorboduc* (followed to a less extent by *Jocasta* and *The Misfortunes of Arthur*) more like the French than the Italian prototype; that is, in the predominance of a political interest in the play. But it is not an abstract interest in the theory of government, as so often it is in France; it enters rather as a natural bias of law students looking to the state services for their future and, even more concretely, as part of a general concern in a specific political problem which had as many personal as political aspects—the anxiety to provide Elizabeth with a husband and the kingdom with an undisputed successor.[2]

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English Seneca is thus, in his entry with *Gorboduc*, already inclined to the path of the Italians, and he rapidly becomes more distinctly and more extensively so. *Jocasta* hardly offers a fair test since it is a translation of a Greek play; but it is through the Italian. And moreover in the original parts added it illustrates the increasing desire for stage effects, by its more concrete and stirring dumb shows and their greater reliance on mechanical stage appliances. Moreover, no other Greek play contains so much of action and of striking incident as does its original; and further, although its plot presents the Greek theme of Nemesis, Gascoigne's second dumb show points to the displacement of this by the theme of personal Revenge arising from family discord. It is, however, the third play, *Gismond*, which indicates these tendencies most decisively.

Gorboduc broaches the Old Testament of Romance, Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia*, without abstracting a shred of the romance of sex.[1] Yet a woman, Videna the Queen, is one of the outstanding characters; and an individual woman, too, gives the title to *Jocasta*, which the Greeks called the *Phoenissae*. But *Gismond* is the first tragedy taken from a *novella* story and built on the foundation of the romance of sexual love. It is as Cinthian as can be. Admittedly, the tragic motive is the father's revenge and not the daughter's love; but the daughter is much more in the forefront than even in the *novella*, and the new romantic background of love was a conscious bid for novelty and was deliberately proclaimed.[2] Novelty means defiance of tradition

last speech of Oedipus, "A mirrour for Magistrates," and he provides a clearer indication of his own purposes by an addition to his original, not, we believe, noted before, in the Chorus to Act IV. Dolce has a line or two—"Tu [*i.e.* concordia] sola a' nostri cori Spiri fiamma d' amor pura e sincera, Per cui non è la stirpe umana parca (Mentre a morte si varca) Di propagar sua prole"—to which Gascoigne gives a limitedly royal reference: "Thou doest inspire the heartes of princely peeres By providence proceeding from above, In flowring youth to choose their worthie feeres . . ."

[1] Charles Lamb, indeed, made a plea that such an interest is latent in Marcella; but clearly her love is no definite motive in the play.

[2] Thus the existing MS. with a title-page has the words *in Love* added in almost contemporary hand after the title *Gismond of Salerne*. Wilmot, publishing the play in 1591, begins his dedication by remarking on and justifying the innovation: "In poetry, there is no argument of more antiquity and elegancy than is the matter of love; for it seems to be as old as the world, and to bear date from the first time that man and woman was: therefore in this, as in the finest metal, the freshest wits have in all

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and strengthens the tendency to further departures by which growth is possible. The rejection of historic subject leads to freedom in dealing with subjects from any source to suit immediate needs: so in *Gismond* the Boccaccian green girl is changed to an already experienced widow[1] like Dido; she is, too, given moments of non-Boccaccian but very Senecan longings for revenge on her own account,[2] whilst, for less obvious reasons, the poor Guiscardo is ennobled to the County Palurin. Whether these be improvements hardly matters; it is the principle that is important. Once authority is defied on subject matter, other laws may lose their sanction. Thus *Gismond* is the first English Senecan play in which something of violence is shown on the stage within the act, as well as in the dumb show.[3] And lastly, the liberty to invent for stage effect opens the door for the first appearance of Seneca's ghostly furies: Cinthio had introduced his *Orbecche* with "furie infernali" in the manner of Seneca's Megaera in *Thyestes*; in *Gismond*, Megaera herself "ariseth out of hell," bringing "Vengeance and blood out of the deepest helles"; and even Dolce's Cupid, which *Gismond* borrowed to serve like Dolce's as a supernatural prologiser, has acquired something of the Senecan ghostly function to preside in the rear-loft as firm security of dire revenge.

After *Gismond* little is needed to bring English Seneca completely into line with him of Italy. And in one or two details that little is achieved in *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, which on the whole, however, is but accidentally progressive. It seeks its plot, like *Gorboduc*, in Geoffrey; but it takes the raw material of sexual romance from him for the first time, although admittedly it develops it but little, and, moreover, it opens Malory too as another

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ages shown their best workmanship." Further, the original authors, to emphasise the predominance of the love-interest, grafted on to the story a Cupid prologue from Dolce's *Didone*. The love-motive, too, probably accounts for the undramatic reversion to rhyming verse, which was, however, removed in the Wilmot revision.

[1] Cinthio, too, was very fond of the "experienced" heroine, either widow or wife, who has lost her husband's affection. But of course the lover was always there too.

[2] See especially Act V. Scene 2.

[3] Gismond herself dies on the stage; but suicides, although relatively rare on the French stage, were common enough in Italy and were authorised by Seneca himself. More striking is the gruesome goblet shown *coram populo* with Guiscardo's heart in it, and Gismond's fondling of the horrible thing.

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quarry of material from the ages of romance. Further, dealing as it does with "historic" material, and not like *Gismond* with invented, it nevertheless, even more than *Gismond*, distorts its original for its own needs. In form, although rejecting the unities as decisively as its predecessors, it is yet mainly very conservative; but the innovation, by which in the end the members of the chorus speak in turn instead of in unison, is a step towards the resolution of an undramatic body to individual members of a *cast*. Finally, and probably of most importance, in this play the ghost is no longer an allegorical figure from ancient mythology, but takes the shape of a personal being whose life was closely bound up with the actors in the plot: it is the final step in the substitution of the theme of personal revenge for the universal nemesis of the ancient theatre.

But a difficulty arises with *The Misfortunes of Arthur*. Its performance coincides with the production of *Locrine*, the *Spanish Tragedy*, and *Tamburlaine*. How many of its qualities are a direct development of the Seneca tradition, how many caught up from the other Seneca of the popular stage? For by this time popular tragedy was in being, and henceforward one must distinguish between the popular and the academic tragedy. But before the point of separation was reached, English Seneca, as we have seen, moved on in a direct line of forward growth, acquiring Italianate qualities progressively at each step. And in some ways, even in this early epoch of his English life, he went beyond the practice of Italy. Amongst the clear reasons for this is the relatively greater influence of popular dramatic tradition in England than in Italy. Italy had two sorts of serious drama; for the best of her *rappresentazioni* are almost contemporary with her new Senecan drama; and although the Italian courts supported both sorts, one was in effect the distinctive possession of the people, and the other of the more cultured upper and middle class. But in England a serious drama was to be created, and being created it would have to satisfy both sections of the nation. It could not, as in France, become definitely hostile to popular serious drama; for such hardly existed. Nor could it, as in Italy, adapt itself more particularly to the taste of a culture-loving middle class; for not only would that have left our populace without tragic fare, but further, even those of our middle class who were not puritanically opposed to the theatre had in the

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main considerably less culture than Italians of equal rank. In effect, the free interaction of distinctly popular and of more cultured and learned qualities, out of which Elizabethan tragedy was ultimately shaped, was primarily occasioned by the peculiar nature of the English Court and its unique relation to the theatre. The edict of 1572 which placed professional actors under the patronage of the nobility virtually made the Court a mediator between academic and popular drama. On occasional visits to the universities, the Court might hear academic Latin drama; in residence at Whitehall, it saw presentations of less academic circles from the Inns of Court or the still less academic pupils from the Chapel Royal; on progresses in the provinces, it witnessed the shows of the people; and regularly, in London, the nobility fulfilled something of the obligations of patronage by securing opportunity for their "men" to play professionally before the Queen. The members of the Court were not only men with an inheritance of native dramatic tradition as strong as that of the people themselves, but they were also the legal and willing protectors of troupes of actors who lived by pleasing the pit. Such a Court might appreciate academic drama, but it would be unwilling entirely to forgo the more distinctive elements of the popular stage in which it had delighted. The most rigorous of our early Senecan plays have, as in Italy, acquired characteristics leading to a more popular acceptance as theatrical entertainments. Beyond Italian precedent, too, they all exhibit one very important link with the popular stage: it seems highly probable that all of them relied on the "multiple" decorative system of the mediaeval scene.[1] By that alone they inherit an impulse towards popular stage mechanism and towards more realistic presentation of act and incident, although, unfortunately, it is only in the dumb shows that extended employment of these is common. But the popular *mise en scène* has an important consequence on the structure and quality of the play itself: mediaeval staging knew no unities, and, by uniformly retaining its scheme, the Senecans had suggestion and option for a far

[1] *Gismond* is the least clear; but the most striking instance is *Jocasta*. As the translation of a play originally designed, of course, for a purely classical stage, its action seems in no way to call for the "multiple system." Yet it is quite evident from the gulfs, houses, etc., of the dumb show that the popular multiple system was adopted.

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greater expanse in time, place, and extent of story than Italy, despite its straining and its experiments, had secured.[1]

Through circumstances of this sort, then, the English Court held out the promise of a reconciliation of divergent theatrical types. Sufficient earnest of that is the knowledge that precisely in the decade of its fondness for Senecan plays, the Court also witnessed *Horestes* (1567–68), *Damon and Pythias* (1563–64), and most probably *Cambyses* (*c.* 1569) and *Appius and Virginia* (*c.* 1563). These are plays or interludes true to the old native tradition and primarily of a comic appeal. But they are appropriating elements of the new tragic type: they are Seneca's first invasion of the purely native play.[2] It is most significant, too, that the things of Seneca they seize on are precisely those which the English Senecans, like the Italians, had grafted on to the original stock. Thus was started the mingling of the classical and popular traditions which by the clearly marked stages of this group, then of *Locrine* and then of Kyd, leads to the ultimate fixing of the form of Elizabethan tragedy. How powerful the impetus was, is admirably illustrated by Wilmot's revision of *Gismond* as *Tancred and Gismunda* in 1591. A declared enemy of the popular stage, and a confirmed upholder of the decorum of the classical drama, he had not only joined in the production of the most Italianate of the earlier Senecan plays, but now some twenty-four years later he overhauled it for publication. And in every respect his revisions show an unconscious yielding to the very forces he decried.[3]

[1] The unities of time and place are violated in *Gorboduc* and in *The Misfortunes of Arthur*; *Gismond* adopts (except for dumb shows *i*) unity of place but not unity of time; *Jocasta*, being a translation, has both in the accepted Italian manner.

[2] Very remarkable is the conversion of the Vice towards the end of Pickering's *Horestes* to play the part of Revenge (see ed. 1567, pp. 35-36).

[3] Brandl, *Quellen des weltlichen Dramas*, civ. The stiff symmetry is somewhat broken by removing Claudia; for spectacular additions, Cupid is given a troop of allegorical ministers, and to swell the horror, Megaera is joined in fearful dance by the two other Furies; the chorus is converted from a male to a female company, and now they are given songs to sing besides speeches to declaim. The horrible deeds are made more horrible by being introduced more suddenly and less expectedly; and more important still, another horror is not only added to the play, but is actually performed on the stage. Tancred blinds himself, and then commits suicide *coram populo*. Gismond, who had a few Medean qualities in the original version, now has them increased. It is true that, for his credit's sake, Wilmot also adds to the extent of the original sermonising; but even that leads him to heightened rhetoric and so to more of the afflatus so dear to the pit.

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But, in fact, with *Locrine* and the *Spanish Tragedy* the decision was taken: what of Seneca was found suitable was adopted and completely naturalised by incorporation with the main body of popular drama. Henceforth the Italian Seneca had really nothing more to teach. But his lesson had been learnt, and it was destined to be of far more immediate profit to England than to Italy. In England circumstance and choice allowed it to be carried to its natural conclusions; and thereby the Italian Seneca becomes not only a way to the greatest Elizabethan tragedy, but also an integral part of it.

(*c*) ELIZABETHAN TRAGEDY PROPER.

Little space need be devoted to the well-explored subject of Seneca in popular Elizabethan tragedy at its greatest heights. The founders of that tragedy gave in *Locrine* and the *Spanish Tragedy* the clue to the hearts of the groundlings and established a procedure for their successors. Nash, in the well-known passage,[1] tells how it is done: "English *Seneca* read by candle light yeeldes manie good sentences, as *Bloud is a begger*, and so foorth . . ." and "handfulls of tragical speaches" by being "let bloud line by line and page by page." Above all, Seneca—whether the original Roman or in the English translation, or much more obviously in the modernised manner of the Italians already sanctioned by the learned circles—was their great storehouse of tragic material. He provided the most tragic motive, revenge exacted on the closest consanguinity. He provided the most tragic theme, the inevitability of Fate's decrees. He provided the most tragic appeal, horror piling itself on horror. He provided the most tragic machinery, ghosts, supernatural forces, and foreboding dreams; the most tragic incidents, murder inflicted in the most cruel and most bloodthirsty way. He provided the most tragic characters, superhuman villains dominated with one abnormal consuming passion. He provided the most tragic sentiment, morbid introspective self-pity and self-reliance. He provided the superlative tragic style, whether for the utterance of passion, picture, or sentence. Above all, he warranted the use of all these elements extravagantly and without restraint. And beyond these

[1] Preface (by Nash) to Greene's *Menaphon* (1589).

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principal qualities, he established a preference for an atmosphere of Ovidian romance and splendour, laden with the wonders of the Orient or the not less wonderful glamour of contemporary Italy, to weave round stories of thrilling sexual passion engendering horrible crime. He gave example of dramatic technique and even of devices of stagecraft for enhancing the marvel of it all; and he furnished an unmatchable model of the fence of words in stichomythic dialogue and of their sparkle in crystalled proverb.

The Elizabethans found also in Roman or Italian Seneca a discipline in form, not only such as is marked by the habit of an obvious division of the main action into the several acts, but by the more difficult and more vital skill in the telling disposition of incident. It was in form, however, that major modifications had to be made. But all that was necessary was already in process of becoming when Seneca came to the Elizabethan popular stage. Relief by an extraneous if related dumb show was to be replaced by the more cogent relief of inserted comic incident, and thereby a powerful bond of union for the old tradition and the new was founded. The attainment of the highest pitch of extravagance in horrible scene and gruesome deed was only possible by wider breaches of the fixed form of classical tragedy; the unities are scornfully rejected to widen the plot by variety in act, person, time, and place. The display of actual deeds and the horrors of violent strokes were more and more incorporated within the act; the philosophic atmosphere which is the excuse for the dull sermons of the chorus was to be more cogently supplied by closer attention to the portrayal of character. Thus essential parts of Classical or neo-Classical form become mere excrescences and drop precipitately from the stage: chorus[1] and dumb show are excised unless a specific theatrical gain urges occasional retention. For the test of all is its stage quality, its capacity to sway an audience in a theatre.

In reality, the Seneca thus apparently maltreated and distorted for adoption in English tragedy is not only a Seneca following further and directly along the path first chosen in Italy; he is

[1] Kyd's identification of it with the spirit of Revenge and his promotion of it to preside over the play from the beginning is a really valid attempt to transmute it to dramatic life under new conditions. The choruses in *Romeo and Juliet* have a similar function—to throw over succeeding action a Senecan force of fatal compulsion.

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actually more comprehensively and more powerfully realising the spirit of his begetter, the Roman Seneca; for Seneca's tragedies are really the product of a spirit Spanish-born, but constraining itself, however reluctantly, to obey the literary, as well as the civil, laws of Rome.

(*d*) LATER ELIZABETHAN UNIVERSITY TRAGEDY.

But when Seneca was acclaimed by the mob, more exclusive circles sought to rescue him from contamination by restraining him to something of his previous limitations. For this purpose, as we have seen, in the last decade of the sixteenth century he is taken to favour again in the universities, and in addition, he becomes the exclusive idol of a new group of poets who see him only through French spectacles.

However, although the Seneca restored to the universities, speaking to them in the language of learning, naturally did not display the extensive transformations of his popular shape, he was not in the least a mere academic mummy. In fact, the university stage from the time of Grimald had never been pedantically smothered by ancient tradition; it had given ear to national developments of the interlude, like *Damon and Pythias* and *Palamon and Arcite*, even markedly expressing a preference for these over more classical plays[1]: and it was "university wits" who ultimately with Kyd founded the popular tragedy. Moreover, the earlier Seneca of the university stage had exhibited those various strainings after the dramatic which finally led to his popular acceptance; and it was for the university stage that he had been imported direct from Italy by men like Calfhill. Still further, unlike the Senecans of the French colleges, our university dramatists had not been fond of history plays in which the historical interest is mainly a matter of political argument and theory; as their equivalent, they had shaped a Senecan chronicle play in which the historical interest is rather an interest in fact and in person; thus, for instance, Legge's *Richardus Tertius* is altogether different from Muret's and Grévin's Caesar plays. Finally, the English universities kept their eyes on the Court, and were never far

[1] The *Progne* of Calfhill "did not take half so well as the much admired play of *Palamon and Arcyte*" (quoted in Collier, i. 191).

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behind the advance in the fashion of the Court theatre.[1] They had, too, the means to give their chosen plays a sufficient and even a sumptuous stage performance; contributions from the students were supplemented from a wealthy patron's favour, and for certain occasions college and university in their official capacities helped to defray the expense of show and music. We are thus not surprised when, in later days, the dramatist of the academic stage, like Peele, is the people's playmaker too.

Thus the Seneca who seeks refuge in the universities, when apparently rejected but really only transmuted by the popular tragedy of the nineties, maintains his place even there by dint, not of his academic qualities, but of those which are partly melodramatic and theatrical. For instance, the great university dramatist of this period, Gager, preparing a performance of Seneca's *Hippolytus*, felt that the original needed more distinctly theatrical attractions, and characteristically added to it an element already chosen by the people as their favourite Senecan stuff, a ghost scene. In his own plays, too, Gager from the outset claims a freedom to do violence to his sources for theatrical purposes, and again characteristically the particular gains he thus seeks are increased variety and increased atrocity.[2] He chooses, too, romantic Ovidian material and even Ovidian phrase for his first drama, and in the course of time willingly concedes more and more to the natural tastes of his audience, to please whom, he says, is his chief aim. So whereas in his first play, *Meleager*, the unities are implicitly adopted, *Ulysses*, his last, is allowed considerably greater freedom of movement[3]; it has, too, more

[1] Thus in 1567–68 Merton College revived *Damon and Pythias* which had been performed at Court in 1564.

[2] See his address *Ad lectorem Academicum* prefixed to his *Meleager* (pub. 1592), where alterations in the story are justified "ut Tragoedie argumentum, majore cum varietate tum atrocitate pertexeretur" (quoted in Boas, *University Drama*, p. 168). In accordance with his claim, he elaborates the melodrama of Althaea's suicide, and increases it by adding an even more melodramatic suicide for Oeneus.

[3] See the address *Ad Criticum* prefixed to his *Ulysses Redux* (pub. 1592): "Nam ut vivendi, sic etiam scribendi ratio mihi inprimis probatur ea, quae est paulò liberior ac penè dissolutior quaeq; non tam doctissimis, quam imperitis placet. . . . Equidem ego hanc sive tragędiã, sive fabulam, sive narrationem historicam, sive quicquid eam dici ius fasq; est, non ad exquisitã artis poeticae tanquam aurificis stateram, sed ad popularis iudicii trutinam exigendam proposui, & effudi potius quam scripsi" (quoted in Boas, *University Drama*, p. 203).

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interest and larger action, it has more scenes and greater variety of character; it includes an incident even bordering on sheer comedy, and its catastrophe is not only infused with a non-Homeric horror and a Senecan cry of revenge, but its violent deeds are brought almost within the full view of the audience.

In effect, Seneca in the universities was being constrained to produce all the elements of his popular appeal, and the intention was defeated only because, whereas in material Seneca was allowed his natural growth, in form he was cramped to the older pattern. Nothing could exceed the melodramatic possibilities of the theme of Alabaster's *Roxana*, but without the freedom of the popular form it could never be anything but a sordid monody of horrors.

The academic Senecan drama of this decade was virtually heading in directions similar to those of the popular Seneca. The measure of its dramatic failure is the measure of its refusal to go the whole way of the popular stage. The other contemporary attempt to rescue Seneca from the mob completely shirked the real difficulty by the simple expedient of forgetting the mob entirely; the English imitators of the French Senecans saved Seneca from contamination by taking him out of the theatre altogether. But before considering their modifications of the Senecan tradition, it will be best to proceed to the last attempt in our period to make Seneca both classically pure and theatrically attractive to a popular audience. This was Jonson's task.

(*e*) JONSON'S SENECAN TRAGEDY.

A noteworthy feature of Jonson's attempted reform of tragedy is his preference for themes taken from the authentic history of Rome in its most Roman days. This suggests at once a likeness to the Senecans of France and to their English imitators; for although such Roman themes had of course been chosen from time to time in Italy, they were pre-eminently the affair of France. Yet the likeness is only superficial, although it is worth recording because it reminds us that our purely romantic Elizabethans also found Roman themes congenial, and particularly when they came to them with the personal interests thrown into high relief by the half-dramatic genius of Plutarch; and although Cinthio, in his *Cleopatra*, is the first dramatist to rely on Plutarch,

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the French tragedians were substantially the first to exploit him extensively for the theatre. But there is almost as radical a difference between Jonson's and Garnier's motive in the choice of Roman material as between Shakespeare's and Garnier's. Jonson seeks primarily in Roman history no allegory of abstract political principles; he seeks in it the antiquarian detail which is the source of his realism of incident and setting; he seeks in it, too, the well-authenticated figures who provide thereby literal truth of character.

"Truth of argument" is the first requirement of Jonson's tragic muse; and at first sight the condition might seem equally applicable to Roman and French Seneca in so far as both choose historic or legendary matter. But in effect Jonson's sense of truth of argument involves a comprehensive realism which is at once the negation of the spirit of the original Seneca and of that of his French successor. On the one hand, the Roman's extravagance in incident, in language, and in character is curbed by a realism trained as was Jonson's in the minute observation of contemporary society; and on the other, Jonson's absorbing interest in the humours and peculiarities of human nature, by producing sharply contrasted figures, fills his plays with people altogether different from the impersonal types who declaim the generalities of French Senecanism. "Dignity of persons, gravity and height of Elocution, fulnesse and frequence of sentence" Jonson's tragedies undoubtedly have. But *Sejanus* and *Catiline* have neither the wooden pomposity of the French nor the unhuman monstrosity of the Roman stage; the gravity and height of their elocution has little of the extravagant fancy and afflatus of the Latin and less of the formal rhetoric or lyric grace of the French; and the very fulness and frequence of sentence is not an abstract moralising, but a legitimate dramatic method in default of action for revealing the subtle complexities of their speakers' minds.

It was natural for Jonson the Latinist to throw Roman plays into traditional Roman form. Besides, his specific intention was to curb the romantic extravagance of contemporary tragedy. Yet by choosing Seneca for this purpose he was ultimately led to change completely the English Senecan tradition. He was not seeking an aristocratic Seneca who could satisfy a coterie, whilst

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the popular Seneca ran his course untouched ; he was attempting the reformation of the people's Seneca without destroying his popularity. He was dividing Seneca against himself. Seeking to make Seneca more legitimately dramatic, he was deliberately choosing to reject all the melodramatic and most of the theatrical elements which had belonged either to the original model or to its English equivalent. His choice of the Senecan form was merely a means to an end, and he was never its abject slave. His real attitude to Senecan drama is to be judged by *Sejanus*, for although that is his first tragedy, it is for that very reason the free product of an unwarped intention. Its wide inclusion of events, its wealth of persons, its exclusion of the chorus, its passages of realistic dialogue, its crowd of actors, its admission of comic relief in the form of mordant satire, its accommodation of the unities to a reasonable limitation of time and place in the interests of coherence in action, and finally, its minute realism of circumstantial detail—all these are not Jonson's unwilling concessions to the ignorant pit ; they are his deliberate reshaping of an ancient tradition for the right use of the modern stage.[1] Their adoption creates the English equivalent of the Roman play as Horace would have had it, just as the popular transformation of Seneca is the English equivalent of the Roman play as Seneca strove to make it.

But the *profanum vulgus* would not have *Sejanus* ; the last phrase of its Preface,[2] written under the smart of mortification, is a clue to Jonson's later attitude. Pique and perversity sufficiently account for the author's increased reliance on classical form and tradition in *Catiline*. Remembering his concession that *Sejanus* was " no true Poëme," he flauntingly entitles *Catiline* " a legitimate Poem." As the most obvious sign of contempt for the pit, he restores the most distinctive feature of the classical

[1] Thus when he revised the play to make it a printed book, he felt some might object that it was " no true *Poëme*." He admits its faults " in the strict Lawes of *Time*," and " in the want of a proper *Chorus*." But he defends these omissions—and explicitly against the stricter Senecans " who have most presently affected Lawes "—purely on the ground of the needs and the possibilities of the modern stage and the modern audience : " let not the absence of these Formes be imputed to me, wherein I shall give you occasion hereafter (and without my boast) to thinke I could better prescribe than omit the due use, for want of a convenient knowledge " (Preface to *Sejanus*).

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type, the Chorus. Yet even in *Catiline* Jonson's instinctive dramatic sense held him from bringing back all the rigour of ancient form. Although its action is simpler than that of *Sejanus*, yet it shifts even further afield; the "comic" relief has an even more pungent flavour of realistic comedy, and the Senecan ghost returns as harbinger of revenge, although under the lengthening speeches and the revival of the Chorus his dramatic appeal is so far lost that in effect he emphasises the final impression of revolt from the popular type of tragedy. The later *Mortimer*[1] shows an even wider divergence still from popular practice through the increasing stress of scorn for popular opinion: it must have embodied almost all the limitations imposed by the outward form of Roman tragedy.[2]

It is an ironic ending for the Elizabethan Senecan tradition. In the course of its growth, even pedantic scholars and undramatic poets are at pains to enlarge the Roman Seneca's more romantic and more dramatic appeal: it was left to a professional dramatist and actor, with an unrivalled knowledge of theatres and theatre-goers, to restore to later favour a Seneca most conspicuously lacking all the theatrical attributes by which he had thriven so vigorously and influenced so powerfully and fruitfully the drama of the people. Partly by accident, partly through spleen, Jonson virtually condemned Seneca to mummification in an academic museum.

(*f*) ENGLISH IMITATORS OF THE FRENCH SENECA.

It remains to consider the group of plays made on the model of French Seneca. Like their French prototypes, they are the work of a narrow coterie of poets bound together by personal ties. The Countess of Pembroke began the fashion with her translation of Garnier's *Marc Antoine*: Kyd followed by translating

[1] *Mortimer* was to have only nine characters besides the Chorus, whereas there are 37 and 33 in *Sejanus* and *Catiline* respectively. Apparently, too, it was to have much less action, omitting all events except the last climax; and it looks also as if the unities were to have been ostentatiously adopted.

[2] Jonson's name is associated with the second English edition of Seneca's tragedies, Farnaby's *L. et M. Annaei Senecae atque aliorum Tragoediae*, London, 1613. On the last page is a Latin poem by Ben in praise of Farnaby, signed B. I. The first English edition of Seneca in Latin was printed for Thomas Man and Thomas Gubbin in 1589: Farnaby's edition was published again in 1624 and 1634.

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on exactly similar lines another tragedy, *Cornélie*, of the same author, and he dedicated it to the Countess's aunt: Daniel's *Cleopatra* was in its turn dedicated to the Countess of Pembroke and was explicitly offered as a pendant to her *Antonie*[1]: Greville had, of course, been the intimate friend of Sir Philip Sidney, the Countess's brother, and he was moreover a friend of Daniel's: Sir William Alexander's personal relations to the coterie are not so obvious, but Daniel[2] knew of him and praised him as a tragedian in 1605.[3]

Moreover, nearly all the members of the group incorporated material from the French tragedians in their own plays. The Countess of Pembroke and Kyd are, of course, just translators of the French: it is at least probable that Daniel had Jodelle's *Cléopâtre* on his table when he made his scheme,[4] and it is clear that when he revised it later he included material from Garnier's *Marc Antoine*.[5] It is demonstrable with absolute certainty that Sir William Alexander borrowed from Muret and Garnier.[6]

Further, except for Kyd, the English group looked on the

[1] He even asserts that the Countess had commanded his tragedy: "Behold the work which once thou didst impose. . . . And me at first from out my low repose Didst raise to sing of state and tragicke notes." And further, Daniel had "seene thy well grac'd *Anthonie* Adorned by thy sweete stile in our faire tongue T'expect his *Cleopatras* company" (Dedication to *Cleopatra*, ed. 1611).

[2] "And though you have a Swannet of your owne,
Within the bankes of Doven meditates
Sweet notes to you, and unto your renowne
The glory of his Musicke dedicates,
And in a lofty tune is set to sound
The deepe reports of sullen Tragedies."
(*Philotas*, Epistle Dedic. to the Prince.)

The Doven (Dove) is the stream near Alexander's home at Menstrie.

[3] Brandon's *Virtuous Octavia* is obviously inspired by Daniel. It is dedicated to Lady Lucia Audelay. She may have been aunt to Lucy, daughter of Sir J. Davies the poet, whose wife was daughter of George Touchet, Baron Audley and Earl of Castlehaven († 1617). Possibly Brandon was an Irishman.

[4] M. W. MacCallum, *Shakespeare's Roman Plays* (1910), pp. 49-50, sums up an examination of Daniel and Jodelle as follows: "It is safe to say that the *contrite* Seleucus comes straight from the pages of Jodelle."

[5] MacCallum, *ibid.*, points out that the sententious and quite superfluous Philostratus is taken from *Marc Antoine*, and the *motif* leads Daniel to reduplicate the part in *Arius*. A. H. Upham, *The French Influence in English Literature* (1908), p. 80, relies on an unpublished thesis by J. A. Lester in the Harvard University Library for asserting that the revised material, at least in part, is almost certainly based on Garnier's *Antoine* or on Lady Pembroke's translation.

[6] *Vide infra*, pp. clxxxvi ff.

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popular stage with much the same contempt as their French exemplars: even Daniel pleads "my necessitie I confess hath driven me to do a thing unworthy of me, and much against my harte, in making the stage the speaker of my lynes"[1]; and Greville roundly asserts, "I have made theis Tragedies no plaies for the stage; be it known, it was no part of my purpose to write for them, against whom so many good and great spirits have already written."[2] In fact, it is not merely that our English group did not write for the popular stage; their tragedies were not even intended for a private or an academic theatre. Despite assertions to the contrary,[3] it is clear that only one play of the whole group is known to have been first conceived with a view to performance, Daniel's *Philotas*: the author "purposing to have had it presented in Bath by certain Gentlemen's sonnes as a private recreation for the Christmas."[4] But even this proposal

[1] Letter to Viscount Cranbourne (1605), Grosart's *Daniel*, iv. p. liii.

[2] *Life of Sir Philip Sidney* (Grosart's *Works of Fulke Greville*, iv. p. 223).

[3] Schelling, ii. 8, says "the ill-success of *Cornelia* on the stage prevented Kyd from fulfilling the promise of his dedication and translating Garnier's *Porcie* also." He gives no references for the alleged performance. Perhaps he is misled by Boas (Introd. *Works of Kyd*, lxxv ff.): "the reception given to *Cornelia* by the public was not encouraging, though scholars commended it highly." But Boas is apparently relying on Wm. Clerke's *Polimanteia* (1595): "Then should not tragicke Garnier have his poore *Cornelia* stand naked upon every poste: a work, howsoever not respected, yet excellently done by Th. Kyd." Clearly, Clerke's allusion is to booksellers' advertisements, and carries no suggestion at all of a theatrical performance.

[4] Daniel's *Apology* for *Philotas* (Grosart, iii. p. 179). It may be added here that there is just a scrap of evidence that perhaps Sir William Alexander intended his first play *Darius* for performance. Thus at the beginning of Act III. Scene 2, Alexander approaches Sisigambis and Statira: Sisigambis has determined to entreat him. She throws herself at his feet, but quite clearly mistakes one of his followers for Alexander himself, exactly as in the account of Curtius. So her first speech is made up of two lines:

> "Most gracious Prince, forgive me if I err'd,
> In taking him for you, that standeth by."

Her confusion has little point unless it was intended to be manifested in stage action. Further, stage directions are rare in Alexander's plays. In the final text of *Darius*, at the end of Acts II. and III. we find *Exeunt*; beyond that there are no directions. But the first version of *Darius* has those as well as another at the end of Act IV. And most significantly, whenever within the acts the *liaison des scènes* is broken, the first version has *Exit* or *Exeunt* (end of iii. 2, iv. 2, v. 1). These look like normal directions to the stage-manager. Finally, there is a shred of external evidence. In 1604 Alexander issued his *Monarchicke Tragedies*: the volume consisted of the first publication of *Croesus* together with his *Darius* reprinted and revised. This 1604 volume also included two poems (reprinted here, Vol. II. pp. 535-538), "Verses written to his Majestie by

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for a private performance broke down before the whole of the play had been written; and the author completed the tragedy simply as a book-drama.[1] It is true that *Philotas* was a little later performed on a public stage; but the performance was occasioned by the drift of circumstance in the face of Daniel's unwillingness.[2] The consequences were serious: Daniel was

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the Authour at the time of his Maiesties first entrie into England" and "Verses written shortly thereafter." In the latter he laments his lack of success as a tragic poet:

"What wonder though my melancholious muse,
Whose generous course some lucklesse starre controules:
Her bold attempts to prosecute refuse,
And would faine burie my abortive scroules."

Considering that little time had elapsed since *Darius* was first published, and yet that he thought it worth while republishing with *Croesus*, Alexander can hardly be grumbling at the poor sale of his first tragedy. But may he not be expressing dissatisfaction that he had never been able to have it acted? At least, taking this poem and the internal evidence from *Darius* previously mentioned, it may be said that perhaps Alexander at first composed *Darius* with the possibility of a stage performance in his mind. But *Darius*, like his other plays, was never performed. (See note at end of *Caesar* notes.)

[1] Letter to the Earl of Devonshire (1604) (Grosart, I. xxiii.): "I did not say you incouraged me unto the p'senting of it; yf I should I had beene a villayne, for y^t^ when I shewd it to yor hono^r^ I was not resolvd to have had it acted, nor should it have bene had not my necessities overmaistred mee."

[2] The *Dict. Nat. Biog.* is faulty in its notice of *Philotas*. Our information about it rests mainly on two of Daniel's letters and on the *Apology* for it. The *Apology* (published first in 1605, not 1607) tells us that as early as 1597 Daniel had thought of writing a play on Philotas, to find that D. Lateware of St. John's, Oxford, had already done so. Although Daniel afterwards learnt that Lateware's play had been successfully staged at St. John's, he persisted with his own, and in autumn 1600 ("neere halfe a yeare before the late Tragedy of ours," *i.e.* the execution of Essex on Feb. 25, 1601) he had written three acts for a private performance at Bath (*vide supra*, p. clxxviii). But impediments arose and the unfinished play was set aside. However, in 1604 the completed tragedy was performed. Most probably the author had in the meantime been completing it rather for press than for theatre (*vide supra*, *n.* 1). But in 1603 Daniel seems to have been in temporary straits, until some sort of small provision was made for him by an appointment as licenser of plays for the Children of the Queen's Revels: we may surmise from the letter to Devonshire ("let not now an Earle of Devonsh^r^ overthrow what a L. Mountioy hath doune"—Mountjoy became Devonshire in July 1603) that he owed this favour to Devonshire's interest in him. The appointment and the need of funds probably suggested a completion, or more likely still a modification of an already completed *Philotas* for the stage (*vide supra*, *n.* 1, and p. clxxi, *n.* 1). The following argument would seem to justify the belief that the *Philotas* as performed was a revision of the play as first finished. We have Daniel's own statement that until 1602 (the date when Campion attacked rhyme in his *Observations in the Art of English Poesie*) he believed that rhyme was the only verse for tragedy. Attacking Campion, however, he admitted that "my Adversary hath ... ht this much upon me, that I thinke a Tragedie would indeede best com... k Verse and dispence with

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(*f*) ENGLISH IMITATORS OF THE FRENCH SENECA.

It remains to consider the group of plays made on the model of French Seneca. Like their French prototypes, they are the work of a narrow coterie of poets bound together by personal ties. The Countess of Pembroke began the fashion with her translation of Garnier's *Marc Antoine*: Kyd followed by translating

[1] *Mortimer* was to have only nine characters besides the Chorus, whereas there are 37 and 33 in *Sejanus* and *Catiline* respectively. Apparently, too, it was to have much less action, omitting all events except the last climax; and it looks also as if the unities were to have been ostentatiously adopted.

[2] Jonson's name is associated with the second English edition of Seneca's tragedies, Farnaby's *L. et M. Annaei Senecae atque aliorum Tragoediae*, London, 1613. On the last page is a Latin poem by Ben in praise of Farnaby, signed B. I. The first English edition of Seneca in Latin was printed for Thomas Man and Thomas Gubbin in 1589: Farnaby's edition was published again in 1624 and 1634.

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on exactly similar lines another tragedy, *Cornélie*, of the same author, and he dedicated it to the Countess's aunt: Daniel's *Cleopatra* was in its turn dedicated to the Countess of Pembroke and was explicitly offered as a pendant to her *Antonie*[1]: Greville had, of course, been the intimate friend of Sir Philip Sidney, the Countess's brother, and he was moreover a friend of Daniel's: Sir William Alexander's personal relations to the coterie are not so obvious, but Daniel[2] knew of him and praised him as a tragedian in 1605.[3]

Moreover, nearly all the members of the group incorporated material from the French tragedians in their own plays. The Countess of Pembroke and Kyd are, of course, just translators of the French: it is at least probable that Daniel had Jodelle's *Cléopâtre* on his table when he made his scheme,[4] and it is clear that when he revised it later he included material from Garnier's *Marc Antoine*.[5] It is demonstrable with absolute certainty that Sir William Alexander borrowed from Muret and Garnier.[6]

Further, except for Kyd, the English group looked on the

[1] He even asserts that the Countess had commanded his tragedy: "Behold the work which once thou didst impose. . . . And me at first from out my low repose Didst raise to sing of state and tragicke notes." And further, Daniel had "seene thy well grac'd *Anthonie* Adorned by thy sweete stile in our faire tongue T'expect his *Cleopatras* company" (Dedication to *Cleopatra*, ed. 1611).

[2] "And though you have a Swannet of your owne,
Within the bankes of Doven meditates
Sweet notes to you, and unto your renowne
The glory of his Musicke dedicates,
And in a lofty tune is set to sound
The deepe reports of sullen Tragedies."
(*Philotas*, Epistle Dedic. to the Prince.)

The Doven (Dove) is the stream near Alexander's home at Menstrie.

[3] Brandon's *Virtuous Octavia* is obviously inspired by Daniel. It is dedicated to Lady Lucia Audelay. She may have been aunt to Lucy, daughter of Sir J. Davies the poet, whose wife was daughter of George Touchet, Baron Audley and Earl of Castlehaven († 1617). Possibly Brandon was an Irishman.

[4] M. W. MacCallum, *Shakespeare's Roman Plays* (1910), pp. 49-50, sums up an examination of Daniel and Jodelle as follows: "It is safe to say that the *contrite* Seleucus comes straight from the pages of Jodelle."

[5] MacCallum, *ibid.*, points out that the sententious and quite superfluous Philostratus is taken from *Marc Antoine*, and the *motif* leads Daniel to reduplicate the part in *Arius*. A. H. Upham, *The French Influence in English Literature* (1908), p. 80, relies on an unpublished thesis by J. A. Lester in the Harvard University Library for asserting that the revised material, at least in part, is almost certainly based on Garnier's *Antoine* or on Lady Pembroke's translation.

[6] *Vide infra*, pp. clxxxvi ff.

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popular stage with much the same contempt as their French exemplars: even Daniel pleads "my necessitie I confess hath driven me to do a thing unworthy of me, and much against my harte, in making the stage the speaker of my lynes"[1]; and Greville roundly asserts, "I have made theis Tragedies no plaies for the stage; be it known, it was no part of my purpose to write for them, against whom so many good and great spirits have already written."[2] In fact, it is not merely that our English group did not write for the popular stage; their tragedies were not even intended for a private or an academic theatre. Despite assertions to the contrary,[3] it is clear that only one play of the whole group is known to have been first conceived with a view to performance, Daniel's *Philotas*: the author "purposing to have had it presented in Bath by certain Gentlemen's sonnes as a private recreation for the Christmas."[4] But even this proposal

[1] Letter to Viscount Cranbourne (1605), Grosart's *Daniel*, iv. p. liii.

[2] *Life of Sir Philip Sidney* (Grosart's *Works of Fulke Greville*, iv. p. 223).

[3] Schelling, ii. 8, says "the ill-success of *Cornelia* on the stage prevented Kyd from fulfilling the promise of his dedication and translating Garnier's *Porcie* also." He gives no references for the alleged performance. Perhaps he is misled by Boas (Introd. *Works of Kyd*, lxxv ff.): "the reception given to *Cornelia* by the public was not encouraging, though scholars commended it highly." But Boas is apparently relying on Wm. Clerke's *Polimanteia* (1595): "Then should not tragicke Garnier have his poore *Cornelia* stand naked upon every poste: a work, howsoever not respected, yet excellently done by Th. Kyd." Clearly, Clerke's allusion is to booksellers' advertisements, and carries no suggestion at all of a theatrical performance.

[4] Daniel's *Apology* for *Philotas* (Grosart, iii. p. 179). It may be added here that there is just a scrap of evidence that perhaps Sir William Alexander intended his first play *Darius* for performance. Thus at the beginning of Act III. Scene 2, Alexander approaches Sisigambis and Statira: Sisigambis has determined to entreat him. She throws herself at his feet, but quite clearly mistakes one of his followers for Alexander himself, exactly as in the account of Curtius. So her first speech is made up of two lines:

> "Most gracious Prince, forgive me if I err'd,
> In taking him for you, that standeth by."

Her confusion has little point unless it was intended to be manifested in stage action. Further, stage directions are rare in Alexander's plays. In the final text of *Darius*, at the end of Acts II. and III. we find *Exeunt*; beyond that there are no directions. But the first version of *Darius* has those as well as another at the end of Act IV. And most significantly, whenever within the acts the *liaison des scènes* is broken, the first version has *Exit* or *Exeunt* (end of iii. 2, iv. 2, v. 1). These look like normal directions to the stage-manager. Finally, there is a shred of external evidence. In 1604 Alexander issued his *Monarchicke Tragedies*: the volume consisted of the first publication of *Croesus* together with his *Darius* reprinted and revised. This 1604 volume also included two poems (reprinted here, Vol. II. pp. 535-538), "Verses written to his Majestie by

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for a private performance broke down before the whole of the play had been written; and the author completed the tragedy simply as a book-drama.[1] It is true that *Philotas* was a little later performed on a public stage; but the performance was occasioned by the drift of circumstance in the face of Daniel's unwillingness.[2] The consequences were serious: Daniel was

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the Authour at the time of his Maiesties first entrie into England" and "Verses written shortly thereafter." In the latter he laments his lack of success as a tragic poet:

> "What wonder though my melancholious muse,
> Whose generous course some lucklesse starre controules:
> Her bold attempts to prosecute refuse,
> And would faine burie my abortive scroules."

Considering that little time had elapsed since *Darius* was first published, and yet that he thought it worth while republishing with *Croesus*, Alexander can hardly be grumbling at the poor sale of his first tragedy. But may he not be expressing dissatisfaction that he had never been able to have it acted? At least, taking this poem and the internal evidence from *Darius* previously mentioned, it may be said that perhaps Alexander at first composed *Darius* with the possibility of a stage performance in his mind. But *Darius*, like his other plays, was never performed. (See note at end of *Caesar* notes.)

[1] Letter to the Earl of Devonshire (1604) (Grosart, I. xxiii.): "I did not say you incouraged me unto the p'senting of it; yf I should I had beene a villayne, for y^t^ when I shewd it to yor hono^r^ I was not resolvd to have had it acted, nor should it have bene had not my necessities overmaistred mee."

[2] The *Dict. Nat. Biog.* is faulty in its notice of *Philotas*. Our information about it rests mainly on two of Daniel's letters and on the *Apology* for it. The *Apology* (published first in 1605, not 1607) tells us that as early as 1597 Daniel had thought of writing a play on Philotas, to find that D. Lateware of St. John's, Oxford, had already done so. Although Daniel afterwards learnt that Lateware's play had been successfully staged at St. John's, he persisted with his own, and in autumn 1600 ("neere halfe a yeare before the late Tragedy of ours," *i.e.* the execution of Essex on Feb. 25, 1601) he had written three acts for a private performance at Bath (*vide supra*, p. clxxviii). But impediments arose and the unfinished play was set aside. However, in 1604 the completed tragedy was performed. Most probably the author had in the meantime been completing it rather for press than for theatre (*vide supra*, *n.* 1). But in 1603 Daniel seems to have been in temporary straits, until some sort of small provision was made for him by an appointment as licenser of plays for the Children of the Queen's Revels: we may surmise from the letter to Devonshire ("let not now an Earle of Devonsh^r^ overthrow what a L. Mountioy hath doune"—Mountjoy became Devonshire in July 1603) that he owed this favour to Devonshire's interest in him. The appointment and the need of funds probably suggested a completion, or more likely still a modification of an already completed *Philotas* for the stage (*vide supra*, *n.* 1, and p. clxxxi, *n.* 1). The following argument would seem to justify the belief that the *Philotas* as performed was a revision of the play as first finished. We have Daniel's own statement that until 1602 (the date when Campion attacked rhyme in his *Observations in the Art of English Poesie*) he believed that rhyme was the only verse for tragedy. Attacking Campion, however, he admitted that "my Adversary hath wrought this much upon me, that I thinke a Tragedie would indeede best comporte with a blank Verse and dispence with

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haled before the Council for treasonable reflections on the Government's treatment of Essex, and although the author seems to have got off lightly by pleading that the bulk of the play was written before Essex's treason, the affair made a considerable stir in high quarters, since after his trial the poet had to placate two noblemen for bringing in their names.[1] Such was the irony

Ryme, saving in the *Chorus*, or where a sentence shall require a couplet" (*Defence of Rhyme*, *c.* 1603, in Gregory Smith, *Eliz. Crit. Essays*, ii. p. 382). The English imitators of French Seneca rely on rhyme altogether; Daniel's *Cleopatra* is all in rhyme; presumably, too, the three acts of *Philotas* written in 1600 were all rhymed. But in *Philotas* as printed in 1605 we find not only more varieties than are common to prevent monotony in the regular alternate system adopted by this group of French Senecans, we find also a considerable number of unrhymed passages. These, too, appear not only in the first three acts, but in all of them. It would therefore seem that the whole play was finished before Daniel was converted, but that he had occasion to revise the play for the stage in 1603–4, and in the revision allowed himself to include passages of blank verse. In any case, the play as we now have it was staged in 1604.

[1] By their choice of material Senecan dramatists, and especially those of the French sort, always ran the risk of awakening the suspicion of politicians. Jonson's *Sejanus* in 1603 led him also to the bar of the Council on a charge of popery and treason. Fulke Greville (*vide supra*, p. cxlv, *n.* 1) wisely destroyed his *Antony and Cleopatra* to avoid suspicion. The incident seems to bear on the vexed question of the date of Greville's plays. Upham (*French Influence in English Literature*, p. 83), presuming on Greville's descriptive phrase "younger brother to the rest," makes *Antony and Cleopatra* follow *Mustapha* and *Alaham*. The metaphor is clearly, however, not temporal but qualitative ("a contemptible younger brother" is his phrase). Croll (*The Works of Fulke Greville*, 1901) puts *Alaham* before 1601, *Antony and Cleopatra* about 1601, and *Mustapha* about 1604–1609. For several reasons, however, it seems natural to put both *Alaham* and *Mustapha* after 1604. Daniel was on terms of friendship with Greville in 1599 when he dedicated *Musophilus* to him: although Greville is not with certainty to be identified with the "learned Gentleman, a great friend of mine," to whom Daniel in the beginning of his *Defence* says he had written on the subject, Croll accepts the evidence of the *Biog. Britann.* (1757) that about this time (*c.* 1602) Daniel and Greville corresponded on questions of English versification. Now both Greville's extant plays and Daniel's *Philotas* have in common a quality strikingly different from the rest of the group: they mix rhymes, alternate and even more elaborately arranged, with unrhymed lines. We have in the note above seen a possible occasion for this peculiarity in Daniel: it seems to call for explanation in Greville. Now Daniel says that even in 1600 his *Philotas* (then, however, probably all rhymed in its whole complement of three acts) had been shown to many people (Grosart's *Daniel*, iii. p. 179), and in the years between 1600 and 1604 he had made it known to many others (Letter to the Earl of Devonshire, *ibid.* vol. i. p. xxii); Greville, on the contrary, talks of "those few eyes" who saw his *Antony and Cleopatra*. We would therefore suggest that Daniel sent Greville his *Philotas* and that that gave Greville the idea of his *Antony and Cleopatra*. Further, in 1604 Daniel suffered for a supposed reference to Essex in his *Philotas*: Greville expressly says that he destroyed his *Antony and Cleopatra* because references to Essex might be suspected in it. The caution looks to be a natural consequence of hearing of Daniel's

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of the one attempt to perform a play of our French Senecan group.[1]

There is thus a community of circumstance and intention between the English and French dramatists which will almost inevitably produce dramas of very similar type. For example, the English dramatists show a remarkable preference for themes drawn from Roman history: in fact every member of the group has at least one play on the theme of Rome the Great.[2] Four plays go farther back in time, but it is still with classical history, with a classical historian, and above all with French precedent, as sanction.[3]

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fate in 1604. The only difficulty is Greville's remark, "Essex then falling"; but Croll does not hold that, in Greville's style, "then" warrants the date 1601 with absolute security. Argument of this sort would explain the peculiar metrical qualities of both dramatists. They would, too, lead us to suggestions for explaining another peculiar quality of Greville's plays: they are the only ones of the group which forsake classical history for modern oriental themes. May it not be another act of caution on Greville's part, finding Latin and Greek history suspect, to have turned to other sources? If so, *Mustapha* and *Alaham* must be dated after 1604 or at least after *Antony and Cleopatra*.

[1] It is not impossible, however, that Daniel at a later date thought of reviving his *Cleopatra* for the stage. He remained licenser to the Children's Company for many years, and in the reprinted version of *Cleopatra* we find many variants. Many of them point to a more theatrical intention. (They are all given in Lederer's ed. of *Cleopatra*, Bang's *Materialien*, 1911.) Thus in 1607 the first act is recast, and a monologue is turned to dialogue. But the most striking is to be found in the last scene. This had remained practically in one form in all editions prior to 1607 (1594, 1599, 1601, 1602, 1605); but in 1607 it is completely recast, and instead of the long narrative account of Cleopatra's death given by the Nuntius, the incident itself is enacted in a brief poignant scene, ending magnificently with Plutarch's phrase in the mouth of Caesar's messenger, "Charmion, what, is this well done?" and her reply, "Yea, very well, and shee that from the race of so great kings descends doth best become." The alteration looks to have been made with a view to the stage: one wonders if Daniel had wind of Shakespeare's forthcoming play. But whether the revision of *Cleopatra* was with an eye to performance or not, it may be noted that Daniel's other play, *Philotas*, is really the least French of its group; and the explanation would seem to lie in the fact that at the outset it was intended for the stage. The action is more theatrical: a traitor drops dead *coram populo* at the moment of discovery, and the crisis of the play is a trial-scene; there is less pomp of phrase, and in some places quite an easy flow of conversational style; so, too, there is less pomp of persons, the only two female characters being, indeed, courtesans. Although mainly on the French model, the chorus is wanting at the end of Act IV., and when introduced to open Act V. it speaks dialogue-wise like two normal actors. Lastly, in view of the fact that *Philotas* was first conceived for a stage, its relatively wide breach of the unity of time (Act III. is three days after Act I.) is remarkable.

[2] Fulke Greville's is, of course, the destroyed *Antony and Cleopatra*.

[3] Daniel's *Philotas*, and Alexander's *Darius*, *Croesus*, and *The Alexandraean*. But Jaques de la Taille had written a *Daire* and an *Alexandre* (of which *Daire* may possibly have given Alexander his general scheme, but little more, and of which *Alexandre* gave

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It is especially, too, Plutarch who provides the material, as in France, and in one case at least [1] demonstrably the English North's version of the French Amyot. In England, moreover, as in France, the attitude to the historical material is purely political. Daniel describes his *Cleopatra* as a song "of state and tragicke notes" [2]; Greville's *Treatises of Monarchy* were first intended as choruses for his tragedies,[3] and although they grew too big for such use, the author still thought of his tragedies as expositions of political philosophy [4]; and Alexander called his, *Monarchicke Tragedies*. Indeed, with Greville and Alexander, absorption in political and moral questions is more complete than in their French prototypes. The result is a total lack of interest in personality and a consequent loss of all essential drama.

Yet Greville's name reminds us that he is the only one of the group who, like the Italians, draws on the contemporary Orient for dramatic story. *Mustapha* is based on an actual event of the year 1553; and *Alaham* is probably even more reminiscent of the Italians in that its material, set in the contemporary Orient, is apparently fictitious. But Greville does not go the way of the Italians: he neither exploits the romance of the Orient nor its potential horrors.[5] One or two other likenesses to the Italian are mainly superficial. He has a wider range of *dramatis personae*

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him nothing). Moreover France had sanctioned Herodotus (the main source of *Croesus*) and Quintus Curtius (the main source of *Philotas* and *The Alexandraean*) as fit and proper histories with which to supplement Plutarch.

[1] Daniel's *Cleopatra* (*vide* Lederer's ed. *ut supra*, p. clxxxi, *n.* 1).

[2] *Cleopatra*, Dedic.

[3] Grosart, *Works of Fulke Greville*, iv. 150.

[4] *Ibid.* p. 220: "to trace out the high waies of ambitious governours, and to shew in the practise of life that the more audacity, advantage and good successe such soveraignties have, the more they hasten to their owne desolation and ruine." This aim he discriminates from that of the Ancients which is mainly moral—"to amplifie the disastrous miseries of man's life, where orders, laws, doctrine and authority are unable to protect innocency . . ." and from that of the Moderns which is mainly religious—"to point out God's revenging aspect upon every particular sin."

[5] Note, for instance, his narration of the execution of Mustapha at the command of Solyman, his father:

> "Till Mustapha, in haste to be an angell,
> With heavenly smiles, and quiet words, foreshowes
> The joy and peace of those soules where he goes.
> His last words were 'O Father! now forgive me,
> Forgive them too, that wrought my overthrow'" (v. 2).

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than the French, and a very much larger number of scenes; but this does not mean that he has more action, it means simply that he has opportunities for pointing the moral from so many more sides. He has, however, like the Italians and unlike the French, villains of the deepest dye in his plays; he has even female villains; but they are "images beyond the ordinary stature of excesse," almost as impersonal and certainly as undramatic as the disembodied Evil Spirits or the Time and Eternity of his Chorus. Really, then, Greville, like the other members of the group, has nothing in common with Italianate Seneca; indeed, for his Italian-seeming choice of Oriental material, he may have been guided by a French play, Bounin's *La Soltane* (1561), which (although not a source of Greville's in the accepted sense) deals with the same Mustapha as his. And, in fact, Greville deliberately determined to avoid the ways of Italy. "Again, for the arguments of these Tragedies," he tells us, "they be not naked and casuall, like the Greeke and Latine, nor—I confesse—contrived with variety and unexpected encounters of the Italians, but nearer leveled to those humours, councels, and practices, wherein I thought fitter to hold the attention of the reader, than in the strangeness or perplexedness of witty fictions: in which the affections or imagination, may perchance find exercise and entertainment, but the memory and judgement no enriching at all."[1] No passage could better illustrate the whole thesis of this essay. Italian Seneca, by its *novella* fictions, provided stories of stirring passion, with plots made up of exciting intrigues and unexpected encounters, which enhanced their spectacular and romantic appeal as theatrical entertainment: and this was their chief object. On the other hand, French Seneca sacrificed all to the moral enrichment of his readers, offering them a commemoration of the authentic story of the past, not, however, "naked and casuall," but amplified into a complete, if simple, moral or philosophical scheme.

Greville's and Alexander's plays are, in fact, the full logical development of Garnier's as a system of tragedy. The formal mark of it is the nature of the Chorus. The French Chorus, as we have seen, is longer than in Seneca; it is, in fact, a poetic discourse, moralising on the incidents of the act which it

[1] *Life of Sir Philip Sidney*, Grosart, iv. p. 222.

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concludes[1]; and as the moral principle illustrated is simple and obvious, its expression is rather the lyrical utterance of a mood, and would indeed lend itself to singing if the play were to be performed. But our earliest English Senecans, extending the practice of Italy, strove to restrict the length and the function of the Chorus, and in effect by their dumb shows provided a potential theatrical substitute. Our later imitators of French Seneca, however, follow their models by restoring full length to the Chorus—or they have two or more choruses—as Garnier often did. They need even more length than the French, for their didactic obsession is more complete. They take over the lyric measures of the French, in many cases indeed still further elaborating them, as was natural, since they had dropped all pretence of making a stage-play or anything but a poem. Occasionally they find the strophes an impediment, since at times the choric function is not the utterance of a simple moral mood[2]; especially is this the case with Greville, who frequently finds the abstruse philosophy of his choric theme too heavy for strophic speech. In fact, the Chorus has once more become the nucleus of the drama, because the drama has once more become nothing but a poem.

Hence its other qualities, both in France and, to an even greater extent, in England. Dialogue recedes in favour of monologue; not only are many scenes just monologues, but formal dialogue is made up of speeches of inordinate length. Yet, except in Kyd, and to a lesser degree in Greville, there is a striking avoidance of bombast and high-astounding fury in language. Action is almost completely removed; its place is taken by narrative: not only by a formal messenger announcing things needful to the plot, but in general epic manner, descriptive or illustrative, in both speech of actor and song of chorus. The usual problems as to the admission of violent action or the adoption of the unities are altogether irrelevant: for these are books,

[1] Peletier (*Art Poétique*, 1555) defines the chorus as "une multitude de gens, soit hommes ou femmes, *parlans tous ensemble*. Il doit toujours être *du parti de l'auteur*, c'est-à-dire, *qu'il doit donner à connaître le sens et le jugement du Poète*." Jean de la Taille (*Art de la Tragédie*, p. 4) defines it as "une assemblée d'hommes ou de femmes, qui à la fin de l'acte *discourent* sur ce qui aura esté dit devant . . ."; but in the *Au Lecteur* prefixed to *La Famine* (1574) he says: ". . . car outre qu'on ne chante gueres les Tragedies ny Comedies, *sinon les Chœurs*. . . ."

[2] Cf. *The Alexandraean Tragedy*, iv.

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not plays; they are abstracted from all time and place, and of course no dramatic decorum ever forbade the narration of violent deeds. It is, however, in striking harmony with the general tendencies of these dramas that few gruesome actions are included: with the exception of Greville's, there is nothing beyond suicides and accidental deaths.[1] And there is, too, but one ghost, the very philosophic and the very long-winded ghost of Alexander in *The Alexandraean Tragedy*.

Probably the single formal quality which carries with it the most comprehensive implications for our purpose is still to mention: the characteristic verse of our group of authors in the non-choric parts of their works is the alternately rhyming deca-syllable. The Countess of Pembroke's and Kyd's translations were in blank verse; but Daniel hit upon the alternate rhyme as the most suitable measure for his *Cleopatra*. Brandon adopted it; Daniel in his later play and Fulke Greville in his two plays also accepted it with extensive modifications; Sir William Alexander employs it consistently. Daniel had obviously chosen it as a better English equivalent of the French couplet than a regular English couplet would be; he may, indeed, have accepted it as the equivalent of the French Alexandrine as used by Garnier; he may have been influenced by Jodelle's apparent effort to add a lighter lyric grace by mingling shorter couplets with those of twelve syllables; or he may have remembered that *Gismond of Salerne* (as performed in 1576, but not as printed in 1591)[2] had been written in alternate rhymes. In any case, the verse is highly suited to the type; but that is precisely because the type is non-dramatic. However, for narrative taking preferably a colour like Lucan's, and for utterance half-way between rumination and declamation, no measure could be more suitable. Stiffened in places by the regular couplet occasioned by stichomythic repartee, and broken regularly by the extensive variety of lighter lyric verses in the choric interludes, the metrical system of our English followers of the French Seneca is in itself excellent. It is, of course, manifestly lacking in adaptability to dramatic

[1] Their etiquette is strait-laced. Horrors are rigorously barred from the formal plot, but in conversation the characters may, as Alexander's frequently do, bring in long detailed accounts of the most gruesome things, even of Thyestean banquets.

[2] *Vide supra*, p. cxli.

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dialogue; but then neither dialogue[1] nor anything else dramatic is legitimately to be sought in tragedies like those of Garnier, Greville, and Alexander.

D. ALEXANDER'S DRAMAS.

(*a*) SOURCES AND MODELS.

A word or two remains to be said on Alexander's plays in particular. In one sense, the search for his sources is easy: he knows all the classical historians who write of the stories he dramatises. Herodotus, Plutarch, Justin, and Quintus Curtius are his special quarry. His dramatic form allows him by its extension, moreover, full opportunity for recounting all the material provided by his historic sources. But which particular version, or which particular translation, he used it is not always possible to tell, for the simple reason that as a poet the precision of phrase and the sense of the perfect word he lacks entirely. His notion of style is a moderately exalted level of expression in which outstanding features of his sources are lost. As with verbal qualities of style, so too with the sentiments in his dramas and the characters who express them: the particular is lost in the general, sentiment becomes platitude, opinion nothing but moral commonplace. In consequence, although it is extremely likely that Alexander was aware of many of the dramas on themes similar to his own, in the majority of cases it is impossible to say with certainty that he was directly imitating his dramatic predecessors. In fact, in the majority of cases, one can be sure that his method was not to imitate closely. For instance, there seems to be no earlier dramatisation of the material of his *Croesus*. *Darius*, as has been said, may conceivably have been suggested by Jaques de la Taille. But the possibility is fairly remote. The main body of the story is naturally the same in both authors; but it is set out differently and in utterly different order. Alexander has fourteen characters besides the Chorus, la Taille ten; moreover, only seven are common to both. La Taille has no women in his

[1] It is well to add that Daniel's dialogue, even in *Cleopatra* and still more in *Philotas* (especially in the scenes between the courtesans), occasionally moves in a free conversational rhythm; it is mainly due to his particular use of the hendecasyllable, although the same implement in Greville simply adds to the clumsiness of movement.

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play, whereas a large part of Alexander's theme turns on the mother, wife, and daughter of Darius, all of whom are figures in his *dramatis personae*. It is likely, too, that if Alexander had known la Taille's *Daire* he would also have known his *Alexandre*, since they were usually issued together, although with separate title-pages; and Alexander's *Alexandraean Tragedy* is altogether different from la Taille's: it opens, indeed, with the ghost of the dead emperor, who in la Taille's play dies only at the end. One meets, of course, very frequently a community of sentiment and moral, but that is indigenous to the type.

It seems, indeed, to have been a deliberate purpose of Alexander's to avoid close reliance on a dramatic prototype; it would, indeed, have been folly to have dedicated to King James dramatic poems which defied his own published principle, even although the king in his own practice freely broke his own literary laws: "bot sen *Invention* is ane of the cheif vertewis in a Poete, it is best that ye invent your awin subiect your self, and not compose of sene subiectis: especially translating any thing out of uther language, quhilk doing, ye not onely essay not your awin ingyne of *Inventioun*, bot be the same meanes ye are bound, as to a staik, to follow that buikis phrasis quhilk ye translate."[1] We know, too, that Alexander had an eye to James's literary tastes: for instance, the first version of *Darius* (1603) makes extensive use of vowel contraction in its verse, but the final version is almost completely purged of them; and in James's *Reulis and Cautelis* of versecraft we find a special warning against such contractions, applied definitely "gif your subject were of love or tragedies: because in thame your words man be drawin lang."[2] Alexander likewise cuts out "corruptit wordes, composit of twa dyvers simple wordis"[3]; he increases the use of alliteration; he generalises a phrase into a proverb, and he increases the number of circumlocutionary epithets. All these are deferences to James's principles. Clearly, then, we must expect no defiance of them in the matter of close imitation.

[1] *A Short Treatise on Verse*, pub. 1584 (Gregory Smith, i. 221).

[2] *Ibid.* p. 217.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 219. That Alexander should in his revision of *Darius* reduce the number of compound words is especially remarkable in view of their vogue in Ronsard and still more in Alexander's favourite, Du Bartas. But James himself withdrew in later years something of the absoluteness of his early proscription.

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Of only one of Alexander's plays, in fact, can it be said with certainty that its author when composing it had other plays on the theme open on his writing-table before him. But with a play on *Julius Caesar* he could hardly have avoided this; and he may have felt justified in gathering into it the fruits of other classical dramatists, to counteract more comprehensively the contemporary vogue of the subject on the popular stage. At all events, there is clear evidence that he knew and used Muret and Garnier in making his own play. He used them, however, with reserve, merely taking a hint here and a detail there; and in all cases, his immediate model was Plutarch. Two other Caesar plays, Grévin's *César* (1561) and Pescetti's *Il Cesare* (1594), were apparently unknown to him.[1] Alexander's *Caesar* opens with a monologue by Juno expressing her hatred against the race sprung from Venus. Of course Seneca himself uses goddesses as prologues for this purpose; for instance, in *Hercules Furens* it is precisely Juno who introduces the play by vowing vengeance on the hero for slights put on her by other divinities; and in Cinthio's *Dido* the same figure serves the same function, vowing this time vengeance on the founder of Rome for the offence of Venus. But it seems likely that the immediate suggestion for employing Juno, as his predecessors had done, came to Alexander from Caesar's opening speech in Muret,[2] where the hero proclaims his divine relationship; for Alexander's

[1] There is, of course, a wide gulf between these classical plays on Caesar and Shakespeare's. Pescetti is nearer to Shakespeare than the others simply because he develops more motives within the story than do the others: especially remarkable is his emphasis on the differences between Brutus and Cassius, and his development of the Brutus-Portia episode. But there is no reason at all to suppose that Shakespeare knew Pescetti's play. Grévin's interest is simpler even than Alexander's: he introduces neither Cicero nor Portia. See also notes to *Julius Caesar*, passim.

[2] "Supreme Rector, qui verendo fulmine,
Iratus, orbis utrumque perterres polum,
Si verus esse sanguis Ascanii putor,
Generisque nostri tu ipse princeps auctor es:
Regni me in aliquam recipito partem tui,
Avos ut inter splendidum sidus meos,
Matris Dionaeae proximam aspiciam facem."

Cf. also Alexander's

"Some earst (whose deeds rest registred by fame)
Did from their conquests glorious titles bring.
But greatnesse to be great, must have my name,
To be a Caesar is above a king" (*Julius Caesar*, II. i.),

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Juno cries out against Caesar, because he

> vaunts himselfe from *Venus* to descend,
> As if he claim'd by kinde to be my foe (ll. 195-6).

Virgil's Juno then supplies the plan of the speech and even something of the phrasing.[1] Further, Alexander's phrase "Rome conquered all the world and Caesar Rome" seems to echo Muret's

> Ipsa victrix gentium
> Mihi Roma cessit

more closely than parallel phrases to be noted in Garnier. It is Garnier, however, of whom verbal echoes are most commonly found. Alexander certainly knew Garnier's *Cornélie*, and probably, too, Kyd's version of it. In Caesar's first two speeches (II. i.) there are unmistakable signs of imitation of Caesar's speech in *Cornélie* (iv. 2). Both start in braggart fashion, go through a list of their conquests in almost identical order, and then protest their own peacefulness and public-spirited clemency. The dialogue frequently offers close parallels.[2] MacCallum has also pointed out

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and Muret's

> "Reges vel ipsi Caesaris nomen timent.
> Numerent triumphos, cum volent, alii suos,
> Seque a subactis nominent provinciis:
> Plus est vocari Caesarem. Quisquis novos
> Aliunde titulos quaerit, is jam detrahit."

[1] Cf. *Julius Caesar*, i. ll. 1-4, and *Aeneid*, i. ll. 47-48. Virgil's Juno gives Alexander's the first illustration of the incidents which provoke her wrath: "May Pallas then drowne thousands if she please?" (cf. *Aeneid*, i. ll. 39-41). Then *more suo*, the hint taken, Alexander goes on at length to complete the catalogue.

[2] The most striking are recorded here:

GARNIER (1343 ff.). "Et les Germains affreux, naiz au mestier de Mars,
Ont veu couler le Rhin dessous mes estendars."

ALEXANDER (351 ff.). "The Germans from their birth inur'd to warre . . .
(Mask'd with my banners) saw their Rhine run red."

GARNIER (1377 ff.). "J'atteste Jupiter qui sonne sur la terre,
Que contraint malgré moy j'ay mené ceste guerre:
Et que victoire aucune où j'apperçoy gesir
Le corps d'un citoyen, ne me donne plaisir:
Mais de mes ennemis l'envie opiniatre,
Et le malheur Romain m'a contraint de combattre."

ALEXANDER (383 ff.). "The highest in the heaven who knows all hearts,
Do know my thoughts as pure as are their starres,
And that (constrain'd) I came from forraine parts
To seeme uncivill in the civill warres.

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that Garnier's Decimus Brutus not only coloured Alexander's Marcus Brutus, but prompted Alexander further to make room for Decimus himself in a scene with Cicero.[1] It may also be added that in detail Antony's part is more like that in Garnier than in Grévin ; and the somewhat un-Plutarchean Cicero would appear to be modelled directly on the Cicero of *Cornélie*.

For the rest, Alexander's plays abound in reminiscences of the thoughts and sentiments of classical authors of all varieties ; but their expression is seldom sufficiently pointed to be considered a direct imitation.

I mov'd that warre which all the world bemoanes,
Whil'st urged by force to free my selfe from feares ;
Still when my hand gave wounds, my heart gave groans ;
No Romans bloud was shed, but I shed teares."

GARNIER (1408 ff.). "*Antoine.* Aux ennemis domtez il n'y a point de foy.
Cesar. En ceux qui vie et biens de ma bonté reçoivent ?
A. Voire, mais beaucoup plus à la Patrie ils doivent.
C. Pensent-ils que je sois ennemy du païs ?
A. Mais cruel ravisseur de ses droits envahis.
C. J'ay à Rome soumis tant de riches provinces.
A. Rome ne peut souffrir commandement de Princes."

ALEXANDER (519 ff.). "*Caesar.* The best are bound to me by gifts in store.
Antony. But to their countrey they are bound farre more.
C. Then loathe they me as th'enemy of the state ?
A. Who freedom love, you (as usurper) hate,
C. I by great battells have enlarg'd their bounds.
A. By that they think your pow'r too much abounds."

GARNIER (1427 ff.). "J'aimerois mieux plustost du tout ne vivre pas,
Que ma vie asseurer avec tant de trespas :
I'ay trop peu de souci de prolonger mon heure.
Je veux vivre si bien que mourant je ne meure,
Ains que laissant la tombe à mon terrestre faix,
Je vole dans le ciel sur l'aile de mes faicts."

ALEXANDER (512 ff.). "Men should strive to live well, not to live long,
And I would spend this momentary breath
To live by fame for ever after death :
For, I aspire in spight of fates to live."

In these passages it is impossible to say whether Alexander has French Garnier or Kyd's translation under his eye. Perhaps it was only Garnier : in the description of the Germans Alexander modifies the original by adding *red* (run red) ; Kyd has merely *under-run*. Did Garnier's word *couler* suggest Alexander's addition by its sound ?

[1] *Shakespeare's Roman Plays*, p. 41. He sums up : "it is unquestionable that they (*i.e.* the modified Marcus and Decimus) owe their main suggestion and much of their matter to the *Cornélie*."

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(*b*) *THE MONARCHICKE TRAGEDIES.*

Nothing further need be said here of the type of tragedy to which Sir William Alexander's belong. They are, with the contemporary ones of Fulke Greville's, the most comprehensive realisation of the qualities of their class, the final crystallisation of all the tendencies of Seneca of the French school. They are, indeed, much more characteristic than Greville's; for the latter's speculative genius gives his dramas an individuality denied to Alexander's more commonplace moralisings.

Although all Alexander's plays possess the attributes of the type, in sequence their progressively emphatic exhibition of them admirably indicates the trend of the whole school. *Darius*, the first, is shortest; it is best constructed, and least over-burdened with moral pointing. *Croesus* is longer; its plot is less firmly knit, Solon, for instance, entering but to preach; and the moralising is more pointedly "monarchic." *The Alexandraean Tragedy* is still longer; it surveys a series of widely distended and loosely connected scenes; its story approaches nearer to the confines of sober history, and its moral is more obviously and more lengthily for emperors and kings; it is in fact the most undramatic of all neo-Senecan plays, for its whole theme and its whole material is argument on the principles of kingship from the mouths of the many rival claimants to Alexander's throne. But *Julius Caesar* is the perfect type; it is almost as long as the preceding play; and although circumstances—not the least of which was the previous employment of the story by other dramatists — give it more cohesion as a plot, its main substance is not its more technically acceptable plot but its more widely extended maxims. In it, too, the imitator of French Seneca has found his perfect material, the beginnings of Imperial Rome; and consequently his sermon, by grafting on to vague generalities of moral sentiment a more definite body of political principles, becomes "monarchic" in the full sense.

Critics have speculated as to the origin and meaning of Alexander's title for his series of dramas, *Monarchicke Tragedies*, a title first given in 1604, when he published *Croesus* together with a revised version of its only predecessor, *Darius*. In point of fact, there are so many reasons which would suggest

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the title that speculation seems hardly to be called for. The traditional persons of Senecan tragedy were monarchs, kings, and princes. Moreover, the traditional theme of French Seneca was "monarchy": indeed, as we have seen, Greville wrote *Treatises of Monarchy* around which to build a tragedy. And further, for this reason, tragedies were expressly suited for a monarch's reading: Buchanan in 1576 dedicated his *Baptistes* to the youthful King James, particularly urging its bearing on the problems of kingship.[1] Alexander also used his title *Monarchicke* in a dedication of his dramas to Buchanan's pupil, now King of England as well as of Scotland. Clearly these reasons would sufficiently justify the title: they seemed sound enough to Sir Robert Ayton, whose commendatory sonnet, prefixed to *The Monarchicke Tragedies*, hails them as "All Monarchicke, Patron, subject, stile." Grosart and Gregory Smith (in the *Ency. Brit.*), however, claim that Lyndsay's *Dialog between Experience and a Courteour* (known also as *The Monarche*) very probably suggested both *motif* and title to Alexander. But the fall of princes is the traditional *motif* of all Senecan drama; and Alexander's elaboration of it in an alternately rhymed tragedy would seem to necessitate one of a group of our English Senecans for the immediate suggestion. At first sight, too, a title like *The Monarche* seems less capable of suggesting Alexander's title than any of the reasons mentioned above.

But in a way not noted in the *Ency. Brit.*, Lyndsay's *Monarche* points directly to the ultimate source of Alexander's title. Substantially, Lyndsay's poem is a survey of the history of the world. He presents the successive ages of the world as four in number, each marked by the sway of a predominant "monarchy." Thus the history of the world is the story of the rise and fall of four monarchies. The origin of Lyndsay's scheme is obvious: it is the vision of the prophet Daniel (chaps. vii. and xi.). Lyndsay is, of course, neither the first nor the only one to interpret Daniel's vision in that way: it was, in fact, the common property of Biblical commentators, and is met with very frequently during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, even in the professed historians such as Sleidan, who called his first

[1] "Illud autem peculiarius ad te videri potest spectare quod tyrannorum cruciatus et, cum florere maxime videntur, miserias dilucide exponat."

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publication, a general historical conspectus, *De Quatuor Summis Imperiis*. It is certain that Sir William Alexander thought the prophet's dream striking and its interpretation apposite: three times, at least, he alludes to the four successive monarchies, dividing, as was customary, the epochs of the world into the Assyrian, the Persian, the Greek, and the Roman.[1]

Hence it is not difficult to see how his tragedies came by their comprehensive title. Alexander uses it first in 1604 at the head of the volume containing *Darius* and *Croesus*. It probably occurred to him that he had written two tragedies presenting the overthrow of the first two monarchies of the world[2]; probably, too, in giving them for that reason the title *Monarchicke Tragedies*, he promised himself the task of writing two more dramas to depict the fall of the two succeeding monarchies. At all events, he did in fact complete the monarchic series by tragedies on the fall of the Greek monarchy and of the greatest Roman "monarch." It is moreover certain that his choice of these particular subjects was deliberate and not fortuitous. Thus, in the editions he had set up when all four were completed, he altered the arrangement of them, in order of their composition, to place *Croesus* first in accordance with historical priority of subject-matter. Moreover, his friend Drummond, in the sonnet intended as a prefatory poem in commendation, succinctly expresses the scope of the four tragedies, as an obvious and deliberate scheme.[3]

It cannot therefore be doubted that the prophet Daniel is the source of Alexander's title. But as the title is an after-thought, and as *Darius*, and not *Croesus*, was the first to be written, the suggestion to write tragedies cannot have come in the first instance to Alexander from the prophet Daniel. As has been said, that suggestion is clearly due to one of the English Senecans. It is almost certainly to be ascribed to another Daniel's influence. Alexander had already turned to sonneteering in the way of Sidney and Daniel; it was in Sidney's family that the cult of

[1] Vide *Alex. Trag.* (ll. 2635 ff.) and *Doomesday* (I. st. 84 and IV. st. 79).

[2] Croesus is not exactly an Assyrian king; but in his last battle against Cyrus the dramatist represents him as leading and typifying the host of the Assyrians about to be trodden down by the new power of Cyrus and the Persians.

[3] The sonnet will be found (VII.) in this volume amongst the *Poems in Commendation of the Author*.

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the French Seneca began, and Daniel was one of its early disciples in this as in the practice of the sonnet. Moreover, not only is *Darius*, like Daniel's *Cleopatra*, consistently written in alternate rhymes, but in its first form it makes a most extensive use of a device of Daniel's own—the feminine rhyme: all the more remarkable because of Alexander's almost complete rejection of it in his revision. The form of his work thus determined, it is perhaps not impossible that the subject of it was suggested by Jaques de la Taille's *Daire*. But this brings us to another characteristic of Alexander's work—his habit of revision.

(*c*) ALEXANDER'S REVISIONS.

Finally, Alexander's habit of revision calls for brief comment. Five times during his lifetime he issued volumes containing one or more of his plays: (1) *Darius*, 1603 (in our textual notes lettered A); (2) *The Monarchicke Tragedies*, 1604 (D, containing *Darius* and *Croesus*); (3) *The Monarchicke Tragedies*, 1607 (E, containing *Darius*, *Croesus*, *The Alexandraean Tragedy*, and *Julius Caesar*); (4) *The Monarchicke Tragedies*, 1616 (I, containing the four again); (5) *Recreations with the Muses*, 1637 (J, also containing all four). With the exception of *Darius* and *Croesus* in E, which are exactly as in D, every time he issued a play he made alterations in its text. Thus *Darius* was issued five times, but, D and E being identical, it occurs only in four different versions; *Croesus* appeared four times, but for the same reason there are only three versions; *The Alexandraean Tragedy* and *Julius Caesar*, however, although issued only three times, also exist in three versions.

To talk of different versions of the last two plays is perhaps to give a wrong impression; for the nature and the extent of the alterations made on revision are very different in the four tragedies respectively. In all cases, however, there is hardly the slightest modification of the material content: the whole concern is with things which may be comprehensively described as pertaining to style.[1] The result is that the alterations provide

[1] The following are the only material alterations: *Darius*, the IJ versions make eight lines out of four of the A to E versions (357-363); at the end of Act 3 Sc. 1, the IJ versions leave out four lines of the earlier versions: *Croesus*, ll. 359-362 appear first in IJ; similarly ll. 647-650, 655-659, 803-806, 2329-2332, 2423-2426; ll.

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a full indication of the development of Sir William Alexander's poetic principles and literary taste. That development exhibits few fluctuations, but is rather a progressive consolidation and confirmation along lines which emerge even from his earliest works. The most considerable modification of his taste occurred after he had written *Darius* and *Croesus*, and before he wrote *The Alexandraean Tragedy* and *Julius Caesar*, *i.e.* between 1604 and 1607. The nature of the modification, however, is to some extent indicated previously by the alterations he had made when revising *Darius* in 1604; and in any case, even in 1607, his modified views were not so strongly held as to cause him to revise *Darius* and *Croesus* in the light of them for the issue of 1607. However, between 1607 and 1616 his opinions became firmer and progressed still further; for the 1616 edition, even *The Alexandraean Tragedy* and *Julius Caesar* required revision to bring them up to date, whilst *Darius* and *Croesus* needed a very extensive overhauling to make up for the fact that even in 1607 they stood for a stage which the author had then outgrown. Hence it is the 1616 version of all the plays which exhibits the most extensive alterations and the most comprehensive varieties of them. Finally, all the plays suffer a little change between 1616 and 1637; yet the 1637 edition shows no new developments, but only a more thorough application of the principles embodied in the 1616 volume.

The most convenient form for reviewing the alterations in detail and for gathering their implication will be to consider them in four successive stages: (1) the 1604 revision of *Darius*; (2) the qualities exhibited in *The Alexandraean Tragedy* and *Julius Caesar* in 1607 as different from those of the two earlier plays issued with them, but without revision; (3) the 1616 extensive revision of all the plays; and (4) finally, the 1637 revision of them all.

A. *The* 1604 *Revision of* "*Darius.*"

In number the alterations made in 1604 are not great, but their tendency is of the utmost importance, since it indicates a

651-654 first appear in J: *The Alexandraean Tragedy*, ll. 2025-8 first appear in J: *Julius Caesar* has no additions of this sort, but four lines in E (after l. 1944) are removed in IJ.

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principle which with the progress of years becomes stronger and stronger in their author's mind, and ultimately leads to by far the largest body of modifications in all the revisions. When Alexander first published *Darius* (1603) he prefixed to it a short but most interesting Preface, which bears immediately on our present problem, and must, therefore, be reprinted here. It is addressed "To the Reader," and runs :

Lo, heere, gentle Reader, I present to thy favourable viewe and censure the first essay of my rude and unskilfull Muse in a Tragicall Poeme. Wherein I thought my time and paines better emploied, as in a subject both pleasant and profitable, than in those idle & vaine toyes, which by their sweet allurementes infect the mindes both of the writer and reader with the contagion of vice and brutish sensualitie. The language of this Poeme is (as thou seest) mixt of the English and Scottish Dialects ; which perhaps may be un-pleasant and irksome to some readers of both nations. But I hope the gentle and Judicious Englishe reader will beare with me, if I retaine some badge of mine owne countrie, by using sometimes words that are peculiar thereunto, especiallie when I finde them propre, and significant. And as for my owne country-men, they may not justly finde fault with me, if for the more parte I vse the English phrase, as worthie to be preferred before our owne for the elegance and perfection thereof. Yea I am perswaded that both countrie-men will take in good part the mixture of their Dialects, the rather for that the bountiful providence of God doth invite them both to a straiter union and conjunction as well in language, as in other respects. As for the other defects and deformities of this Poeme, I hope, gentle Reader, thou wilt the more sparinglie and courtiouslie censure them, for that they are the first faultes of one who is but a young prentice in the arte of Poesie, and for that the imperfection of the worke is supplied with the worthinesse of the matter, and with an earnest desire of procuring thereby thy profite and delite. If thou accept gratiouslie these first frutes of my Muse, it will (God-willing) both encourage and enable her to bring foorth heereafter frute of the same kinde, more pleasant and agreeable to thy delicate taste. In the meane time, and alwaies, I bid thee hartelie fare-well.

Darius is, then, written in an Anglo-Scottish language by a Scot who declares himself more enamoured of English than of his native speech ; and in fact the main purport of all his later revisions is the destruction of the Scottish element in his language. Even by 1604 the purgation has started : the 1603 *Darius* is

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then purged of a few of its distinctly Scottish words or senses of words—e.g. *vaile* (992), *sponkes* (1219), *conceated* (1247); and of some of its more obviously Scottish grammatical forms—*e.g.* p.part. *cled* (1781), *tred* (1247), and especially of the pronoun *ye* which occurs eight times in *Darius* A, not more than twice in *Darius* D, and in no other play or version, except once in all versions of *Caesar* (l. 1611).

B. "*The Alexandraean Tragedy*" *and* "*Julius Caesar*" (1607) *as compared with* "*Darius*" *and* "*Croesus*" (1607).

Alexander's distrust of the Scottish dialect has grown stronger: the two later plays contain far fewer provincialisms than the two earlier ones. But the most striking modification of principle concerns things metrical. It is fairly comprehensive. The author is obviously more at pains to regularise the stress-arrangement of the lines; to avoid stresses on normally unstressed syllables or on short words which do not bear a sense stress; and to pack, as it were, five substantial stresses into each line. But especially two features of these metrical principles stand out above the others. In the first place, whereas in the 1607 *Darius* and *Croesus* there are occasionally lines which, by sense or by the lightness of the last stress, inevitably run freely on into the next line (*e.g. Darius*, ADE 993), in the later plays Alexander always seeks a definitely end-stopped line. The second feature is, however, the more striking. The 1607 *Darius* has 162 instances of double (feminine) rhyming units, and the 1607 *Croesus* 199; but *The Alexandraean Tragedy* has only 4, and *Julius Caesar* none at all. Later still, Alexander did his best to remove the offending rhymes from the earlier plays: the final *Darius* retains only 40, and of these 16 are in the lyrical choruses, and the final *Croesus* retains only 29, of which 12 are in choruses and 2 in couplets.

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Lo, heere, gentle Reader, I present to thy favourable viewe and censure the first essay of my rude and unskilfull Muse in a Tragicall Poeme. Wherein I thought my time and paines better emploied, as in a subject both pleasant and profitable, than in those idle & vaine toyes, which by their sweet alluramentes infect the mindes both of the writer and reader with the contagion of vice and brutish sensualitie. The language of this Poeme is (as thou seest) mixt of the English and Scottish Dialects ; which perhaps may be un-pleasant and irksome to some readers of both nations. But I hope the gentle and Judicious Englishe reader will beare with me, if I retaine some badge of mine owne countrie, by using sometimes words that are peculiar thereunto, especiallie when I finde them propre, and significant. And as for my owne country-men, they may not justly finde fault with me, if for the more parte I vse the English phrase, as worthie to be preferred before our owne for the elegance and perfection thereof. Yea I am perswaded that both countrie-men will take in good part the mixture of their Dialects, the rather for that the bountiful providence of God doth invite them both to a straiter union and conjunction as well in language, as in other respects. As for the other defects and deformities of this Poeme, I hope, gentle Reader, thou wilt the more sparinglie and courtiouslie censure them, for that they are the first faultes of one who is but a young prentice in the arte of Poesie, and for that the imperfection of the worke is supplied with the worthinesse of the matter, and with an earnest desire of procuring thereby thy profite and delite. If thou accept gratiouslie these first frutes of my Muse, it will (God-willing) both encourage and enable her to bring foorth heereafter frute of the same kinde, more pleasant and agreeable to thy delicate taste. In the meane time, and alwaies, I bid thee hartelie fare-well.

Darius is, then, written in an Anglo-Scottish language by a Scot who declares himself more enamoured of English than of his native speech ; and in fact the main purport of all his later revisions is the destruction of the Scottish element in his language. Even by 1604 the purgation has started : the 1603 *Darius* is

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plays; and it submits all four to a more rigorous application of those principles which by now have been carried still further onward. Broadly, the changes may be said to be a more thorough purgation of Scotticisms of every description — in spelling, pronunciation, vocabulary, grammar, or syntax. It is not, of course, easy to define Scotticisms exactly; but as that provincial dialect was in Alexander's time, more particularly marked by fondness for what may be called more pedantic or more Latin words, and also for what to the English seemed more archaic words or forms of words, the vocabulary Alexander rejects may perhaps be classified as (1) distinctly Scottish, (2) pedantic or affected, and (3) archaic words—without, of course, implying that these classes are completely distinct from each other.

In the 1616 revision a large number of Scottish words or phrases are removed (e.g. *afflought* (*Croesus*, 174), *extorse* (*ibid.* 216), *scaunce* (*ibid.* 1475), *cleng'd* (*Darius*, 19), *thold* (*ibid.* 440), *brangling* (*Caesar*, 1976), and most strikingly of all, the complete excision of *for to* as a verbal prefix, no less than thirty-two instances being cut out of *Croesus*); a larger number of "pedantic" words or "pedantic" senses of words, or, at least, what Alexander took to be such—e.g. *ostentive* (*Croesus*, 1131), *pretermit* (*Croesus*, 1019, and *Alex.* 1159), *discerne* (*Croesus*, 864), *divorcement* (*Darius*, 2081, *Croesus*, 2024), *domine* (*Croesus*, 1305), *combure* (*Croesus*, 2686), *evanish* (*Caesar*, 553, 1387), *impyre* (*Caesar*, 884); and a number of words Alexander regarded as archaic—e.g. *for ay* (*Croesus*, 449), *alway* (*ibid.* 642), *thuswaies* (*ibid.* 1509), *brookes* (*ibid.* 675), *uncoth* (*ibid.* 739). The purgation, however, is not limited to vocabulary.

Provincialisms, or suspected provincialisms, in grammar and syntax are dealt with: he cuts out *maniest* (*Croesus*, 3) and *baddest* (*ibid.* 562) as superlative forms, as well as the employment of *but* instead of the comparative *than* (*ibid.* 626); he corrects frequent anomalies in the second person singular of the verb, but feels greater difficulty in dealing with forms of the past tense and the past participle; and he substitutes *who* for *that* as the personal relative in every case but one. Although he frequently varies the spelling, he does not Anglicise it rigorously, and in one instance spells *chalmer* where both earlier and later versions have *chamber*.

But the English pronunciation and accentuation of words is

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clearly giving him trouble : the accents of *envy* (*Alex.* 2235), *suffice* (*Caesar*, 937), *cancell* (*Alex.* 1884), *corrupt* (*Croesus*, 464), are all changed to the modern usage, but *success* is more difficult. His attempts to conform to the fashion in English pronunciation are best indicated in the changes he makes in his rhymes, although again the fluctuation of the sound in *eye*, etc., leads him into inconsistencies ; however, the intention in most cases is obvious—e.g. *valued* and *salued* (*Croesus*, 1163), *him* and *climb* (*ibid.* 2706), *him* and *time* (*ibid.* 1036) are rejected, and *advise* is substituted for *entise* as a rhyme with *despise* (*ibid.* 147), the noun *breath* for the verb *breathe* as a rhyme with *death* (*Alex.* 2394, 3158, *Caesar*, 1410). It is of interest, too, that he regularly substitutes *ill* for *evil*, obviously to take advantage of the accident that the English word *ill* has the same meaning as *evil* (with which etymologically it has nothing to do), and has moreover almost the same sound as the Scots pronunciation of *evil*. Noteworthy also is the regular substitution of *well* (as a noun) for *weal* ; and the reduction to one syllable of the pronunciation of *worlds* in *Croesus* 2212, in the DE versions of which it is *wor-lds*, although the same Scotticism escapes him until 1637 in l. 2378 of the same play.

And beyond all these categories, which are part of Alexander's attempt at the naturalisation of his poems, there are many other alterations which seek a more purely artistic object. A striking instance of this is his crusade against contractions. Up to 1616 his plays exhibit contractions very freely indeed, and many of them are both strange and awkward (e.g. *Croesus*, 1705 *Eagle-like*, 2133 *b'a th'ore* ; *Alex.*, 2954 *t'use*, 2978 *t'his* ; *Caesar*, 1751 *Sh'a*). But the 1616 version shows a most extensive deletion of them. Further, in the limited sense, Alexander polishes his style ; he sharpens antitheses, removes as many expletives as possible, and intensifies an image here and there ; he is particularly concerned to "generalise" his sentiments as much as possible, removing particularising words to give an expression universal validity ; and finally, he attempts more obviously to climb to the dignity of tragic style—e.g. he rejects words like *brat* (*Croesus*, 2314), *clothes* (*ibid.* 87), *rascall* (*ibid.* 106 and *Darius*, 2067).

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D. *The Final Form of* 1637.

All that was left for Alexander to do after 1616 was to apply the principles of 1616 still more rigorously. For instance, a fair number of striking Scotticisms had not been found too provincial in 1616—e.g. *oversyles*, *irke*, *compeere*, and especially *hing* (for *hang*) and *whiles* (either alone or as *whiles . . . whiles*). But these disappear almost entirely from the 1637 version, as well as a fair number of "pedantic" or "archaic" words (*Sinonick*, *ky*, *dote with*, *weed*, etc.). Similarly a few Scottish rhymes were still to Anglicise; and the accentuation of various words was to be brought to pattern: for instance, up to 1607, Alexander, whilst generally preferring *succéss*, occasionally has *súccess*; then in 1616, almost without exception, he reads *succéss*; but finally with rigorous consistency he reverts in 1637 to *súccess*. Lastly, he was never tired of tinkering with his lines wherever he thought he could improve them artistically in any direction whatever.[1]

[1] It may be noted here that H. Beumelberg's *Sir William Alexander, Graf von Stirling, als dramatischer Dichter* (Halle, 1880) is valueless.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

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Poems in Commendation of the Author.

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POEMS IN COMMENDATION OF THE AUTHOR.

I.

[First appeared in *The Tragedie of Darivs*. Edinburgh, 1603.]

In praise of the Author, and his Tragedy of Darius.

A Sonnet.

Give place all ye to dying *Darius* wounds,
(While this great Greek him in his throne enstals)
Who fell before seven-ported *Thebes* wals,
Or under *Ilions* old sky-threatning Rounds.
Your sowre-sweet voyce, not halfe so sadly sounds,
Though I confesse, most famous be your fals,
Slaine, sacrific'd, transported, and made thrals,
Thrown headlong, burnt, and banish't from your bounds;
Whom *Sophocles*, *Euripides* have song,
And *Æschylus* in stately Tragicke tune:
Yet none of all hath so divinely done,
As matchlesse *Menstrie* in native tongue,
Thus *Darius* Ghost seemes glad now to be so,
Triumpht on twise by *Alexanders* two.

Io. Murray.

[5] ADE. Your sowre-sweete sighes [8] ADEI. Præcipitate [A. Pracipitate DE. Præcipate], burnt [10] A. Æschylus *als in* DE. Æschylus *end in* [13] A. *So* Darius

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II.

[First appeared in *The Tragedie of Darivs*. Edinburgh, 1603.]

A Sonnet.

When as the *Macedonian* conquerour came
To great *Achilles* Tomb, he sigh'd, and said ;
Well may thy ghost, braue champion, be appai'd,
That *Homers* Muse was trumpet of thy fame.
But if that Monarch great in deedes and name,
Nowe once againe with mortall vaile arrai'd,
Came to the Tomb where *Darius* hath bene lai'd,
This speech more justly sighing might he frame :
My famous foe, whom I lesse hate, then pittie,
Euen I, who vanquish'd thee, enuie thy glorie,
In that such one doth sing thy ruines storie,
As matcheth *Homer* in his sweetest dittie ;
Yet ioye I that he *Alexander* hight,
And sounds in thy ore-throw my matchles might.

W. Quin.

III.

[First appeared in *The Monarchicke Tragedies*. London, 1604.]

To the Author of the Monarchicke Tragedies.

Well may the programme of thy Tragick stage,
Invite the curious pompe-expecting eyes
To gaze on present shewes of passed age,
Which just desert Monarchicke dare baptize ;
Crownes throwne from Thrones to Tombs, detomb'd arise
To match thy Muse with a Monarchicke theame,
That whilst her sacred soaring cuts the skyes,
A vulgar subject may not wrong the same :
And which gives most advantage to thy fame,
The worthiest Monarch that the Sunne can see,

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Doth grace thy labours with his glorious Name,
And daignes protector of thy birth to be :
Thus all Monarchicke, Patron, Subject, stile,
Make thee, the Monarch-tragicke of this Ile.

S. ROBERT AYTON.

IV.

[From *Jvdas Kisse to the Sonne of Marie*. Edinburgh, 1605.]

Then Menstrie, thou whose fame out-flees the Greeke,
That made the sensles rocks for rueth to speake,
Greene wods to weepe, wan waters sound laments,
For death of murthred Kings in fields and tents ;
Intreate thy Muse to quintescence thy vaine,
Returne thy mourning pen from Kings prophaine,
Come end the end by me perbroyled so,
Of thine, mine Lord with well-wailde words of wo.

[I. COCKBVRNE.]

V.

[From *The Scourge of Folly*. London, [1611].]

To my worthily-beloued Mr. William Alexander of Menstrie.

Epig. 204.

Great Alexander (whose succesful sword
Made him a god with men) acchiued no more
Then thy as happy *pen* hath well assur'd
Vnto thy name, which Glory doth decore.
I know thee not, but I know I should do ill
Not to take knowledge of what is in thee,
When thou hast publisht it with so great skill ;
Which makes thee ore thy Monarches soueraigne bee :
For they being happy prou'd vnhappy men
Whome thou hast made most happy with thy pen.

[JOHN DAVIES.]

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VI.

[First appeared in *Doomes-day*. Edinburgh, 1614.]

To Sr. W. A.

Like *Sophocles* (the hearers in a trance)
With *Crimson Cothurne*, on a stately Stage,
If thou march forth (where all with pomp doth glance)
To mone the *Monarchs* of the Worlds first Age :
Or if, like *Phœbus* thou thy Selfe advance,
All bright with *sacred Flames*, known by Heavens Badge,
To make a *Day*, of Dayes which scornes the Rage :
Whilst, when they end, it, what should come, doth Scance.
Thy *Phœnix-Muse* still wing'd with *Wonders* flies,
Praise of our *Brookes*, Staine to old *Pindus Springs*,
And who thee follow would, scarce with their eyes
Can reach the *Spheare* where thou most sweetly sings.
Though string'd with *Starres*, Heavens, *Orpheus Harpe* enrolle,
More worthy Thine to blaze about the Pole.

WILLIAM DRVMMOND.

VII.

[First printed from the Hawthornden MSS. by David Laing in *Archeologia Scotica*, iv. p. 101 ; reprinted with corrections from the MS. in *The Poetical Works of William Drummond*, ed. Kastner, ii. 229.]

A SONNET.

First in the orient raign'd th'assyrian kings,
To those the sacred persian prince succeeds,
Then he by whom the world sore-wounded bleeds,
Earths crowne to Greece with bloodie blade he brings ;
Then Grece to Rome the Raines of state resignes :
Thus from the mightie Monarche of the Meeds
To the west world successiuelie proceeds
That great and fatall period of all things ;

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Whilst wearied now with broyles and long alarmes,
Earths maiestie her diademe layes downe
Before the feet of the vnconquered crowne,
And throws her selfe (great Monarch) in thy armes.
Here shall she staye, fates haue ordained so,
Nor has she where nor further for to goe.

[WILLIAM DRUMMOND.]

VIII.

[First printed from the Hawthornden MSS. in *The Poetical Works of William Drummond*, ed. Kastner, ii. 278.]

Sur les œuures poetiques de Guillaume Alexandre, Sieur De Menstre.

Menstre, Mignon de Pinde, astre des escossois,
Le premier entre nous qu'osa toucher le bois
Du docte Delien, faisant le monde entendre
Les bourdons de ton luth, comme vn autre Terpandre ;
Esprit des bons esprits, qu'a charmè par ta vois
La dure Mort et fait reuiure les grands rois,
A bon droict maintenant, qu'on peut nomer Monarque,
Puisque par ton sçauoir il ont vaincu les Parques,
Ces rois qui te doyuent autant de lauriers
Que leurs bras ont dontè des peuples guerriers.
Tout ce n'estoit assez : au comble de ta gloire,
Tu ensignas l'amour aux filles de Memoire ;
Le Pau deuint honteux, Seine cacha son chef
A peine le monstrant au soleil derechef ;
Les Charites dansent, Amour ses traits redore
Et aueugle s'estonne, voyant ta belle Aurore.
Dedans ta bouche naisse vne manne de miel,
Tousiours ton nom Douen alle bruant au ciel,
Tousiours sois tu aimè d'Apollon et ton prince,
Fils aisnè de Pallas, l'honneur de ta prouince !

[WILLIAM DRUMMOND.]

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IX.

[From *Quodlibets, lately come over from New Britaniola, Old Newfoundland,* by Robert Hayman. London, 1628.]

To the Right Honourable Knight, Sir William Alexander, Principall & Prime Planter in New-Scotland; To whom the King hath giuen a Royall gift to defray his great charges in that worthy busines.

Great Alexander wept and made sad mone
Because there was but one World to be wonne ;
It joyes my heart, when such wise men as you
Conquer new Worlds, which that Youth never knew.
The King of Kings assist, blesse you from Heaven,
For our King hath you wise assistance given ;
Wisely our King did aide on you bestow
Wise are all Kings who all their gifts give so.
'Tis given well that is given to such a One
For service done, or service to be done ;
By all that know you 'tis well understood,
You will dispend it for your Countrie's good.
Old Scotland you made happy by your birth,
New Scotland you will make a happy earth.

To the same Wise, Learned, Religious Patriot, and Most Excellent Poet.

You are a Poet ; better ther's not any,
You have one super-vertue 'mongst your many :
I wish I were your equall in the one,
And in the other your Companion.
With one I'd give you your deserved due,
And with the other serve and follow you.

[Robert Hayman.]

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X.

[First appeared in *Castara*. London, 1634.]

To the Right Honourable and Excellently Learned William Earl of St.

My Lord,

The laurell doth your reverend temples wreath
As aptly now, as when your youth did breath
Those tragicke raptures, which your name shall save
From the black edict of a tyrant grave.
Nor shall your day ere set, till the Sunne shall
From the blind Heavens like a cinder fall ;
And all the elements intend their strife,
To ruine what they fram'd : then your fame's life,
When desp'rate Time lies gasping, shall expire,
Attended by the world i' th' general fire.
Fame lengthens thus her selfe : and I, to tread
Your steps to glory, search among the dead,
Where Vertue lies obscur'd, that as I give
Life to her tombe, I, spight of time, may live.
Now I resolve, in triumph of my verse,
To bring great Talbot from that forren hearse,
Which yet doth to her fright his dust enclose :
Then to sing Herbert, who so glorious rose,
With the fourth Edward, that his faith doth shine
Yet in the faith of noblest Pembroke's line.
Sometimes my swelling spirits I prepare
To speak the mighty Percy, neerest heire,
In merits as in blood, to Charles the great :
Then Darbie's worth and greatnesse to repeat,
Or Morley's honour, or Monteagle's fame,
Whose valour lives eternized in his name.
But while I think to sing these of my blood,
And my Castara's, Love's unruly flood
Breakes in, and beares away whatever stands
Built by my busie fancy on the sands.

[WILLIAM HABINGTON.]

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XI.

[Prefixed to *Darius* (1603), following the same author's English sonnet printed above.]

GULIELMVS ALEXANDER.

Anagramma.

I, LARGUS MELLE EXVNDA.

Tetrasticon.

Cum tibi det Genius, Musa ingeniumque, Poesis
Floribus é varijs Attica mella legas ;
I, largus melle exunda, *mellitaque funde*
Carmina : sic facias nomine fata iubent.

[WALTER QUIN.]

XII.

[Prefixed to *The Alexandræan Tragedy*, in *The Monarchicke Tragedies* (1616).]

In Laudem Authoris.

Ecquis Alexandri laudes & fortia facta
Praeter Alexandrum dicere dignus erat ?
Scilicet inuictus, diuisus ab orbe Britannus
Orbis victorem dicere dignus erat.

R. W.

XIII.

[From *Epigrammaton Centuriæ Sex.* London, 1616.]

Ad Guilielmum Alexandrum à Menstry, Equitem, etc.

Tres quondam tragicos iactârat Græcia vates,
Aeschinem [*sic*], Sophoclem, Misogenemque suum.

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Sed quanvis unum iam magna Britannia vatem
Jactet Alexandrum te, tribus hisce parem :
Sed nec & esse parem tantùm, sed & esse priorem
Te, si non annis, dixerit esse animis.
[JOH. DUNBAR MEGALO-BRITANNUS.]

XIV.

[From *Epigrammata.* Aberdeen, 1632, reprinted in *Delit. Poet. Scot.* Amst. 1637.]

Comes Sterlini.

Confer Alexandros : Macedo victricibus armis
Magnus erat, Scotus carmine : major uter ?
[ARTHUR JOHNSTON.]

XV.

[From *Parerga.* Aberdeen, 1632, reprinted in *Delit. Poet. Scot.* Amst. 1637.]

Ad Illustrem D. Gulielmum Alexandrum, Sterlini Comitem, Vicecomitem de Canada & Secretarium Regium.

Tristis, Alexandrum quæ primum traxit in aulam,
Lux erat, infaustos inter habenda dies.
Tum, ferrugineæ mersum caliginis umbra
Crediderim Phœbi delituisse iubar.
Crediderim, Phœbi comites, fugisse puellas
Hinc procul, & fractas deseruisse lyras.
Scilicet hac vatum princeps & gloria Phœbo
Æternum dixit Virginibusque Vale.
Regia divinum suspendit ad atria plectrum,
Nec fuit ex illo tempore tacta chelys.
Cum Tamesin primum vidit Menstræus & aulam,
Secreta Domini cœpit & aure frui :
Longinquas utinam profugus tunc isset in oras,
Barbariæ quæ plus & feritatis habent.

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Est locus hic Musis. Scythici sub cardine cœli
Castalium Naso sollicitavit ebur.
Barbara sit Rhodope quamvis, & inhospita Thrace,
Hae tamen Orphæa personuere lyra.
Una Philetæis inimica sororibus aula est :
Nescio quo mentes fascinat illa modo.
Mille veneficiis excantat regia vates
Improba ; Circæam dixeris esse domum.
Hæc Ithaci sociis, magico stridore, loquelam
Abstulit, illa sacris vatibus ora premit.
Fas erat æternum reliquos mutescere, Phœbi
Quotquot & Aonidum templa canora colunt.
Vox sacra Menstræi est, non hæc prævertere fata
Debuit, aut, domino non moriente, mori.
Non prius Iliados lymphis vocalibus auctor
Abstinuit, Lethes quam foret hausta palus.
Nec pater ante Maro siluit, quam regna Silentum
Et Stygis obscuras umbra subisset aquas.
Pindaricusque senex liquit cum pectine lucem,
Unaque nox vitæ meta, lyræque fuit.
Orphea quis nescit ? caput a cervice revulsum
Huic erat, & mersum fluctibus, Hebre, tuis :
Prisca tamen mansit vox, & mirantibus undis
Antiquum patrio fudit in amne melos.
Quæque feras olim traxit, comes addita voci
Barbitos, in mediis sponte sonabat aquis.
Enthea Menstræi vox florescentibus annis
Deficit &, domino non pereunte, perit.
Auratum sic sæpe iubar Sol arduus umbra
Implicat & medio perdit in axe diem.
Tempore sic verno vidi marcescere flores,
Prataque, nescio quo sidere tacta, mori.
Musarum Phœbique prius, Menstræe, sacerdos,
Nunc amor Arctoi deliciumque Jovis ;
Hei mihi, Menstræo quantum mutatus ab illo es,
Nobilis orchestræ qui decus omne tulit !
Sidnæo qui digna dedit, qui carmine molli
Helladis æquavit Romulidumque lyras.
Quique Caledonio Iessæos pectine nervos

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Impulit & sacræ dulce Sionis ebur.
En Musæ, solitusque fugit præcordia Phœbus,
Nec memor os cantus, nec manus apta lyræ est.
Te modo secessus nemorum, te blanda iuvabant
Otia : nunc aulæ murmur, & urbis amas.
Carmine posthabito, pudet heu, sine lege tabellas
Scribis, & ingenio verba minora tuo.
Dumque vacas patriæ, dum sufficis omnibus unus,
Mille fatigantur mensque manusque modis.
Mens caret alterna requie, manus æmula menti est,
Hora ministerio nec vacat ulla tuo.
Mane salutatum veniunt juvenesque senesque,
Urbsque tuas omnis sistitur ante fores.
Palladis hæc famulas & amicas vatibus horas
Turba rapit, reliquum vindicat aula diem.
Nunc ad Hyperboreos Regis mandata Britannos,
Nunc populi ad Regem vota precesque refers.
Sæpe tuos poscit nox intempesta labores,
Et dare te somno publica cura vetat.
Ut vetus exercet, nova sic te Scotia curis
Distrahit, ignoto quæ plaga sole tepet.
Haec tibi servit humus, te dignum & principe munus,
Teque pharetratus nuncupat Indus herum.
Hanc opibus populisque novis, hanc instruis armis :
Accipit & leges barbara terra tuas.
Hic delubra Deo surgunt, & civibus urbes,
Hic mare navigiis, frugibus arva reples.
Hae tibi sunt artes : urget nova cura priorem
Semper, & antiquam sollicitudo recens.
Non ita luctatur, fauces qui tentat Abydi,
Vis fera ventorum cum sine lege furit.
Non ita torquetur qui volvit in ardua saxum,
Nec qui Tartarea volvitur ipse rota.
Sic tibi te, Musisque tuis, vatumque choreis
Urbs &, quae mentem fascinat, aula rapit.
Error in hoc fors est, & sum temerarius auctor,
Nititur & vano forte querela metu.
Urbibus in mediis vitam pars maxima vatum
Duxit, erat multis Principis aula domus.

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Mantua quem genuit, caneret cum Martia vates
Prælia, Martigenûm civis in urbe fuit.
Vixit in hac Naso, teneros cum lusit amores,
Scripsit & hic Flaccus, Bilbilicusque senex.
Sacra Caledoniæ Siren, Buchananus in aula
Consenuit, strepitus inter & arma virûm.
Hic tamen Arctoas hymnis cœlestibus aures
Imbuit, & sacris templa Britanna modis.
Hic Cyrrham Iordanis aquis, Helicona Sioni
Iunxit, & Hebrææ Romula plectra lyræ.
His comes accedens da, quæ fugis, otia Musis :
Phocidis ad fontes & tua sacra redi.
Abjice, quæ nullo scribuntur Apolline, ceras,
Verbaque Thespiadum non bene nota choro.
Quod patriæ donas, da partem temporis Orbi,
Totaque Menstræum sub Iove terra legat.
Nil patriæ, fateor, non debes, plus tamen in te
Iuris & imperii maximus Orbis habet.

[ARTHUR JOHNSTON.]

XVI.

[From *Miscellanea & Epigrammata sacra.* Edinburgh, 1633.]

Demosthenis solutae
orationis & adstrictae numeris
Domini Guilielmi Alexandri,
Vice comitis Sterlini
Regni Scotiae Secretarii
dispar contentio.

Accipe cur impar tibi sit, licet intonet ore,
Cecropides, rapido tela trisulca vibrans.
Illum Hippocrenes Cyllenius imbuit unda :
Fulmen agit stygiis lingua recocta focis.
Labra Theocrenes tua sunt medicata liquore,
Et fluit Ambrosiis Thespia lingua favis.
Ille cruenta tonans, studio dum flagrat Olynthi,
Torruerat patrios flulmine [*sic*] paene lares.

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At tu sacra tonans, dum te rapit ardor Olympi,
  Tartareis prohibes agmina sacra rogis.
Egerat Aemathium pubem Tritonis in hostem :
  Horruerat Macedûm Martia verba phalanx.
Tuque cies Atheum divinae pubis in hostem,
  Agmen, et excidium Roma timenda timet.
Denique ei exitio verbosa potentia linguae
  Cessit, et ad stygias praecipitavit aquas :
At Suadae fax dia tuae, sata flamine sancto,
  Ducit ad aetherias praevia luce domos.

[ANDREW RAMSAY.]

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ALPHABETICAL EQUIVALENTS.

A. *Darius.* Edinburgh, 1603.

B. *Aurora.* London, 1604.

C. *A Paræsis to the Prince.* London, 1604.

D. *The Monarchicke Tragedies* (*Darius* and *Crœsus*). London, 1604.

E. *The Monarchicke Tragedies* (*Crœsus*, *Darius*, *The Alexandræan*, *Julius Cæsar*). London, 1604-7.

F. *An Elegie on the Death of Prince Henry.* Edinburgh, 1612.

G. *Doomes-day.* Edinburgh, 1614.

H. MS. copy of *Doomes-day* in the Library of the University of Edinburgh.

I. *The Monarchicke Tragedies.* London, 1616.

J. *Recreations with the Muses.* London, 1637.

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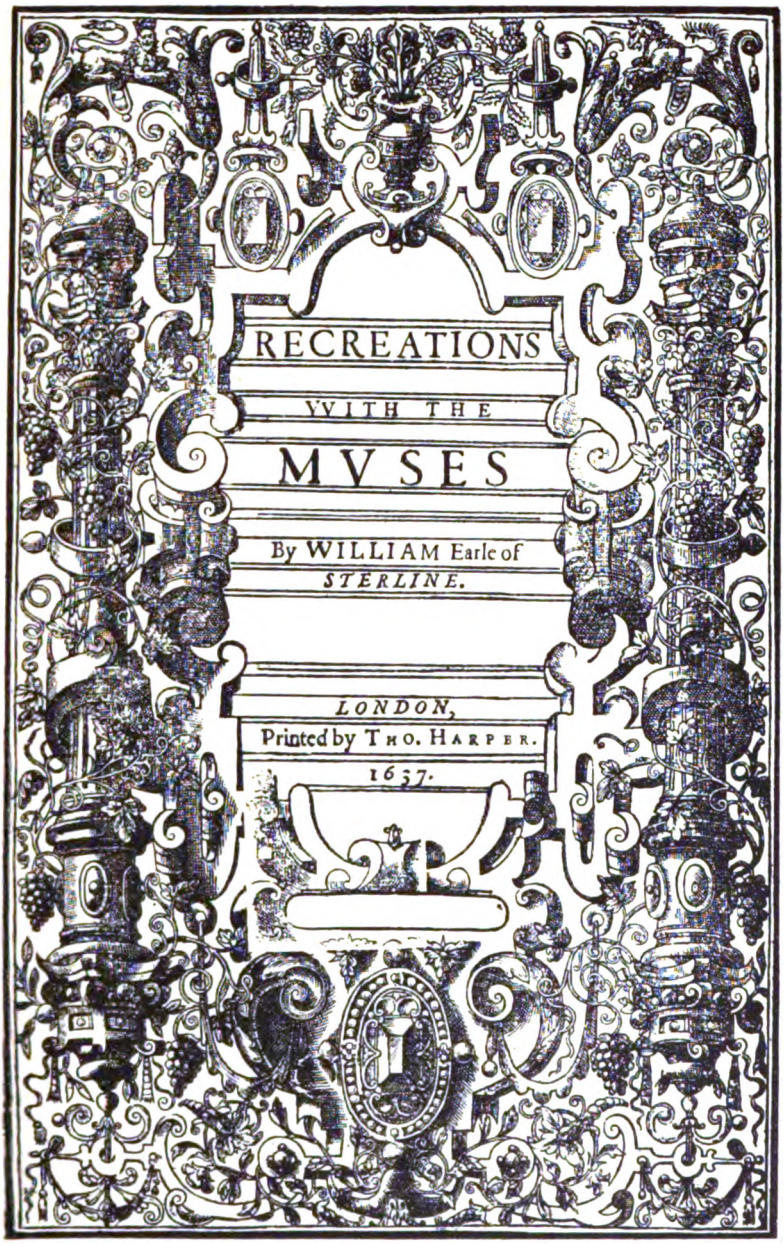

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To his Sacred Majestie.

Disdaine not mighty Prince, those humble lines,
Though too meane Musicke for so dainty eares,
Since with thy greatnesse, learnings glory shines,
So that thy brow a two-fold Lawrell beares :
To thee the Muses, Phœbus now resignes,
And Vertues hight eternall trophees reares ;
As Orpheus *Harpe, heavens may enstall thy pen,*
A liberall light to guide the mindes of Men.

Although my wit be weake, my Vowes are strong,
Which consecrate devoutly to thy name
My Muses labours, which ere it be long,
May graft some feathers in the wings of fame,
And with the subject to conforme my song,
May in more lofty lines thy worth proclame,
With gorgeous colours courting glories light,
Till circling Seas doe bound her ventrous flight.

Ere thou wast borne, and since, heaven thee endeeres,
Held backe, as best to grace these last worst Times ;
The World long'd for thy birth three hundreth yeeres,
Since first fore-told wrapt in Propheticke rimes ;

A contains only the first two and the last stanza of this dedication.
[1] ADE. *these humble* [2] ADE. *so Noble eares* [3] ADE. *Thou glorious patterne of all good ingines* [4] ADE. *Whose sacred brow* [5] DE. *To whom Apollo his sacred* (A. owne) *harpe resignes* [6] ADE. *And everlasting Trophees vertue reares* [7] ADE. *Thou canst affoord that which my soule affects* [8] ADE. *Let thy perfections shaddow my defects* [11] DE. *that ere* [12] ADE. *May cast some feathers to enpenne thy Fame* [13] ADE. *Wherewith embold'ned in a sweeter song* [14] ADE. *And in more stately Lines I may proclame* [15] ADE. *Thy praises and inestimable worth* [16] ADE. *Through all great Britanes coasts from South to North.* The third stanza is wanting in D and in E.

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His love to thee, the Lords deliveries cleeres,
From Sea, from Sword, from Fire, from Chance, from Crimes,
And that to him thou onely might be bound,
Thy selfe was still the meanes foes to confound.

I doe not doubt but Albions warlike coast,
(Still kept unconquer'd by the heavens decree)
The Picts expell'd, the Danes repell'd, did boast
(In spite of all Romes *power) a state still free,*
As that which was ordain'd (though long time crost
In this Herculean birth) to bring forth thee,
Whom many a famous Sceptred Parent brings
From an undaunted race to doe great things.

Of this divided Ile the nurslings brave,
Earst, from intestine warres could not desist,
Yet did in forraine fields their names engrave,
Whilst whom one spoil'd the other would assist:
Those now made one, whilst such a head they have,
What world of worlds were able to resist?
Thus hath thy worth (great IAMES*) conjoyn'd them now,*
Whom battels oft did breake, but never bow.

And so, most justly thy renowned deeds
Doe raise thy fame above the starry round,
Which in the world a glad amazement breeds,
To see thy vertues (as they merit) crown'd,
Whilst thou (great Monarch) who in power exceeds,
With vertuous goodnesse do'st vast greatnesse bound,
Where, if thou lik'dst to be more great, then good,
Thou might'st soone build a Monarchie with bloud.

O! this faire world without the world, no doubt,
Which Neptune *strongly guards with liquid bands,*

21 I. *God by rare safeties cleeres* 25 DE. *No doubt our warlike Calidonian coast* 27 DE. *Expelld the Pictes, repelld the Danes, did boast* 28 DE. *In spite of all the Romane legions free* 34 DE. *Earst could not from intestine warres desist* 36 DE. *Whilst whom th'one spoild, still th'other would assist* 40 DE. *Whom many a bloudie battel could not bow* 44 DE. (*as thy merit*) 45 DE. *that in powre* 46 DE. *With a good conscience doth thy greatnes bound* 47 DEI. *if thou likt* 48 DE. *Thou might* 49 DE. *For this*

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As aptest so to rule the Realmes about,
She by her selfe (as most Majesticke) stands,
Thence (the worlds Mistris) to give judgement out,
With full authority for other Lands,
Which on the Seas would gaze attending still,
By wind-wing'd Messengers their Soveraignes will.

The Southerne Regions did all Realmes surpasse,
And were the first which sent great Armies forth;
Yet Soveraignty that there first founded was,
Still by degrees hath drawne unto the North,
To this great Climate which it could not passe,
The fatall period bounding all true worth:
For, it cannot from hence a passage finde,
By roring Rampiers still with us confinde.

As Waters which a masse of earth restraines,
(If they be swelling high begin to vent)
Doe rage disdainefully over all the plaines,
As with strict borders scorning to be pent:
Even so this masse of earth, that thus remaynes,
Wall'd in with waves, if (to burst out when bent,)
(The bounding flouds o're-flow'd) it rush forth, then
That deluge would o're-run the world with men.

Then since (great Prince) the torrent of thy power,
May drowne whole Nations in a Scarlet floud,
On Infidels thy indignation powre,
And bathe not Christian bounds with Christian bloud:
The Tyrant Ottoman *(who would devoure*
All the redeemed souls) may be withstood,
While as thy troups (great Albions Emperour) once
Do comfort Christs afflicted flock which moanes.

57 DE. *Th'Antartick regions* 58 DE. *first that reach'd* 61 DE. *climate that* 64 DE. *Within our circle-mouing floods confind* I. *Rampires* 65 DE. *As waters that* 68 DE. *As scorning in strict limits to be pent* 70 DE. *Wall'd in with liquid waues, if too high bent* I. *Wall'd in with wauing waues, to burst it bent* 71 DE. *That it be forc'd t'oreflow the floods, 6 then* I. *rush'd* 72 DE. *'Twill wrack the world with a deluge of men* I. *Will waste the world with a deluge of men* 75 DE. *On th'infidels* 77 DE. *that would* 80 DE. *flock that*

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Thy thundring troups might take the stately rounds
Of Constantines *great Towne renown'd in vaine,*
And barre the barbarous Turks the baptiz'd bounds,
Reconquering Godfreys *conquests once againe ;*
O, well spent labours ! O illustrious wounds !
Whose trophees should eternall glory gaine,
And make the Lyon to be fear'd farre more,
Then ever was the Eagle of before.

But, O thrice happy thou that of thy Throne
The boundlesse power for such an use controuls !
Which if some might command to raigne alone,
Of all their life they would be-bloud the scrouls,
And to content the haughtie thoughts of one
Would sacrifize a thousand thousand souls,
Which thou do'st spare, though having sprite and might,
To challenge all the world as thine owne right.

Then unto whom more justly could I give
Those famous ruines of extended states
(Which did the world of libertie deprive
By force, or fraud, to reare Tyrannick seats)
Then unto thee, who may and will not live
Like those proud Monarchs borne to stormy fates ?
But whil'st frank-sprited Prince, thou this wouldst flee,
Crowns come unsought, and Scepters seek to thee.

Vnto the Ocean of thy worth I send
Those runnels, rising from a rash attempt ;
Not that I to augment that depth pretend,
Which heavens from all necessitie exempt,
The Gods small gifts of zealous mindes commend,
While Hecatombes are holden in contempt :
So (Sir) I offer at your vertues shrine
This little incense, or this smoke of mine.

81 DE. *may take* 106 A. *This little rustlet of my first attempt* 108 A. *Which is from*

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To the Author of the Monarchicke Tragedies.

WELL may the programme of thy Tragicke stage,
Invite the curious pompe-expecting eyes
To gaze on present shewes of passed age,
Which just desert Monarchicke dare baptize.
Crownes throwne from Thrones to Tombs, detomb'd arise
To match thy Muse with a Monarchicke theame,
That whilst her sacred soaring cuts the skyes,
A vulger subject may not wrong the same:
And which gives most advantage to thy fame,
The worthiest Monarch that the Sunne can see,
Doth grace thy labours with his glorious Name,
And daignes protector of thy birth to be:
Thus all Monarchicke, Patron, Subject, stile,
Make thee, the Monarch-tragicke of this Ile.

S. ROBERT AYTON.

In praise of the Author, and his Tragedy of Darius.

A SONNET.

GIVE place all ye to dying *Darius* wounds,
(While this great Greek him in his throne enstals)
Who fell before seven-ported *Thebes* wals,
Or under *Ilions* old sky-threatning Rounds.
Your sowre-sweet voyce not halfe so sadly sounds,
Though I confesse, most famous be your fals,
Slaine, sacrific'd, transported, and made thrals;
Thrown headlong, burnt, and banish't from your bounds:
Whom *Sophocles*, *Euripides* have song,
And *Æschylus* in stately Tragicke tune:
Yet none of all hath so divinely done
As matchlesse *Menstrie* in his native tongue.
Thus *Darius* Ghost seemes glad now to be so,
Triumpht on twise by *Alexanders* two.

Io. MURRAY.

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The Tragedy of Crœsus.

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THE ARGUMENT.

At that time when the States of Greece *began to grow great, and Philosophie to be thought precious,* Solon *the first light of the Athenian commonswealth, like a provident Bee, gathering honey over many fields, learning knowledge over many Countries, was sent for by* Crœsus *King of Lydia, as famous for his wealth, as the other was for his wisedome. And not so much for any desire the King had to profit by the experience of so profound a Philosopher, as to have the report of his (as he thought it) happinesse approved by the testimonie of so renowned a witnesse. But* Solon *alwayes like himselfe, entring the regall Palace, and seeing the same very gloriously apparrelled, but very incommodiously furnished with Courtiers, more curious to have their bodies deckt with a womanishly affected forme of rayment, and some superficiall complements of pretended curtesies, then to have their mindes enriched with the true treasure of inestimable vertue, he had the same altogether in disdaine. Therefore after some conference had with* Crœsus *concerning the felicitie of man, his opinion not seconding the Kings expectation, he was returned with contempt as one of no understanding. But yet comforted by* Æsop (*Author of the witty fables*) *who for the time was resident at Court, and in credit with the King.*

Immediately after the departure of Solon, Crœsus *having two Sounes (whereof the eldest was dumbe, and the other a brave youth) dreamed that the yongest dyed by the wound of a Dart, wherewith being marvellously troubled, he married him to a Gentlewoman named* Cælia, *and for farther disappointing the suspected though inevitable destinie, he discharged the using of all such weapons as he had dreamed of. Yet who could cut away the occasion of the heavens, from accomplishing that which they had design'd. The spiritfull youth being long restrain'd from the fields, was invited by*

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some Country-men to the chace of a wilde Bore, yet could very hardly impetrate leave of his loving suspicious Father.

Now in the meane time there arrived at Sardis *a youth named* Adrastus, *Sonne to the King of* Phrygia, *one no lesse infortunate then valorous, he having lost his Mistrisse by a great disaster, and having kill'd his brother by a farre greater, came to* Crœsus, *by whom he was courteously entertained, and by the instancy of the King, and the instigation of others against his own will, who feared the frowardnesse of his infectious fortune, he got the custodie of* Atis (*so was the Prince called*) *whom in time of the sport, thinking to kill the Bore, by a monstrous mishap he killed. After which disastrous accident standing above the dead corps, after the inquiry of the truth, being pardoned by* Crœsus, *he punished himselfe by a violent death. There after,* Crœsus *sorrowing exceedingly this exceeding misfortune, he was comforted by* Sandanis, *who laboured to disswade him from his unnecessary journey against the* Persians, *yet he reposing on superstitious, and wrong interpreting responses of deceiving Oracles, went against* Cyrus, *who having defeated his forces in the field, and taken himselfe in the Citie, tyed him to a stake to be burned, where by the exclayming divers times on the name of* Solon, *moving the Conquerour to compassion, he was set at libertie, and lamenting the death of his Sonne, and the losse of his kingdome, gives a ground for this present Tragedie.*

The Persons Names who Speake.

CRŒSUS, *King of Lydia.*
ATIS, *his sonne.*
CÆLIA, *wife to* ATIS.
ADRASTUS.
SANDANIS, *a Counsellour.*
SOLON.
ÆSOPE.
CYRUS, *King of Persia.*
HARPAGUS, *Lievetenant to* CYRUS.
CHORUS *of some country-men.*
CHORUS *of all the Lydians.*

The Scene in Sardis.

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THE TRAGEDY OF CRŒSUS.

Act I.

Solon.

Loe, how the stormy world doth worldlings tosse,
Twixt sandy pleasures, and a rocky will,
Whil'st them that Court it most, it most doth crosse,
To vice indulgent, vertues stepdame still:

In DEI *Crœsus* is preceded by a sonnet of Sir Robert Ayton, addressed "To the Author of the Monarchick Tragedies" (see p. 7), and in I, on the verso of the page containing Ayton's poem, is the following sonnet by Marino:

Al Potentissimo
Rè della Gran Brettagna.

Iunto del Sole il baldanzoso figlio,
Al chiaro albergo del gran Re del' Hore,
Offeso dal' insolito splendore
Chinò la fronte, e si couverse il ciglio.
E quando mossa da non san consiglio
Volse in trono ueder l' alto Motore,
Giacque percossa da celeste ardore
L' incauta madre de lo Dio uermiglio.
Et io Signor, mentr' a lodarui aspiro,
Mentre in quel che da uoi lampeggia, e pioue,
Infinite splendor, m' affiso e giro;
Perdo abbagliato da virtù si nuoue
L' intelletto, e lo stil, poiche in voi miro
Luce d' Apollo, e maesta di Gioue.

Il Cav. Marino.

---

[1] DE. the trustlesse world the worldlings tosses [2] DEI. And leades her louers headlong vnto death [3] DE. Those that doe court her most haue maniest crosses I. Yet bent to court that which him most doth crosse [4] DE. And yet vaine man, this halfe-spent sparke of breath I. Stil whilst fraile ashes smoke forth smothered breath

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This masse of thoughts, this animated slime,
This dying substance, and this living shadow,
The sport of Fortune, and the prey of Time,
Soon rais'd, soon raz'd, as flowers are in a meadow.
He toyles to get (such is his foolish nature)
A constant good in this inconstant ill:
" Unreasonable reasonable creature,
" That makes his reason subject to his will!
Whilst on the height of contemplation plac'd,
I weigh fond earthlings, earnest idle strife,
" All (though they all have divers parts imbrac'd)
" Would act a comicke Scene of tragicke life:
" The minde (which alwaies at some new things aymes)
" To get for what it longs, no travell spares;
" And lothing what it hath of better dreames,
" Which (when enjoy'd) doth procreate but cares:
" Yet to a Soveraign blisse which they surmise,
" By divers meanes, all pregnant wits aspire,
" But with strange shapes the same so much disguise,
" That it we scarce can know, much lesse acquire:
Some place their happinesse (unhappy beasts,
Whose mindes are drunke with momentary joyes)
In gorgeous garments, and in dainty feasts,
To pamper breath-toss'd-flesh with pleasures toyes;
Some more austere, no such delights allow,
But reyne their passions with advis'd respects,
And by no fortune mov'd to brag nor bow,

[5] DE. This dying substance, and this liuing shadow [6] DE. The sport of Fortune and the spoyle of Time [7] DE. Who like the glory of a halfe-mow'd meadow I. The sport of Fortune and the spoyle of Time [8] DE. Doth flourish now, and strait falls in his prime [9] DE. Still toyles t'attaine [12] DE. Whilst in the Stage of Contemplation [14] DE. Of worldly humours I behold the strife [15] DE. Though different sprites haue diuers parts imbrac'd [16] DE. All act this transitorie Scene of Life [17] DE. Of curious mindes who can the fancies fetter I. Of lofty mindes, when bent at curious aymes [18] DE. The Soule vnsatisfide, a prey t'each snare I. The restlesse soule a prey to euery snare [19] DE. Still loathing what it hath, doth dreame of better [20] DE. Which gotten, but begets a greater care [21] DE. And yet all labour for t'attaine the top [22] DE. Of th'vnsure soueraigne blisse that they surmise [23] DE. Flowres of Felicitie, that few can crop [24] DE. Yea, scarce can be discerned by the wise [26] DE. And I must say, more sencelesse then their treasures) [28] DE. with flying pleasures [29] DEI. Some more austerely with a wrinckled brow [30] DE. That triumph o're their Passions with respectes [31] DE. With neither fortune moou'd to brag or bow

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Would make the world enamour'd of their sects;
Some bathing still in vertues purest springs,
Doe draw Ideas of a heavenly brood,
And search the secrets of mysterious things,
As most undoubted heires of that high good:
Thus with a dream'd delight, and certaine paine,
" All seek by severall wayes a perfect blisse,
And let none wonder though they toyle in vaine,
Who cannot well discerne what thing it is,
What happinesse can be imagin'd here,
On painted grounds though we our hopes repose,
Who dearely first doe gaine, what we hold deare,
Then what we once must lose, still feare to lose?
Thinke (though 'mongst thousands scarcely one of all,
Can at this point of happinesse arrive)
One fortune have (whilst so to fortune thrall)
To get the thing for which a world doth strive:
What though he swimme in Oceans of delights,
Have none above him, and his equals rare;
Eares joying pleasant sounds, eyes stately sights,
His treasures infinite, his buildings faire?
Yet fortunes course which cannot be contrould,
Must mount some meane men up, throw down the great,
And (still in motion) circularly rould,
From what it is, must alter every state.
" Though of his wealth, the greedy man doth boast,
" Whil'st treasures vaine his drossie wits bewitch,
" What hath he gain'd, but what another lost?

[33] DE. Some rauish'd still with [34] DE. Feede on th' *Idea* of that diuine brood [35] DE. celestiall things [37] DE. Thus with conceited case [39] DEI. Which, O what wonder, if they not obtaine [42] DE. Though we our hopes with vaine surmises cherish [43] DE. Who hardly conquer first what wee hold deare [44] DE. Then feare to loose it still that once must perish [45] DE. Thinke (though of many thousands scarcely any I. Thinke (though of thousands scarcely one we see [47] DE. Yet if it chance, it chanceth not to many I. Yet that it chance (a chance if that it be) [48] DE. Onely to get for what a world did striue I. That once one get, for what a [53] DE. Yet doth the world on Fortunes wheele relye [54] DE. Which loue's t'aduance the wretched, wracke the great I. Must needs mount vp the meane [55] DE. Whose course resembles an inconstant eye [56] DE. Euer in motion compassing deceat [57] DE. Then let the greedie of his substance boast [58] DE. Whilst th'excrements of th'earth his senses smother

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" And once his losse may make another rich.
" But ah, all lose who seeke to profit thus,
" To found their trust on trustlesse grounds whil'st made:
" We may be rob'd from them, they rob'd from us,
" Griev'd for their losse, as when first purchas'd, glad:
" Those are but fooles, who hope true rest to finde
" In this fraile world, where for a while we range:
" Which doth (like Seas expos'd to every winde)
" Ebbe, flow, storme, calme, still moving, still in change;
" Each wave we see doth drive the first away,
" And still it whitest fomes where rockes are neare,
" While as one growes, another doth decay,
" The greatest danger oft doth least appeare.
" Their seeming blisse, who trust in frothy showes,
" Whose course with moments fickle fortune dates,
" As to a height, so to confusion growes:
" A secret fate doth manage mighty states.
But I scorne fortune, and was ever free
From that dead wealth, depending on her power;
My treasure still I beare about with me,
Which neither time nor tyrants can devoure:
That Lady of events, though still she rave,
Scarce can her course to mocke my minde advance,
For (if not trusted first) none can deceive,
And I attend no certainty from chance;
Then I have learn'd to moderate my minde,
Still with contentment crowning my desires.
My garments course, my food such as I finde:
" He hath enough, who to no more aspires.

[60] DE. And why may not his losse enrich another [62] DE. And found their confidence on things that fade I. on trustlesse things which fade [64] DE. Al's grieu'd for th'one, as for the other glad [65] DE. Vaine foole, that thinkes soliditie to finde [67] DE. Which like sea-waues, depending on the winde [70] DE. The fome is whitest, where the Rocke is neare [74] DE. In Fortunes danger, burthen'd with the Fates [75] DE. First to a full, then to confusion growes [76] DE. A secret Destinie doth guide great States [78] DE. From that dead wealth that [I. which] wauers in her power [81] DE. Light authour of euents, and vaine aduenters [82] DE. Now do thy worst, I know how to vndoe thee [83] DE. The way is stop't by which thy poison enters [84] DE. Thou can harme none but them that trust vnto thee [86] DE. Contentment is the crowne of my desires [87] DE. My clothes are course I. My raiment course.

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What satisfaction doth o're-flow my soule,
(The world all weigh'd) while high accounts I cast,
And in my memories unblotted scroule,
Doe match the present time with others past?
Those worldly mindes, whose weaknesse wealth doth cloake,
(Though others happy) I them wretched thinke;
For, whil'st that passions base all reason choake,
The bodies slaves, their soules surcharg'd, doe sinke;
Yet loath I not the world as loath'd by it,
Like those who when disdain'd, pretend disdaine;
No, no, I had (as *Athens* must admit)
What riches, birth, or reputation gaine.
And if that I would vaunt of mine own deeds,
Faire Citie, where mine eyes first suck't the light,
I challenge might what most thy glory breeds,
For fame or power, as due to me of right:
When *Salamina* had our yoke remov'd,
With follies garments, wisedome to disguise,
What none durst else attempt, I boldly mov'd,
And seem'd a foole to make the people wise.
Then having thus by policy prevail'd,
My Countries squadrons leading to the field,
Whil'st both by strength and stratagems assail'd,
I forc'd that Ile (though wall'd with waves) to yeeld;
But when renown'd, by that advent'rous deed,
And turn'd victorious, charg'd with strangers spoiles,
" (No perfect blisse below) worse did succeed,

[90] DE. While as I weigh the world which few hold fast [92] DE. Iudge of the present by the time that's past I. Doe paralell this time with others past [93] DE. The poore-rich heire of breath that boastes of smoake [94] DE. And come of dust, yet of the drosse still thinkes [95] DE. Whilst baser passions doe his vertues choake [96] DE. The soule ouer-ballanc'd with the body sinkes [97] DE. Yet neede I not to loathe the world and liue [98] DE. As one whom stepdame she would never nourish [99] DE. I had a part of all that she could giue [100] DE. My race, my house, by fame and wealth did flourish [104] DE. Whose labours both enlarg'd thy fame and might [105] DE. vtterly was lost [106] DE. And by the rascall multitude neglected [107] DE. A counterfeited foole, I went and crost [108] DE. All their desseignes, whose courses were suspected [109] DE. And when I had by pollicie perswaded [110] DE. My country to embrace the warres againe [111] DE. I both by stratagems and strength inuaded [113] DE. That famous Ile which vanquisht did remaine [113] DE. Then hauing compass'd that exployt with speede [114] DE. And turn'd in triumph deckt

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The peace that was abroad, bred civill broyles;
" What with more violence doth fury leade,
" Then mut'nous commons when they want a head?
The meaner sort could not their mindes conforme,
Those things to doe which great men did command:
And (whil'st distracted with a dangerous storme,)
All joyn'd to place the Rudder in my hand;
I re-united that divided state,
And with good successe manag'd matters well,
Which further kindled, had been quench'd too late,
That *Hydra*-headed tumult did so swell.
When I my worth by those two works had prov'd,
And trod the path of power (as Prince) a space,
The peoples Minion, by the Nobles lov'd,
None could be great, save such as I would grace.
Thus carried with the force of fortunes streame,
I absolutely acted what I would;
For, the democracy was but a name,
The Cities raines my hand in trust did hold;
I might (a tyrant) still have rul'd in state,
But my cleare minde could no such clouds conceive,
But gladly left what others urge of late,
" If I may rule my selfe, no more I crave;
Yet some whose thoughts but for fraile glory car'd,
Said that my sprite could not aspire to raigne,
And that my errour could not be repair'd,
Since so to erre meanes come not oft againe.
My soule in this a more contentment findes,
Then if a Diadem adorn'd my brow,

[118] DE. Then a rash multitude that wants a head I. Then vagring vulgars which doe want a head [120] DE. T'abide at what their betters did command [121] DE. Then the weale-publike in a dangerous storme I. Then whilst the state wau'd in a dangerous storme [124] DEI. And manag'd matters with a good successe [126] DEI. That *Hidra*-headed tumult to suppresse [127] DE. When I had both these glorious works effected [128] DE. And troad the path of sou'raignty a space [129] DE. The minion of the people most respected [134] DE. My hand the raines did of the Citty hold [135] DE. still haue gouern'd so [136] DE. pure soule could no such thought [137] DE. And that ouersight yet made me neuer woe [139] DE. Yet some that seem'd to be more subtile-witted [140] DE. Saide my base sprite could not aspire t'a crowne [141] DE. And foolish *Solon* had a fault committed [142] DE. Who would not doe the like in euery towne

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I chayn'd th'affections of undaunted mindes,
(Though barbarous earst) which did to order bow,
Yet hardly could rich Citizens advise
To keep the statutes which my lawes contain'd,
Whil'st what one prais'd, another did despise:
Some lov'd, some loath'd, ev'n as they thought they gain'd.
At last, at least in shew, all rest content,
Ev'n those who hate me most, lend their applause:
" A worthy minde needs never to repent,
" The suffering crosses for an honest cause.
Whil'st travelling now with a contented minde,
The memory of this my fancy feeds,
Though to great states their periods are assign'd:
" Time cannot make a prey of Vertues deeds.
Where seven-mouth'd *Nile* from a concealed source,
Inunding ov'r the fields, no bankes can binde,
I saw their wonders, heard their wise discourse;
Rare sights enrich'd mine eyes, rare lights my minde.
And if it were but this, yet this delights:
Behold how *Crœsus* here the Lydian King,
To be his guest me earnestly invites,
The which to some would great contentment bring;
But I bemoane that world-bewitched man,
Who makes his gold his god, the earth his heaven;
And I will try by all the meanes I can,
To make his judgement with his fortune eaven.

CHORUS.

What can mans wandring thoughts confine,
Or satisfie his fancies all?
For whil'st he wonders doth designe,
Even great things then doe seeme but small;
What terrour can his sprite appall,

146 DE. And made them ciuil that were wilde till now 147 DE. I hardly could [I. Yet hardly could] rich Citizens entise 154 DE. T' haue suffered crosses 155 DE. I trauell now with a contented thought 157 DE. When all their Empires shall be turn'd to nought 167 DEI. But I disdaine 171 DE. *What can confine mans wandring thought* 173 DE. *Is ought so great, but it seemes small* 174 DE. *To that tos'd spirit, which still afflought* 175 DE. *Doth dreame of things were neuer wrought*

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Whil'st taking more then it can hold,
He to himselfe contentment doth assigne ;
His minde which monsters breeds,
Imagination feeds,
And with high thoughts quite headlongs rold,
Whil'st seeking here a perfect ease to finde,
Would but melt mountains, and embrace the winde.

What wonder though the soule of man,
(A sparke of heaven that shines below)
Doth labour by all meanes it can,
Like to it selfe, it selfe to show ?
The heavenly essence, heaven would know,
But from this masse, (where bound) till free,
With paine both spend lifes little span ;
The better part would be above :
And th'earth from th'earth cannot remove ;
How can two contraries agree ?
" *Thus as the best part or the worst doth move,*
" *Man of much worth, or of no worth doth prove.*

O ! from what fountaine doe proceed
These humours of so many kindes ?
Each braine doth divers fancies breed,
" *As many men, as many mindes :*
And in the world a man scarce findes
Another of his humour right,
Nor are there two so like indeed,
If we remarke their severall graces,
And lineaments of both their faces,
That can abide the proofe of sight ?
" *If th'outward formes then differ as they doe,*
" *Of force th'affections must be different too.*

[176] DE. *And would gripe more then it can hold* [177] DE. *This sea-inuiron'd centerd ball* I. doth define [178] DE. *Is not a bound vnto that minde* I. His minde when bigge with monsters [179] DE. *That minde, which big with monsters* I. The right deliuery neuer consters [180] DE. *The right deliuerie neuer consters* I. But with high thoughts quite headlongs rol'd [181] DE. *And seeking here a solide ease to finde* [188] DEI. *But married with this masse we see* [193] DEI. *Thus as the best or worst part doth preuaile* [194] DEI. *Man is of much, or els of no auaile* [195] DE. *O from what source can this proceede* [196] DE. *T' haue*

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" Ah ! passions spoile our better part,
The soule is vext with their dissentions ;
We make a God of our owne heart,
And worship all our vaine inventions ;
This braine-bred mist of apprehensions
The minde doth with confusion fill ;
Whil'st reason in exile doth smart,
And few are free from this infection,
For all are slaves to some affection,
Which doth oppresse the judgement still :
" Those partiall tyrants, not directed right,
" Even of the clearest mindes, eclipse the light
A thousand times, O happy he !
Who doth his passions so subdue,
That he may with cleare reasons eye,
Their imperfections fountaines view,
That so he may himselfe renew,
Who to his thoughts prescribing lawes,
Might set his soule from bondage free,
And never from bright reason swerve,
But making passions it to serve,
Would weigh each thing as there were cause :
O greater were that Monarch of the minde !
Then if he might command from Thule *to* Inde.

Act 2. Scene 1.

Crœsus. Æsope. Solon.

Crœsus. What Prince hath been so favour'd by the fates,
As could like me of full contentment boast ?
Lov'd of mine own, and fear'd of forrain states,
My foes have faln, my friends were never crost ;

216 DE. *Which doth extorse* [I. extort] *the senses still* 217 DEI. *These partiall tirants rage the sight ouersyles* 218 DEI. *And doth ecclipse the cleerest iudgement whyles* 223 DEI. *And as it were* 224 DE. *If that one might prescribe them lawes* 225 DE. *And set his soule* 226 DE. *From reason neuer for to swerue* 227 DE. *And make his passions him to serue* 228 DE. *And be but moou'd as he had cause* 231 DEI. Who euer was so 234 DE. I know not what it is for [I. once] to be crost

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For having that (which thousands seek, at will)
My happinesse in all things hath been such,
Heavens favorite, and fortunes Minion still,
I know not what to wish, I have so much;
Mine eyes no way did ever grieve my heart
With any object that their sight did draw;
My name applauded is in every part,
My word an Oracle, my will a law:
What brest can well confine this floud of joyes?
Whose swelling current doth o'reflow my minde,
Which never dream'd that which the soule annoyes,
But did in all a satisfaction finde;
I scorne vaine shadowes of conceited feares,
As one whose state is built on marble grounds:
In all my horoscope no cloud appeares,
My blisse abounds, my pleasures passe all bounds.
Æsope. That Grecian (Sir) is at the Court arriv'd,
Whose wisedome fame through all the world records.
Crœ. And to extoll my state, have you not striv'd,
Whil'st bent to sooth his eares with courteous words?
Æsope. In all the parts where he hath chanc'd to be,
In forrain bounds, or where he first saw light,
He never did such stately wonders see,
As since this Court enriched hath his sight;
When regall shewes had ravish'd first his eye,
As mountains nurslings, little simple swaines,
Who us'd with infant flouds them never spy

[235] DE. No thwarting chance my good hap doth importune I. For (indigent of nothing but of ill) [236] DE. In all attempts my successe I. Lo my successe in all things [237] DE. The darling of heauen, the minion of fortune [238] DE. I wot not [239] DEI. Mine eyes did neuer yet dismay my hart [240] DE. With no delightlesse obiect that they saw [244] DE. That with a mighty streame o'reflowes my mind [245] DE. dream'd of sorrow or annoyes [247] DE. My Soule then be content and take thy pleasure [248] DE. And be not vex't with feare of any ill [249] DE. My blisse abounds, I cannot count my treasure [250] DE. And gold that conquers all, doth what I will [252] DE. Fame so prodigally prayses [253] DE. And haue you not t'extend my greatnes striu'd [254] DE. And entertain'd his eares with courteous phrases [255] DE. I thinke in all the parts where he hath been [256] DE. In forraine Countries or his natiue home I. or yet where he was borne [258] DE. As since vnto this princely Court he come I. Court his presence did adorne [259] DE. When first he in the regall Palace entred [260] DE. As one, who borne amongst the craggie Mountaines [261] DE. That neuer for to view the plaines aduentred

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Sport, portative (like Serpents) through the Plaines,
When one of them first comes to view the vailes,
And wanton water-Nymphs there (wondring) sees,
The rarenesse of the sight so much prevailes,
That rillets rivers seeme, the rivers Seas:
So all the guards that garnisht *Solons* way,
Did to his minde a great amazement bring,
The gallants (golden statues) made him stay;
Each Groome a Prince, each Esquire seem'd a King,
And now he comes to gaine your long'd-for sight;
Whom in his minde no doubt he doth adore,
He gaz'd on those who held of you their light,
Sunne of this soile, he must admire you more;
Now he o're all will spread your praises forth,
A famous witnesse of your glorious raigne:
" The record of one wise man is more worth,
" Then what a world of others would maintaine.
Solon. Great Prince, doe not the loving zeale reject,
Which a meane man, yet a good minde affords:
And who perchance doth more your good affect,
Then those who paint their love with fairer words.
Crœ. Thy love (sage Grecian) gratefull is to us,
Whom fame long since acquainted with thy worth,
So that we long long'd for thy presence thus,
To spy the Spring which sent such treasures forth;
Would God that many such would here resort,
Whose vertues beames would shine in every brest,
Whose count'nance grave, would grace so great a Court,

[262] DE. Acquainted but with dew and little Fountaines [263] DE. If he be forc'd for to frequent the Vailes [264] DE. And there the wanton water-Nimphs to see [266] DE. Each strip appear's a flood, each flood a Sea I. That runnels [267] DE. So all that he re'ncountred by the way [269] DE. The gold-embroidred Gallants made him stay [270] DE. Each groome appear'd a Prince, each squire a King [271] DE. And now he com's t'attaine your Graces sight [274] DE. Of force he must admire your selfe far more [275] DE. Now he will set your happy Empire forth [276] DE. And be eye-witnes [277] DE. One wise mans testimony [279] DE. Disdaine not (mighty Prince) the louing zeale I. Great Prince, doe not despise the louing zeale [281] DEI. And who perchance as much affects your weale [283] DE. is gratefull vnto vs [284] DE. enamour'd of thy deedes [285] DE. We of thy vertues haue heard her discusse [286] DE. Who in extolling of the same exceedes [287] DE. I wish that many such should [288] DE. Whose vnstain'd life would teach vs what were best [289] DE. Whose graue aspect

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And like a Lampe give light unto the rest.
Solon. Spare (courteous King) that undeserved praise,
I am but one who doe the world despise,
And would my thoughts to some perfection raise,
A wisedome-lover, willing to be wise:
Yet all that I have learn'd (huge toyles now past)
By long experience, and in famous Schooles,
Is but to know my ignorance at last;
" Who think themselves most wise, are greatest fooles
Crœ. " This is the nature of a noble minde,
" It rather would be good, then be so thought,
" As if it had no ayme, but fame to finde,
" Such as the shadow, not the substance sought:
Yet forc'd to give that which thou wilt not take:
The world, what thou hold'st down, doth raise more high,
That which thy face thus shunnes, shines on thy back:
" Praise followes them, who what they merit flye:
And now I thinke, on th'earth no creature lives,
Who better can instruct what I would learne,
Then thou to whom franke Nature largely gives
A minde to see, a judgement to discerne.
Solon. To satisfie your suit, my dutious care
Shall it, or then my ignorance disclose.
Crœ. Loe, you have seene my pomp, my treasures rare,
And all the strength on which my thoughts repose.
Solon. " Those be but dreams of blisse which fortune brings,
" To breake (by bending) foolish mortalls mindes,
" I saw but sencelesse heapes of melting things;

290 DE. And like cleare Lamps 291 DE. My Sou'raigne, spare, I merite no such praise 294 DE. that would faine be wise 295 DE. Yet with great toyle all that I can attaine 296 DE. learned [I. pregnant] schooles 297 DE. Is for to know my knowledge is but vaine 298 DE. And those that think them wise 299 DEI. worthie minde 303 DE. Yet that pursues thee too which thou so fliest 304 DE. Still troupes applaude thy worth though thou not spie them 305 DE. Whilst thou wouldst presse it downe, it mounts vp hiest 306 DE. For Fame and Honor follow those that flie them I. Still honour followes them, who it would flye 307 DE. in all the world none liue's 308 DE. That better may vnfold 311 DE. Il'e answer freely to what you propose 312 DE. If my small skill can comprehend the sence 313 DE. Loe, you haue seene in what I most repose 314 DE. My treasures huge, my great magnificence 316 DE. On which the wisest neuer haue presum'd 317 DE. I saw but a heape of sencelesse things

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" A waving wealth, expos'd to many windes:
" This but the body serving to decore,
" As foolish owners it, it th'owners spends,
" Where mindes more circumspect seek better store
" Of wealth from danger free that never ends.
Cræ. I wot not what you meane, whil'st thus in love,
With fain'd Ideas of imagin'd blisse;
By fancies drawn, such portraits doe but move
Sicke braines to dreame, that which indeed they misse;
But more I have then their conceits can show,
Whose rich conjectures breed but poore effects,
And (I beseech you) did you ever know
A man more blest then I in all respects?
Solon. I, *Tellus* knew, a man whom *Athens* lov'd,
Who to doe good, at no occasion fail'd,
And in my judgement hath most happy prov'd,
Since while he liv'd, belov'd, whil'st dead, bewail'd;
And last (that he might reape all fruits of blisse)
His Countries beaten bands, neere put to flight,
By him encourag'd, scorn'd to be submisse,
Who dy'd victorious in two Armies sight;
More glorious now then when he was alive,
As he in heaven, on earth his happy rest,
To trace his steps, who led by Vertue strive,
Heires of his worth, and honour'd by the best.
Cræ. Since this first place a private person gaines,
Whose fortunes treasure in short time was told,

318 DE. A momentarie treasure soone consum'd 320 DE. And for corruption fram'd cannot perseuer I. The owner it, and it the owner spends 321 DE. The minde immortall layes vp better store 322 DE. Of vnconsuming ioyes that last for euer 323 DE. meane by such surmises 325 DE. This portrait of Fancie but intices 331 DE. Yes, I knew *Tellus* an *Athenian* borne I. in Athens borne 332 DE. Whom I holde happy in the first degree I. Who with my fancies highly hath preuail'd 333 DE. Who eu'n the haruest of Happinesse hath shorne I. Of happinesse who hath the haruest shorne 334 DE. He liu'd with fame, and did with honour die 335 DE. For hauing long time liu'd, lou'd and respected 336 DE. His country in a conflict had the worst 337 DE. He come, and there falne courage re-erected 338 DE. And hauing wonne the field did die vnforst 339 DE. More happy now nor when he was aliue 340 DE. He dead, doth reape the guerdon of his merite 341 DE. And in his childern doth againe reuiue 342 DE. Who all their fathers worthy partes inherite 343 DE. Well, since that to a priuate Cittizen 344 DE. You do ascribe the first most blest estate

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Now next in ranke, who registred remaines,
Whose happinesse you most accomplish'd hold?
Solon. Of *Cleobis*, and *Bitons* vertuous way,
The prosp'rous course doth to my thoughts approch:
Their mother wanting on a solemne day,
The horses which were us'd to draw her Coach,
Them to supply the place, love kindely rais'd,
Who drew her to that place of publike mirth,
Whil'st both of them abundantly were prais'd,
They for their piety, she for her birth:
This charitable worke, when brought to end,
Both dy'd, whil'st offering incense to the Gods,
Who (favour'd so) to draw them did intend,
From further danger of afflictions rods:
O happy mother! who (with true delight)
Of labours past such pleasant fruits enjoy'd,
And happy children! who did thus acquite
The mothers paine, and dyed whil'st well imploy'd.
" Ah, ah, our lives are fraile, doe what we can,
" And like the brittle glasse, breake whil'st they glance,
" Then oft the heavens to curbe the pride of man,
" Doe inter-sowre our sweets with some sad chance.
Cræ. Is there no place appointed then for me?
Or is my state so abject in thine eyes,
That thou do'st thinke me blest in no degree,
As one, whose best in fortunes ballance lyes?
Or think'st thou me (of judgement too remisse)
A wretch expos'd to want, to scorne, or paines,
The bastard childe of fortune, barr'd from blisse,

[345] DE. Now in the second ranke of happy men [346] DE. Whom would you number in your owne conceate [347] DE. *6 Cleobis* and *Biton*! now I may I. Of *Cleobis*, and *Biton*, whilst they stray [348] DE. No doubt prefer you next, without reproach [349] DE. Their mother chanc'd on a festiuall day [350] DE. To want two horses, for to draw [353] DE. And both of them exceedingly [355] DE. This charitable office being ended [356] DE. Both in the Church were found dead the next morrow [357] DE. I thinke the gods who this good worke commended [358] DE. Were loth to let them taste of farther sorrow [359-362] *are omitted in* D *and in* E [363] DE. For why? our liues [364] DE. glasse, are but a glance [365] DE. And oft the heauens t'abate the height of man [367] DE. Then from this Cathagorie am I secluded [368] DE. And is my state so vile vnto [369] DE. That as one of all happines denuded [370] DE. Thou thus do'st my felicitie despise [373] DE. A miser that [I. who] in miserie remaines

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Whom heavens doe hate, and all the world disdaines?
Are those poore creatures then to be compar'd,
With one who may consume such in his wrath?
Who (as I please) doe punish or reward,
Whose words, nay ev'n whose lookes give life or death.
Solon. Let not your judgement thus from reason shrinke,
To glose on that which simply comes from me;
" They who doe freely speake, no treason thinke,
" One cannot both your friend and flatterer be.
To us who Grecians are, the Gods doe grant
A moderate measure of an humble wit,
So that our Country yet did never want
Some whom the world for wise men did admit.
And yet amongst us all the greatest number
(Whil'st living) looke not for a perfect rest,
Though Fortunes minions in her bosome slumber,
And seeme to some, whom this world blindes, most blest:
Yet ov'r all mortall states, change so prevailes,
We alterations daily doe attend,
And hold this for a ground that never failes,
" None can be throughly blest before the end:
" I may compare our state to table-playes,
" Whil'st Iudges that are blinde, give onely light;
" Their many doubt the earnest minde dismayes,
" Which must have happy throwes, then use them right:
" So all our dayes in doubt, what things may chance,
" Time posts away, our breath seems it to chace,
" And when th'occasion comes us to advance,
" It of a thousand, one can scarce embrace.
When by a generous indignation mov'd,

375 DEI. Are base companions then 379 DE. Sir, be not thus commoo'ud without all reason 380 DE. Nor misconceiue my meaning as you do 381 DE. Those that speake freely, haue no mind of treason 382 DE. I cannot be your friend and flatter to 383 DE. Vnto vs Græcians (Sir) the gods haue granted 385 DE. And in our Countrie there haue neuer wanted 388 DE. Haue here dispair'd of any perfect rest 389 DEI. Though some a while in Fortunes bosome slumber 390 DEI. And to world-blinded eyes seeme to be blest 394 DE. None should triumph in blisse before the end 396 DE. Where by dumbe iudges matters are decided 398 DE. The dice must first cast well, then be well guided 399 DE. So all our dayes in doubt what thing may chance vs 400 DE. Time runnes away, the breath of man doth chace it 402 DE. Amongst a thousand one can scarce embrace it

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Two fight with danger, for a doubtfull praise;
Whil'st valour blindely, but by chance is prov'd,
That ones disgrace, anothers fame must raise:
O! what a foole his judgement will commit,
To grace the one, with a not gain'd applause?
Where fortune is but to give sentence yet,
Whil'st bloudy agents plead a doubtfull cause:
" This world a field is, whereas each man fights,
" And arm'd with reason, resolutely goes
" To warre, (till death close up the bodies lights)
" Both with externall, and internall foes;
" And how can he the Victors title gaine,
" Who yet is busied with a doubtfull fight?
" Or he be happy who doth still remaine
" In fortunes danger for a small delight?
" The wind-wing'd course of man, away fast weares,
" Course that consists of houres, houres of a day,
" Day that gives place to night, night full of feares:
" Thus every thing doth change, all things decay:
" Those who doe stand in peace, may fall in strife,
" And have their fame by infamy supprest:
" The evening crownes the day, the death the life;
" Many are fortunate, but few are blest.
Cræ. I see this Grecians sprite but base appeares,
Which cannot comprehend heroicke things:
The world of him more then he merits heares,
At least he knowes not what belongs to Kings:
Yet fame his name so gloriously array'd,
That long I long'd to have him in my house;
But all my expectations are betray'd,
I thinke a Mountaine hath brought forth a Mouse.

404 DE. Would trie by sword, whose glorie fame will smother 406 DE. And th'ones overthrow can onely grace the other 408 DE. To crowne the one with vndeseru'd applause 411 DE. This world, it is the field, where each man ventures 412 DE. To fight against a thousand misaduentures 419 DE. Th'abortiue course 422 DE. Thus all things alter, still all things decay 423 DE. Who flourish now in peace 425 DE. The euening shew's 426 DE. And many 427 DE. I see this Grecian of a simple spirite 428 DE. The which is capable of no great things 429 DE. Men but aduance him far aboue his merite 430 DE. He can not comprehend the States of Kings 431 DE. Fame did so largely of his worth report 432 DE. It made me long 433 DE. are come short

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Act 2. Scene 2.

Solon. Æsope.

Solon. This King hath put his trust in trustlesse toyes,
Whil'st courting onely temporary things,
And like a hooded Hawk, gorg'd with vaine joye,
At randon flyes, born forth on follys wings:
O how this makes my griefe exceeding great,
To see ones care, who lives for dead things such,
Whil'st shew-transported mindes admire his state:
Which I not envy, no, but pitty much.
" Thus wormes of th'earth (whil'st low-plac'd thoughts prevaile)
" Love melting things, whose shew the body fits,
" Where soules of clearer sight doe never faile,
" To value most the treasure of good wits.
" Those worldly things doe in this world decay,
" Or at the least we leave them with our breath,
" Where to eternity this leades the way,
" So differ they as farre as life and death.
Æsope. And yet what wonder though he wander thus,
Whom still by successe treacherous fortune blindes?
Though this indeed seem somewhat strange to us,
Who have with learning purifi'd our mindes;
Was he not borne heire of a mighty state?
And us'd with fortunes smiles, not fear'd for frownes,
Doth measure all things by his owne conceit?
A great defect, which fatall is to Crownes;
Then from his youth still trusting in a Throne,
With all that pride could crave, or wealth could give,

435 DE. trustlesse treasures 436 DE. Cloi'd with th'abundance of all worldy blisse 437 DE. with vaine pleasures 438 DE. and wots not where he is 439 DE. O how this makes me wonderfully sorie 440 DE. To see him keepe this lifelesse wealth so straitly 441 DE. Whilst witlesse worldlings wonder at his glorie 442 DE. Which I not enuie, no, but pittie greatly 443 DEI. whose worst part doth preuaile 446 DEI. To thesaurize the gifts of gallant wits 449 DE. Whereas the other makes vs liue for ay 452 DEI. Whose knowledge clouded is with prosp'rous windes 458 DE. Th'infirmitie that fatall is to Crownes 459 DE. He hath been from his infancy addicted 460 DE. To all the pompous shewes wealth could deuise

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Vs'd with entreaties, and contrould by none,
He would the tongue of liberty deprive;
Though to his sight I dare not thus appeare,
Whose partiall judgement, farre from reason parts;
I grieve to see your entertainment here
So farre inferiour to your owne deserts;
That matchlesse wisedome which the world admires,
And (ravish't with delight,) amazed heares,
Since not in consort with his vaine desires,
Did seeme impleasant to distemper'd eares:
Eares which can entry give to no discourse,
Save that which enters fraughted with his praise;
He can love none but them that love his course,
And thinkes all fooles who use no flattering phrase:
This with the great ones doth the gods displease,
Though spreading all her heavenly treasures forth,
They (if not in their livery them to please)
Doe vertue vilifie, as of no worth.
Solon. I care not, *Æsope*, how the King conceiv'd
Those my franke words which I must alwaies use;
I came not here till he my comming crav'd,
And now when come, will not my name abuse;
Should I his poys'nous Sycophants resemble,
Whose silken words their Soveraigne doe o'rethrow?
I for his Diadem would not dissemble,
"What hearts doe thinke, the tongues were made to show.
And what if I, his humour to content,
The worlds opinion lost by gaining ones?

461 DE. And still entreated, neuer contradicted I. Of all intreated 462 DE. Now doth all libertie of speech despise 464 DE. Whose corrupt iudgement was from reason sweruing 466 DE. So far inferior to your owne deseruing 471 DE. Eares that are euer stopt to all discourse 475 DE. This wracks the great, and makes the heauens despight them I. This at high powers, doth higher powers displease 476 DE. Let vertue spread forth all her heauenly powers 477 DE. If not in their owne liuery to delight them 478 DE. They will not daigne her audience a few howers 479 DE. the King conceated 480 DE. Of my franke speeches, which I euer vse 481 DE. till I was first entreated 482 DE. Nor being come, will I 484 DE. A hatefull thing to honest men that know it 485 DE. I would not for his Diadem dessemble 486 DE. What the hart thinks, the tongue was made to show it 487 DE. And what if his vaine humor to haue cherish'd 488 DE. I had my speeches for the purpose painted

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He can but give me gifts which may be spent,
But nought can cleere my fame if darkned once;
That so he might my reputation raise,
If I sooth'd him, it would procure my shame;
" Whil'st those who vitious are, our vertues praise,
" This in effect is but a secret blame.
" Though as a simple man he me despise,
" Yet better simply good, then doubly ill;
" I not my worth by others praises prize,
" Nor by opinions doe direct my will.
That praise contents me more which one imparts,
Of judgement sound, (though of a meane degree)
Then praise from Princes voyd of princely parts,
Who have more wealth, but not more wit then he.
Æsope. Who come to Court, must with Kings faults comport.
Solon. Who come to Court, should truth to Kings report.
Æsope. A wise man at their imperfections winkes.
Solon. An honest man will tell them what he thinkes.
Æsope. So should you lose your selfe, and them not save.
Solon. But for their folly, I no blame would have.
Æsope. By this you should their indignation finde.
Solon. Yet have the warrant of a worthy minde.
Æsope. It would be long ere you were thus preferr'd.
Solon. Then it should be the King, (not I) that err'd.
Æsope. They guerdon as they love, they love by guesse.
Solon. Yet when I merit well, I care the lesse.
Æsope. It's good to be still by the Prince approv'd.
Solon. It's better to be upright, though not lov'd.
Æsope. But by this meane, all hope of honour failes.
Solon. Yet honesty in end ever prevailes.
Æsope. I thinke they should excell (for vertue rare)

489 DE. I had but gotten gifts that would haue perish'd 490 DE. But nothing could haue cleer'd my fame once tainted 491 DE. If I had show'n my selfe toward him officious 492 DE. It would in end haue but procur'd my shame 493 DE. To haue our vertue prais'd by one that's vicious 495 DE. He thinks him simple, who his anger raises 496 DE. But better 497 DE. I neuer value my worth by others praises 499 DE. And it content's me more to be applauded 500 DE. By one of iudgement (though of meane degree) 501 DE. Then by a Prince of princely parts defrauded I. Then of a Prince depriu'd 502 DEI. Who hath more wealth, but not more wit then hee 507 DEI. them not win 508 DEI. But I would beare no burden of their sin 519 DE. excell as oft they do

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All men in wit, who unto men give lawes;
Kings of their kingdomes, as the centers are,
To which each weighty thing by nature drawes:
For as the mighty rivers, little streames,
And all the liquid pow'rs which rise or fall,
Doe seeke in sundry parts by severall seames,
The Oceans bosome that receives them all.
It as a Steward of the tumid deeps
Doth send them backe by many secret veynes,
And (as the earth hath need of moisture) keeps
These humid treasures to refresh the Plaines.
Thus are Kings brests the depths where daily flow
Cleare streames of knowledge with rare treasures charg'd,
So that continually their wisedomes grow,
By many helpes, which others want, enlarg'd:
For those who have intelligence ov'r all,
Doe commonly communicate to Kings,
All th'accidents of weight that chance to fall;
Which great advantage, Greatnesse to them brings.
They (jealously dispos'd) comment on mindes,
And these who Arts, or Natures gifts enhaunce,
(Whose value no where else a Merchant findes)
Doe come to Kings, as who may them advance.
No doubt great *Iove*, since they supply his place,
(So with their charge to make their vertues even)
Doth give to them some supernaturall grace,
Vice-gods on th'earth, great Lievtenants of heaven.

Solon. As you have shown, Kings good occasion have
To sound the deepes and mysteries of wit,
And those who so their states from ruine save,

521 DE. Kings are the Center of the Kingdome to 526 DE. To the maine Ocean that 527 DE. Who as he were but the steward of those waters 529 DE. moisture, scatters 538 I. To them their greatnesse this aduantage brings 539 DE. They being iealous [I. Then they (oft jealous)] find out many drifts 540 DE. And by a long experience learne to scance them I. While ey'd like *Argos* they all things glance 541 DE. Then those whom Arte or Nature lend's great gifts I. And those whom Art, or Nature stores with gifts 542 DE. All come to Kings as who may best aduance them 543 DE. No doubt, those Powres who put them in their places 544 DE. To make their qualities with their charge euen 545 DE. Do [I. Doth] dote them with some 547 DE. haue a good occasion 548 DE. Whereby t'attaine vnto the height of wit 549 DE. Which whoso do imbrace by good perswasion

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Doe well deserve upon a Throne to sit,
But ah those rivers are not ever pure,
Through tainted channels which oft times convaid,
By flatteries poyson rendred are impure;
" Oft Princes hearts are by their eares betray'd:
For impudent effronted persons dare
Court with vaine words, and detestable lyes,
Whil'st men of minds more pure must stand afarre,
" The light is loathsome to diseased eyes.
But with amazement this transports my minde,
Some who are wise grosse flattery can digest,
And though they know how all men are inclin'd,
Yet please the bad, and do but praise the best.
Is't that such men no errour can controll,
Nor will not crosse their appetite in ought,
But (nothing censuring) every thing extoll,
Where better wits would argue as they thought;
Or since the world of worth in all esteemes,
They never like a pregnant sprite to raise,
So to have none who but to help them seemes,
Or may pretend an int'rest in their praise:
This self-conceit is a most dangerous shelfe,
Where many have made shipwrack unawares,
" He who doth trust too much unto himselfe,
" Can never faile to fall in many snares.
" Of all men else great Monarchs have most need
" To square their actions, and to weigh their words,
" And with advice in all things to proceed;
" A faithfull Counsell oft great good affords.

550 DE. Are surely worthy 553 DE. The which through tainted channels whiles conuaid 553 DE. Vile flatt'ries poyson rendred hath impure 554 DE. Thus are Kings hearts oft 557 DE. Whilst purer sprited men 559 DE. But this doth rauish oft my soule with wonder 560 DE. Some that are wise, with flatt'ry can comport 561 DE. And though of all men best mens parts they ponder 562 DE. Yet euer entertaine the baddest sort 563 DE. Is't that such men as those cannot controlle them 564 DE. Nor neuer crosse 565 DE. But for each purpose that they speake extolle them 567 DE. Or as they would haue none for to resist them 568 DE. So for th'aduancement of the worthiest sorie 569 DE. They will haue none that may seeme to assist them 570 DE. Lest any challenge intrest in their glorie 575 DE. Of all that liue 576 DE. To ballance all their actions, and their wordes

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" Loe, how th'inferiour spheares of force do bend
" As the first mover doth their courses drive,
" The Commons customes on the Prince depend,
" His manners are the rules by which they live;
" As for himselfe none onely is brought forth,
" Kings for the use of many are ordain'd,
" They should like Sunnes cleare Kingdomes with their worth,
" Whose life a patterne must be kept unstain'd:
" All vertuous Princes have a spatious field
" To shew their worth, though even in Fortunes spight,
" Where meane men must to their misfortune yeeld,
" Whil'st want of power doth cloud their vertue quite;
" As pretious stones are th'ornaments of rings,
" The stone decores the ring, the ring the hand,
" So Countries are conforme unto their Kings,
" The King decores the Court, the Court the Land;
" And as a drop of poyson spent alone,
" Infected fountains doth with venome fill,
" So mighty states may tainted be by one:
" A vitious Prince is a contagious ill.
Æsope. It easie is anothers faults to spie,
And paint in th'aire the shadows of our mindes,
Whil'st apprehending with the inward eye
A high perfection which no practise findes.
Solon. I grant, those grounds which we imagine may,
Will move no charmed man, much lesse a Prince,
To disenchant himselfe, and seeke some way
At Reasons Court, his passions to convince;
Ere *Cræsus* can refraine from this his fury,
He must forsake himselfe (as one renew'd)
And in the *Lethe* of oblivion burie
The vanities that have his soule subdew'd;

579 DE. Sphears their courses bend 580 DE. There, whither the first Moouer doth them driue 583 DE. No man is onely for himselfe brought forth 587 DE. Those that are vertuous haue an ample field 588 DE. T'expresse their wisdom and t'extend their merite 590 DE. Whilst lacke of power doth burst a gallant sprite 599 DE. This is an easie thing, for vs to spie 601 DE. And t'apprehend with th'intellectuall eie 602 DE. A blessing that no worldly Kingdom findes 603 DE. I grant imaginarie groundes of ours 604 DE. Will neuer mooue a world-bewitched Prince 605 DE. and spend some howrs 606 DE. His owne desseignes of follie to conuince

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Those his prerogatives he first must bound,
And be a man, a man to be controll'd,
Then all his faults (as in another found)
An arbiter with equall eyes behold;
Could he cast off this vaile of fond self-love,
Through which each object Pride too grosly spies,
He would these ravenous Parasites remove,
Vile instruments of shame that live by lyes;
The onely meanes to make such people part,
That he might judge more freely of his state,
Were to cast out the Idoll of his heart,
Which (when o're-thrown) he must disclaime too late:
For, forraine flatterers no accesse could find,
If not that weighing his owne worth too much,
He first concludes (to sooth himselfe inclin'd)
That all their praises should of right be such;
And when those hireling Sycophants have found
A Prince whom too secure opinion makes,
His noblest part they by smooth weapons wound,
" All spoyle by pleasing them whom flattery takes:
Ore rulers, rule when such a person beares,
Of vertuous men the rising to prevent,
From wholsome counsell they close up his eares
To crosse the better sort in all things bent.
Æsope. If you at Court to credit would arise,
You must not seek by truth to gaine renowne,
But sometime must applaud what you despise,
And smile in show whil'st in effect you frowne.

611 DE. He first must his prerogatiues al smother 613 DE. Then all his faults as they were in another 614 DE. Like an vnpartiall Arbiter behold 616 DE. Through which all things not as they are he spies 619 DE. And th'onely meanes to force them to depart 622 DE. Which puffs him vp with a pride-swolne conceate 624 DE. Wer't not ouer-valuing his 625 DE. He flattred first himselfe and thinks no lesse I. He first doth sooth himselfe, and thinks no lesse 626 DE. But all their praises ought for to be such 628 DE. A Prince whose iudgement selfe-conceat disarmes 629 DE. They breach his weakest part, and bring to ground 630 DE. The greatnesse of his State with flatteries charmes 631 DE. Then bearing ouer his Passions once the sway 632 DE. Least by the better sort he be aduisd 633 DE. To wholesome counsell they close vp the way 634 DE. And vse all meanes t'haue honest men despisd 636 DE. t'acquire renowne 637 DE. But learne t'applaud whiles what you most despise I. But must applaud whiles what you most despise

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Solon. From hence in haste I will my selfe retyre,
I hate Courts slavery, it my freenesse scornes,
Nor am I one whom *Crœsus* doth desire,
Since I detest what him (he thinks) adornes;
O how light Fortune doth his folly flout,
While as he glories in this flying show!
With greedy harpies hedg'd in round about,
Which gape to be made rich by his o're-throw.
Not all the wealth that his great kingdome shows,
Can make me from my resolution shrinke;
Nor can the terrour of a Tyrants blows
Enforce my tongue to speake more then I thinke;
Nothing so much as doubts doth vex the minde,
Whil'st anxious thoughts to fix no where can come,
Yet every one the way to rest may finde,
A resolution all things doth o're-come.
" And since my thoughts in Innocency rest,
" No outward warre can inward peace surprise,
" What can imagin'd be to brave a brest,
" That both doth death, and povertie despise?

Exeunt.

CHORUS.

Of all the Creatures bred below,
We must call Man most miserable,
Who all his time is never able
To purchase any true repose;
His very birth may well disclose
What miseries his blisse o're-throw:
For, first (when borne) he cannot know,
Who to his state is friend or foe,
Nor how at first he may stand stable,

639 DE. From Court in time 640 DE. I find my humour is not fit for Court 641 DE. I am none of those whom 642 DE. I can not alway of his worth report I. Since I detest what foule defects adornes 643 DE. O that he cannot see light Fortune flout him 645 DE. Hedg'd in with greedy Harpies round about him 646 DE. That gape t'enrich themselues with his ouerthrow 647–658 *are lacking in* D *and in* E 650 I. Can make my tongue 651–654 *are lacking in* I 657 I. to bragge a brest 662 DE. *T'attaine vnto a true repose* I. To comprehend a 665 DE. *For being borne he*

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But even with cryes, and teares, doth show
What dangers do his life enclose ;
Whose griefes are sure, whose joyes a fable ;
Thus still his dayes in dolour so
He to huge perils must expose ;
And with vexation lives, and dyes with woe,
Not knowing whence he came, nor where to go.

Then whil'st he holds this lowest place,
O ! how uncertaine is his state ?
The subject of a constant fate,
To figure forth inconstancy,
Which ever changing as we see,
Is still a stranger unto peace :
" For if man prosper but a space,
" With each good successe fondly bold,
" And puft up in his owne conceit,
" He but abuses Fortunes grace ;
" And when that with adversity
" His pleasures treasures end their date,
" And with disasters are controll'd,
" Straight he begins for griefe to dye :
" And still the top of some extreame doth hold,
" Not suffering Summers heat, nor Winters cold.

" His state doth in most danger stand,
" Who most abounds in worldly things,
" And soares too high with Fortunes wings,
" Which carry up aspiring mindes,
" To be the object of all windes ;
The course of such when rightly scan'd,
(Whil'st they cannot themselves command)
Transported with an empty name,
Oft unexpected ruine brings ;
There were examples in this Land,

672 DE. *He to all perils* 675 DE. *While as he brookes this* 677 DE. *Which gouerned by a secret fate* 678 DE. *Is subiect to inconstancie* 680 DEI. *Is still in toile, neuer in peace* 686 DE. *His pleasures come to end their date* 695 DE. *For to be beaten with all windes* I. But to be beaten with 698 DE. *pow'rles name* 700 DE. *W'haue seene*

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How worldly blisse the senses blindes,
From which at last oft trouble springs,
He who presumes upon the same,
Hidde poyson in his pleasure findes;
And sayling rashly with the windes of fame,
Doth oft times sinke downe in a Sea of shame.

It may be fear'd our King at last,
Whil'st he for nothing is afraid,
Be by prosperity betray'd:
For, growing thus in greatnesse still,
And having worldly things at will,
He thinks though time should all things waste,
Yet his estate shall ever last
The wonder of this peopled round;
And in his own conceit hath said:
No course of heaven his state can cast,
Nor make his fortune to be ill;
But if the gods a way have lay'd
That he must come to be uncrown'd,
What sudden feares his minde may fill,
And in an instant utterly confound
The state which stands upon so slippery ground?

When such a Monarchs minde is bent
To follow most the most unwise,
Who can their folly well disguise
With sugred speeches, poisnous baits?
The secret canker of great States,
From which at first few disassent,
The which at last all do repent,
Then whil'st they must to ruine go;
When Kings begin thus to despise
Of honest men the good intent;

[708] DEI. *And on a reed vnsurely kings* [707] DEI. *It's to be fear'd* [714] DE. *th'inferiour round* I. this low-laide Round [718] DE. *If Fortune once those thoughts t'obbraid* I. The which if Heauen will once vpbraid [719] DE. *Will haue* [I. And haue] *our King to be vn-cround* [720] DE. *She may that* [I. his] *mind with horrour fill* [730] DE. *While as repenting lust must go*

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Who to assure their Soveraignes seats,
Would faine in time some help devise,
And would cut off all cause of woe,
Yet cannot second their conceits:
These dreadfull Comets commonly fore-go
A Kings destruction, when miscarried so.

Act 3. Scene 1.

Crœsus. Adrastus.

Crœsus. What fancies strange with terrour strike my soule,
The tortur'd captive of distrustfull feares?
Huge cares (suggesting harme) my joyes controul,
Whose minde some comming crosse charactred beares;
And credulous suspition (too too wise)
To fortifie my feares doth meanes invent;
Whil'st sudden trouble doth my sprite surprise,
A presage sad which boasts some bad event;
" I thinke the soule (since an immortall brood)
" Hath by inheritance an heavenly power,
" Which some fore-knowledge gives of ill, and good,
" But not the meanes to scape a fatall houre;
" Though with this mortall vaile, when made halfe blinde,
" Not well fore-seeing what each time forth brings,
" Yet it communicates unto the minde
" In cloudy dreames true (though mysterious) things;
" Imagination wonderfull in force,
" The judgement oft foiles with confusion so,
" That (then they prove things presupposed worse)
" Ere time distress'd, man multiplies his woe:

739 DE. What vncoth fancies do affright my soule 740 DE. And haue captiu'd it to a thousand feares 742 DE. My mind some comming euill 745 DE. Whilst suddaine terrors do 746 DE. An ominous presage of some 747 DE. soule come of immortall brood 748 DE. As being partner of a diuine powre 749 DE. Hath a fore-knowledge both of euill and good 750 DE. Although she can not flie a fatall houre 752 DE. She can not soare outright with her owne wings I. She not at freedome flies with her own wings 754 DE. In cloudie dreames and misteries strange things 757 DE. That presupposing all things to be worse 758 DE. Then they fall foorth, we double our owne wo

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" For as the shadow seemes more monstrous still,
" Then doth the substance whence the shape it takes,
" So the conjecture of a threatned ill,
" More then it selfe some to be troubled makes;
This alteration too seemes more then strange,
Which suddenly so moved hath my minde.
I see (more then I thought) all states may change,
" When heaven pursues, th'earth no defence can finde;
My soule all pleasure is already loathing,
This hath indeed so deep impression left,
A dreame, a fancy, froth, a shadow, nothing
Hath all my mirth even in a moment reft.
Adrast. Whence (mighty Soveraigne) can this change proceed,
Which doth obscure the rayes of Princely grace?
Those who are school'd in woe, may clearly reade
A mighty passion written in your face;
And (if a stranger may presume so farre)
What friend is false, or who are fear'd as foes?
For I imagine in what state you are:
A secret sympathie imparting woes;
Two strings in divers Lutes set in accord,
(Some say) th'one onely touch'd both give a sound,
Even so souls tun'd to griefe, the like afford,
Whose airie motions mutually do wound.
Crœ. " No doubt, it must disburden much the minde,
" A Secretary in distresse to have;
" Who by his owne, anothers griefe can finde,
" Where glad mindes scorne what they cannot conceive:
And I (*Adrastus*) would the cause declare,
With which I so torment my soule in vaine,
But yet I blush to tell my foolish care:

760 DE. whence it hath the being I. whence it drawes the shape 761 DE. So th' apprehension of approaching ill I. So deepe coniectures 762 DE. Seemes greater then it selfe, whilst feares are lying I. on some doth horror heape 764 DE. Which at an instant hath ore-whelm'd my sences 766 DE. Against the heauen th'earth can find no defences 767 DEI. My soule her wonted pleasure else is loathing 769 DE. A dreame, a fantasie, a shadow, nothing 776 DE. I would the copie of your passions borrow 777 DE. I else [I. For I] coniecture 778 DE. Taught by a secret sympathie in sorrow 780 DE. (Although th'one be but [I. Though one be only] toucht) together sound 782 DE. And other with a mutuall motion wound I. Whose mutuall motions each doth other wound

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The fond illusion of a drowsie braine.
Adrast. As bodies temper'd are, or souls inclin'd,
All dreames by night th'imagination makes,
Or else th'impression thoughts worke in the minde,
By which (when wakening) one most travell takes.
Crœ. By sleepe arrested as o're-come by death,
In Natures bosome I imbrac'd true rest,
And in that Masse where nothing mov'd but breath,
Lifes faculties sleep for a time supprest;
Then whil'st the sprite most pow'rfull did remaine,
Since least distress'd by this terrestriall part.
Adrast. Souls at such times their strength so strongly straine,
That oft their burdens as astonish'd start.
Crœ. To rarifie the aire from vapours pow'rs,
When first *Aurora* rose from *Tithons* bed,
Ere *Phœbus* blushing stole from *Thetis* bowres,
This apprehension in my braine was bred:
I onely have two sonnes, and th'one (you see)
The signe of Natures indignation beares,
And from his birth-day dumbe is dead to me,
Since he can give no comfort to mine eares;
The other *Atis* (all my lifes delight)
In whom the treasures of my soule are kept,
I thought (vaine be my thought) in the twi-light,
(I know not whether yet I wak't or slep't)
Whil'st he was sporting, void of worldly cares,
And not in danger, which could threaten death,
A pointed toole of iron fell unawares,
And from his body banish did his breath;

[791] DE. According to the bodies constitution [792] DE. The soule by night with fancies is afflicted [793] DE. Or by these thoughts continuall reuolution I. Or else those thoughts impression in the minde [794] DE. To which by day the mind is most addicted I. when waking [795] DE. Now whilst the Sunne did peepe through *Thetis* bower I. This night last past as quite o're-come by death [796] DE. And on the beauties of *Aurora* gaz'd [797] DE. Out of my body spoild of mouing power [798] DE. All faculties of life dull sleepe had raz'd [799] DE. While as the sprite more powerfull than euer [800] DE. Since least impeached with this earthlie part [801] DE. The veritie from lies could best disseuer I. they most their strength doe straine [802] DE. Hid mysteries vnclouding to the hart [803-806] *Wanting in* D *and in* E [810] I. poure no pleasure in [814] DE. I wot not whether yet I walkt or slept [816] DE. Not in a lists belonging to his merites [818] DE. And pearc'd his temples, and expeld his spirites

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" Loe, how th'inferiour spheares of force do bend
" As the first mover doth their courses drive,
" The Commons customes on the Prince depend,
" His manners are the rules by which they live;
" As for himselfe none onely is brought forth,
" Kings for the use of many are ordain'd,
" They should like Sunnes cleare Kingdomes with their worth,
" Whose life a patterne must be kept unstain'd:
" All vertuous Princes have a spatious field
" To shew their worth, though even in Fortunes spight,
" Where meane men must to their misfortune yeeld,
" Whil'st want of power doth cloud their vertue quite;
" As pretious stones are th'ornaments of rings,
" The stone decores the ring, the ring the hand,
" So Countries are conforme unto their Kings,
" The King decores the Court, the Court the Land;
" And as a drop of poyson spent alone,
" Infected fountains doth with venome fill,
" So mighty states may tainted be by one:
" A vitious Prince is a contagious ill.
Æsope. It easie is anothers faults to spie,
And paint in th'aire the shadows of our mindes,
Whil'st apprehending with the inward eye
A high perfection which no practise findes.
Solon. I grant, those grounds which we imagine may,
Will move no charmed man, much lesse a Prince,
To disenchant himselfe, and seeke some way
At Reasons Court, his passions to convince;
Ere *Cræsus* can refraine from this his fury,
He must forsake himselfe (as one renew'd)
And in the *Lethe* of oblivion burie
The vanities that have his soule subdew'd;

579 DE. Sphears their courses bend 580 DE. There, whither the first Moouer doth them driue 583 DE. No man is onely for himselfe brought forth 587 DE. Those that are vertuous haue an ample field 588 DE. T'expresse their wisdom and t'extend their merite 590 DE. Whilst lacke of power doth burst a gallant sprite 599 DE. This is an easie thing, for vs to spie 601 DE. And t'apprehend with th'intellectuall eie 602 DE. A blessing that no worldly Kingdom findes 603 DE. I grant imaginarie groundes of ours 604 DE. Will neuer mooue a world-bewitched Prince 605 DE. and spend some howrs 606 DE. His owne desseignes of follie to conuince

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Those his prerogatives he first must bound,
And be a man, a man to be controll'd,
Then all his faults (as in another found)
An arbiter with equall eyes behold;
Could he cast off this vaile of fond self-love,
Through which each object Pride too grosly spies,
He would these ravenous Parasites remove,
Vile instruments of shame that live by lyes;
The onely meanes to make such people part,
That he might judge more freely of his state,
Were to cast out the Idoll of his heart,
Which (when o're-thrown) he must disclaime too late:
For, forraine flatterers no accesse could find,
If not that weighing his owne worth too much,
He first concludes (to sooth himselfe inclin'd)
That all their praises should of right be such;
And when those hireling Sycophants have found
A Prince whom too secure opinion makes,
His noblest part they by smooth weapons wound,
" All spoyle by pleasing them whom flattery takes:
Ore rulers, rule when such a person beares,
Of vertuous men the rising to prevent,
From wholsome counsell they close up his eares
To crosse the better sort in all things bent.
Æsope. If you at Court to credit would arise,
You must not seek by truth to gaine renowne,
But sometime must applaud what you despise,
And smile in show whil'st in effect you frowne.

611 DE. He first must his prerogatiues al smother 613 DE. Then all his faults as they were in another 614 DE. Like an vnpartiall Arbiter behold 616 DE. Through which all things not as they are he spies 619 DE. And th'onely meanes to force them to depart 622 DE. Which puffs him vp with a pride-swolne conceate 624 DE. Wer't not ouer-valuing his 625 DE. He flattred first himselfe and thinks no lesse I. He first doth sooth himselfe, and thinks no lesse 626 DE. But all their praises ought for to be such 628 DE. A Prince whose iudgement selfe-conceat disarmes 629 DE. They breach his weakest part, and bring to ground 630 DE. The greatnesse of his State with flatteries charmes 631 DE. Then bearing ouer his Passions once the sway 632 DE. Least by the better sort he be aduisd 633 DE. To wholesome counsell they close vp the way 634 DE. And vse all meanes t'haue honest men despisd 636 DE. t'acquire renowne 637 DE. But learne t'applaud whiles what you most despise I. But must applaud whiles what you most despise

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Solon. From hence in haste I will my selfe retyre,
I hate Courts slavery, it my freenesse scornes,
Nor am I one whom *Crœsus* doth desire,
Since I detest what him (he thinks) adornes;
O how light Fortune doth his folly flout,
While as he glories in this flying show!
With greedy harpies hedg'd in round about,
Which gape to be made rich by his o're-throw.
Not all the wealth that his great kingdome shows,
Can make me from my resolution shrinke;
Nor can the terrour of a Tyrants blows
Enforce my tongue to speake more then I thinke;
Nothing so much as doubts doth vex the minde,
Whil'st anxious thoughts to fix no where can come,
Yet every one the way to rest may finde,
A resolution all things doth o're-come.
" And since my thoughts in Innocency rest,
" No outward warre can inward peace surprise,
" What can imagin'd be to brave a brest,
" That both doth death, and povertie despise?

Exeunt.

CHORUS.

Of all the Creatures bred below,
We must call Man most miserable,
Who all his time is never able
To purchase any true repose;
His very birth may well disclose
What miseries his blisse o're-throw:
For, first (when borne) he cannot know,
Who to his state is friend or foe,
Nor how at first he may stand stable,

639 DE. From Court in time 640 DE. I find my humour is not fit for Court 641 DE. I am none of those whom 642 DE. I can not alway of his worth report I. Since I detest what foule defects adornes 643 DE. O that he cannot see light Fortune flout him 645 DE. Hedg'd in with greedy Harpies round about him 646 DE. That gape t'enrich themselues with his ouerthrow 647-658 *are lacking in* D *and in* E 650 I. Can make my tongue 651-654 *are lacking in* I 657 I. to bragge a brest 662 DE. *T'attaine vnto a true repose* I. To comprehend a 665 DE. *For being borne he*

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But even with cryes, and teares, doth show
What dangers do his life enclose;
Whose griefes are sure, whose joyes a fable;
Thus still his dayes in dolour so
He to huge perils must expose;
And with vexation lives, and dyes with woe,
Not knowing whence he came, nor where to go.

Then whil'st he holds this lowest place,
O! how uncertaine is his state?
The subject of a constant fate,
To figure forth inconstancy,
Which ever changing as we see,
Is still a stranger unto peace:
"For if man prosper but a space,
"With each good successe fondly bold,
"And puft up in his owne conceit,
"He but abuses Fortunes grace;
"And when that with adversity
"His pleasures treasures end their date,
"And with disasters are controll'd,
"Straight he begins for griefe to dye:
"And still the top of some extreame doth hold,
"Not suffering Summers heat, nor Winters cold.

"His state doth in most danger stand,
"Who most abounds in worldly things,
"And soares too high with Fortunes wings,
"Which carry up aspiring mindes,
"To be the object of all windes;
The course of such when rightly scan'd,
(Whil'st they cannot themselves command)
Transported with an empty name,
Oft unexpected ruine brings;
There were examples in this Land,

672 DE. *He to all perils* 675 DE. *While as he brookes this* 677 DE. *Which gouerned by a secret fate* 678 DE. *Is subiect to inconstancie* 686 DEI. *Is still in toile, neuer in peace* 686 DE. *His pleasures come to end their date* 695 DE. *For to be beaten with all windes* I. But to be beaten with 698 DE. *prou'rles name* 700 DE. *W'haue seene*

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How worldly blisse the senses blindes,
From which at last oft trouble springs,
He who presumes upon the same,
Hidde poyson in his pleasure findes;
And sayling rashly with the windes of fame,
Doth oft times sinke downe in a Sea of shame.

It may be fear'd our King at last,
Whil'st he for nothing is afraid,
Be by prosperity betray'd:
For, growing thus in greatnesse still,
And having worldly things at will,
He thinks though time should all things waste,
Yet his estate shall ever last
The wonder of this peopled round;
And in his own conceit hath said:
No course of heaven his state can cast,
Nor make his fortune to be ill;
But if the gods a way have lay'd
That he must come to be uncrown'd,
What sudden feares his minde may fill,
And in an instant utterly confound
The state which stands upon so slippery ground?

When such a Monarchs minde is bent
To follow most the most unwise,
Who can their folly well disguise
With sugred speeches, poisnous baits?
The secret canker of great States,
From which at first few disassent,
The which at last all do repent,
Then whil'st they must to ruine go;
When Kings begin thus to despise
Of honest men the good intent;

[702] DEI. *And on a reed vnsurely kings* [707] DEI. *It's to be fear'd* [714] DE. *th'inferiour round* I. this low-laide Round [718] DE. *If Fortune once those thoughts t'obbraid* I. The which if Heauen will once vpbraid [719] DE. *Will haue* [I. And haue] *our King to be vn-cround* [720] DE. *She may that* [I. his] *mind with horrour fill* [730] DE. *While as repenting lust must go*

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Who to assure their Soveraignes seats,
Would faine in time some help devise,
And would cut off all cause of woe,
Yet cannot second their conceits:
These dreadfull Comets commonly fore-go
A Kings destruction, when miscarried so.

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" In cloudy dreames true (though mysterious) things;
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Crœ. " No doubt, it must disburden much the minde,
" A Secretary in distresse to have;
" Who by his owne, anothers griefe can finde,
" Where glad mindes scorne what they cannot conceive:
And I (*Adrastus*) would the cause declare,
With which I so torment my soule in vaine,
But yet I blush to tell my foolish care:

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When first *Aurora* rose from *Tithons* bed,
Ere *Phœbus* blushing stole from *Thetis* bowres,
This apprehension in my braine was bred:
I onely have two sonnes, and th'one (you see)
The signe of Natures indignation beares,
And from his birth-day dumbe is dead to me,
Since he can give no comfort to mine eares;
The other *Atis* (all my lifes delight)
In whom the treasures of my soule are kept,
I thought (vaine be my thought) in the twi-light,
(I know not whether yet I wak't or slep't)
Whil'st he was sporting, void of worldly cares,
And not in danger, which could threaten death,
A pointed toole of iron fell unawares,
And from his body banish did his breath;

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Whil'st the pale carkase did upbraid mine eyes,
The horrour of the sight my sense re-call'd,
Which when I thinke of, yet my courage dyes,
Such an exceeding feare my sprite appall'd;
This touch'd my state so much, it hath me mov'd
To match my Sonne in marriage at this time
With vertuous *Cælia*, whom he dearely lov'd,
That both might reape the pleasure of their prime;
And if the heavens his o're-throw have decreed
By destiny which cannot be revok'd,
So may we have behinde some of his seed,
Ere in his blossome all our hopes be choak'd;
Thus, ere his soule lodge in the lightlesse shade,
Some of his off-spring may content my minde,
" I cannot hold him altogether dead,
" Who leaves his Image in some one behinde;
And though we do what ever seemes the best
To disappoint those but surmiz'd annoyes,
Yet for all this my minde hath never rest,
Some secret terrour doth disturbe my joyes.
Adrast. Ah (Sir) if such a dreamed ill as this,
Hath plung'd your soule even in the depths of griefe,
Unhappie I, who waile a thing that is,
Whil'st hope (though rack'd) dare promise no reliefe;
Though all those dreadfull fancies took effect,
(Which heavy chance th'almighty *Iove* with-hold)
None can compare them, no, in no respect
With those mis-fortunes which my state enfold:
For though your Sonne dye by anothers hand,
You shall but waile his death, and not your crime;
The heavens of me my brothers bloud demand,
His fate, my fault, mourne must I all my time.
Crœ. In what strange forme could this disaster fall,

819 DE. seem'd t'vpbraid 821 DE. comfort dyes 823 DE. This hath me mou'd, it touch'd my state so neerelie 825 DE. With beauteous *Cælia* whom he lou'd most deerelie 828 DE. T'haue of his race twill mitigate my mind I. his race may mitigate 835 DE. And for the time we do all that seemes best 836 DE. For to preuent 839 DE. Ah Sir! if but th'imagind euill of this 840 DE. soule in such a gulfe of griefe 842 DE. And haue not meanes to hope for no reliefe 843 DE. If all these 845 DE. It could not be compar'd in no respect 847 DE. For when your sonne fell

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From which there flow salt flouds of just distresse?
Tell on at length the fatall cause of all,
" A greater griefe makes one forget the lesse.
Adrast. My sorrows ground I smother'd still till now,
As too offensive food for dainty eares,
But since of such discourse you do allow,
Ile tell a tale that may move stones to teares;
Of *Phrygian* Princes my great Father come,
Had in my growing age a tender care,
That all my education might become
One whom he might for mighty hopes prepare;
As yet foure lustres scarcely had begun
To grace my witness'd sex with blooming cheeks,
When I (fond youth) that lab'rinth could not shunne,
Whence backe in vaine the straying Entrer seeks.
I lov'd, O fatall love, unlovely fate!
The vertuously faire, yet fairest Dame
That ever was enshrin'd in soules conceit,
Or ditties gave to grace the sounds of fame;
Straight were my fancies to her beauties ty'd,
" None can paint passions, but in feeling mindes,
I burn'd, freez'd, doubted, hop'd, despair'd, liv'd, dy'd,
With actions chang'd as oft as Autumnes windes;
Yet many conflicts past 'twixt hopes and feares,
To feast, at least to nurce my starv'd desires;
She granted had a truce unto my teares,
And temper did with equall flames my fires:
For as she was the most esteemed Saint,
Whose image Love erected in my minde,
So when her eares had harbour'd once my plaint,

[853] DE. That is th'occasion of so great distresse [853] DE. th'originall of all [854] DE. To heare of greater griefe t'will make mine lesse I. A ground of greater griefe may make mine lesse [855] DE. I haue conceald my sorrowes still till now [857] DE. Yet since of such a subiect you allow I. Of such a subiect yet since you [861] I. My education that it [864] DE. For to discerne my sex with downie cheekes [865] DE. When I into that Labirinth was runne [870] DE. Or gaue a dittie to the sounds of fame [873] DE. I burnd, freezd, hopd, dispaird, and liud, and dyed [875] DE. Yet after many doubtfull hopes and feares [876] DE. That I attaind the height of my desires [877] DE. She had subscrib'd a truce [878] DE. And temperd with encountring flames my fires [879] I. affected Saint [880] DE. Whose image was erected in my thought [881] DE. She had compassion too of my complaint

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It pitie first, and then did favour finde;
But ah triumphing in mine owne conceit
As one whose love his Lady did preferre,
I was corrivall'd (O disastrous fate !)
By one who lov'd, but was not lov'd by her,
He looking as I look'd, saw what I saw,
Saw Natures wonder, and the worlds delight,
And straight as that blinde god (blinde guide) did draw,
Still (like a Lizard) liv'd upon her sight.
Then labour'd he that Iewell straight to wonne,
Whose matchlesse worth he priz'd above his breath,
And loath'd all light which flow'd not from that Sunne,
As life without her had beene worse then death;
Yea, Fortune seem'd to favour his desire,
And where to build high hopes did give him grounds:
The Nymph her parents daily did require,
That she might furnish physick for his wounds;
Of my distracted thoughts strange was the strife,
Who threatned thus with eminent mishap,
Was like to lose a thing more deare then life,
Whil'st others striv'd my treasure to entrap;
The man who sought my joyes to undermine,
I could not justly wish his state o're-throwne,
Nor blame the sprite that sympathiz'd with mine;
I envi'd not his lot, but wail'd mine owne.
Now in my breast a mighty rage did raigne,
Which forc'd my soule with inward wounds to bleed,
Some fancies fear'd what once his love might gaine,
Since it was possible that he might speed;
Then others call'd her constancy to minde,

882 DE. And to acquit my firme affection sought I. My suite first pittie, then 883 DE. Thus whilst I triumphd 889 DE. And as a blind god blind guide did him draw 891 DE. Then strait he striues the Iewell for to wonne 892 DE. Whose vnstaind worth he rates 893 DE. He hates the light that comes not from my Sunne 894 DE. And thinks to liue without her worse then death 895 DE. And this affection fauour'd was by Fortune 896 DE. Which seem'd to ratifie his high rear'd hopes 897 DE. did importune 898 DE. For to confine his flying fancies scopes 899 DEI. Now iudge if that my miseries were rife 904 DE. I could not wish for this t'haue him ouerthrowne 907 DEI. a battell did begin 909 DE. fear'd to what [I. what once] his loue might winne 910 DE. And possibilitie for to come speede

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Which would not yeeld by such assaults though prov'd,
Yet forc'd to feare the frailty of her kinde,
" A hearing woman may in time be mov'd;
Thus toss'd with doubts amidst a deep of woe,
Which with suspition did my joyes supplant,
I blam'd the thoughts that durst accuse her so,
As vertues patterne could one vertue want;
And, nor I hop'd, his toils no further wrought,
" (Affliction oft affection doth enflame)
She of her sex who was the wonder thought,
Would thus not wrong the glory of her name;
Though in my absence they had oft assai'd,
That from her minde they might have me remov'd,
(The Sunne burns hotest when his beames are stay'd)
The more they cross'd her love, the more she lov'd;
For finding that delay no end affords,
And how faire Generals onely flow'd from Art,
She did upbraid him with disdainefull words,
To raze those hopes that had abus'd his heart;
" Love is a joy which upon paine depends,
" A drop of sweet, drown'd in a sea of sowres;
" What folly doth begin, oft fury ends,
" They hate for ever, who have lov'd for houres:
When all his arguments prov'd of no force,
Straight with disdaine his soule in secret burn'd,
And what he thought was ill, to make farre worse,
That Apostate to furie favour turn'd;
Through love preposterous procreating hate,
His thoughts amongst themselves could not agree,
Whil'st what was best he deeply did debate,

913 DE. yeeld although she were inuaded 916 DE. A woman that [I. who] hath eares may be perswaded I. eares she may be moou'd 916 DE. had my ioyes supplanted 918 DE. had one vertue wanted 919 DE. As I concluded, so it come to passe 920 DE. Th'affliction seru'd for fuell to affection 921 DE. For she who th'ornament of women was 923 DE. Would neuer wrong her worth with a defection 924 DE. To haue me from her memorie remou'd 926 DE. The more that they would let [I. stop], the 928 DE. And that faire generals are th'abusers Arte 930 DE. To raze all thought of her out of his harte 936 DE. He vnto furour all his fauour turn'd 939 DE. As he extreamely lou'd, farre more he hated 940 DE. And musde of many meanes how to annoy her 941 DE. Which was the best a long time he debated I. depthly

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To see her dead, or then enjoy'd by me:
What (said he) when he first had mus'd a space,
(So hard it is to quench affections fires)
Shall I disfigure that Angelike face,
And cloud those beauties which the world admires?
Shall she by me be to confusion brought,
To whom I vows, and prayers did impart?
To whom I sacrifiz'd each secret thought,
And on her beauties altar burn'd my heart?
Or shall I see her in anothers pow'r,
And in his bosome laid, upbraid my losse,
Whil'st both with scornfull smiles, then death more sowre,
To point me out for sport, report my crosse?
That fight which sometime did me sweetly charme,
Should it become a cause of griefe to me?
No, none who lives shall glory in my harme,
Since she will not be mine, she shall not be.
The hatefull lover having vow'd her death,
Did with a cup of poyson drowne my joyes;
The fairest body from the sweetest breath
Was parted thus (O ocean of annoyes!)
That Monster Fame, whose many mouthes and eares
Must know, but not conceale a rare thing long,
And prodigall of ill, most chiefly beares
The worst news first, inform'd me of this wrong:
For neighbouring neare the most unhappy part,
That had beene spoyl'd of such a noble guest,
As death had hers, the furies seiz'd my heart,
Whose paine did spring from that which bred her rest;
How huge a weight did first confound my soule
No tongue can tell; it still my minde torments,
Rage did of griefe the outward signes controll:
"When great windes blow the fire, the smoak worst vents;
Whil'st generous furie did disguise my griefe,

942 DE. or to see me enjoy her 944 DE. to quench a great affection 946 DE. And make the world ecclypsde of all perfection 959 DE. Th'unlouing 969 DE. No sooner had death seazde on the chaste hart 970 DE. Then sorrow on my cares to rob my rest 971 DE. How the sadde newes first sounded in my soule 972 DE. I will not wearie you with long laments

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I ranne transported with a mighty rage,
Bent (by revenge, or death to get reliefe)
A tragicke actor for a bloudy stage:
For I was come no sooner to the place,
Whereas I thought the Murtherer to have found,
But I did meet (O ruine and disgrace !)
Too deare a friend to catch an enemies wound;
Ah ! passions dimn'd mine eyes, wrath led my hand,
I was no more my selfe, Griefe had me kill'd;
The first by Night, who did before me stand,
(As one whose breast with rage *Alecto* fill'd)
By chance encount'ring, ere he spake a word,
I bath'd his bosome with a crimson floud,
And in his breast did drowne the cruell sword,
That in anothers body drank my bloud;
But when a Torch had partly rob'd the night,
Proud of suppos'd revenge (ah bitter gaine)
I saw, I knew, black knowledge, cruell sight,
My brother was the man, whom I had slaine;
O bitter losse, which nothing can repaire !
My soule with two such monstrous deeds annoy'd,
Griefe, rage, spite, shame, amazement, and despaire,
Gall'd, toss'd, burn'd, dash'd, astonish'd, and destroy'd;
The thought of my offence doth grieve me most,
Yet am I sometime by loves verdict cleans'd;
And straight my brothers violated ghost,
By dreadfull dreames doth bragge to be reveng'd.
Cræ. Now whil'st this great disaster did occurre,
What had the author of your anguish done ?
Adrast. He having heard this lamentable stirre,
Whom self-accusing thoughts convicted soone,
Straight (wounded by a wonderfull remorse)

976 DE. As one transported 977 DE. I ranne vnto the Theater of mischiefe 981 DE. But I r'encountred (O vnhappie case) 984 DE. sorrow had kild me 986 DE. I fiercely did pursue, as Furor willd me 987 DE. And as it chanc'd, ere one could speake a word 988 DE. I filld [I. I bath'd] his bosome with a luke-warme 989 DE. And in his kind breast drown'd 994 DE. T'was mine owne brother that my selfe had slaine 996 DE. My soule at once with all woes armie wounded 998 DE. and confounded 1004 DE. What came of him who was the cause of all 1006 DE. thoughts did guiltie call 1007 DE. Strait strucken with

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Led by mad love, or desp'rate feare to death,
He bent to follow her, or dreading worse,
(Stab'd by himselfe) dy'd to defraud my wrath.
Cræ. Those strange mishaps your enemies eyes must weet,
And force compassion from your greatest foe,
Since many monstrous circumstances meet
To make a horrid harmony in woe;
" But what doth touch ones selfe, most force doth finde,
" For ills when felt, then heard, griefe more abounds;
This exstasie hath so o're-whelm'd my minde,
A melancholy huge all mirth confounds;
" Yet such disasters past, we must omit,
" At least no more immoderately lament,
" And as for those which are but comming yet,
" Use ordinary meanes them to prevent.
Adrast. No wonder (Sir) though by all means you strive,
From dangerous actions *Atis* to restraine.
Cræ. I will unto his youth attendance give,
Which in my age may guerdon'd be againe;
If it be possible for mortall states
To strive against the Starres, and be more strong;
I Fortune must unarme, and crosse the fates,
By barring both all meanes to do me wrong:
I have commanded under paine of death,
That no such weapon be within my walls,
As I suppos'd extinguish might his breath,
To scape a storme which oft by Fortune falls;
He to frequent the fields must oft deferre;

1008 DE. I wot not whether feare or pitie mou'd him 1009 DE. If not t'ore-liue her death 1010 DE. He killd himselfe, his conscience so disproou'd him 1011 DE. I grant the manner of so rare mischances 1013 DE. Where all the griefe-begetting circumstances 1014 DE. Doe ioyne to make a harmony in woe 1015 DE. But naturall loue doth at our selfe begin 1016 DE. It mooues farre more to feele then heare mishaps 1017 DE. The perturbation that my sprite is in 1018 DE. Me in a maze of miscontentments wraps 1019 DE. We should such past misfortunes pretermit 1020 DE. immoderately lament them 1022 DE. meanes for to preuent them 1023 DE. although you take great care 1024 DE. Lest all your hopes in *Atis* person perish 1025 DE. I will by all the meanes I may, prepare 1026 DE. To saue his youth, that he my age may cherish 1029 DE. I'le vnarme Fortune, and resist the fates 1033 DEI. As I suppos'd should haue abridg'd his breath 1034 DE. T'eschew such sudden euill as rashly falles 1035 DE. He shall goe rarely to the fields, and then

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And without guards his lodging never leave;
Loe where with Countrey-men he doth conferre,
We will go try what they of him would have.

Act 3. Scene 2.

Chorus of Countreymen. Crœsus. Atis. Adrastus. Cœlia.

Chorus. Lend (Sir) a willing eare to humble words,
Let not our basenesse barre us from your grace,
Which still it selfe alike to all affords,
Who blesse their sight with that Majesticke face;
" For simple subjects Monarchs must take care,
" Though this our state be thought but abject now,
" You are our head, and we your members are,
" And you must care for us, we care for you;
" Our poverty to us is no reproach,
" Which innocent integrity adornes,
" On others states we never do encroach,
" But live by labours, prickt with many thornes;
" And ever busied for the Countries good,
" We have no time to muse of vaine conceits,
" But (earning with continuall toile our food)
" Must entertaine the pompe of prouder states;
" And (Sir, though plaine) thinke not our meaning ill,
" Who thus dare speake so freely as we do,
" Whil'st Mediatours do dilate our will,
" They wrest it as they will, and spoile us too;
" To count'nance such as us, you need not shunne:
" A great man too well grac'd may do more harme;
" And it stains not the glory of the Sunne,
" Though oft his beams an abject object warme.
Crœ. Be not discourag'd by your base estate,

1036 DE. With chosen bands be guarded all the time 1037 DE. Loe where he communes with some countrey-men 1038 DE. would haue of him 1043 DE. My Soueraigne all his subiects well remembers 1044 DE. As vile as our estate is thought of now 1045 DE. are of your members 1046 DE. Which th'innocencie of our mind adorn's 1049 DE. We neuer on our neighbours bounds encroach 1050 DE. But by our labours liue midst many thornes 1055 DE. And (Sir) conceiue not of our meaning ill

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Ye are my people, and Ile heare your plaint,
" A King must care for all, both small and great,
" And to do good (like God) should never faint;
" The Scepter such as those should chiefly shroud,
" Not Cotages, but Castles spoile the Land,
" To spare the humble, and to plague the proud,
" A vertue is that doth make Kings to stand.
Chor. Sir, our estate some hastie help requires:
In *Misia* neare the celebrated rounds
Of great *Olympus* which the world admires,
There haunts a Boare the horrour of these bounds:
His body bigge, and hideous is his forme,
Whose foamie jaw with tusks like javelins strikes,
And in deformity all parts conforme,
His backe hath bristles like to iron pikes.
This Natures Monster, wondred at by men,
The forrests Tyrant, and the Countries terrour,
Doth murder all, and draws them to his denne,
Who chance to crosse his way by fatall errour;
In teares whil'st melting, tender mothers waile,
(The goared infants tumbling in their bloud;)
This beast to be abhorr'd doth them assaile,
And in his bowels buries both for food;
Then when we flie the field where he doth haunt,
To have his hunger, or his rage allay'd,
He all our labours quickly doth supplant,
And poore mens hopes are strangely thus betray'd;
Ere this, of true repose we were the types,
And pasturing on each plaine our fleecie flocks,
Did make a consort of our warbling pypes
With moving Crystals, playing on the rocks;

1066 DE. And for to helpe th'afflicted neuer faint 1069 DE. T'aduance the humble and t'abate the prowd 1072 DE. In *Misia* neere vnto the famous Mountaine 1074 DE. Boare by *Dianaes* Fountaine 1075 DE. Of a big body, and a hideous forme 1081 DE. Teares all to death, and 1082 DE. That chance into his way by 1083 DE. Whilst tender-hearted Mothers do bewaile 1085 DE. Th'abominable beast them doth assaile 1087 DEI. where he soiournes 1089 DEI. He wastes the fruites, and ruines all the cornes 1090 DEI. Thus the poore husbands hopes are all betrayde 1093 DE. And pastur'd on 1094 DE. th'issue of the rockes

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And oft to ease our toils (all rang'd in bands)
With garlands guarded from *Apollo's* beames,
We gaz'd upon *Pactolus* golden sands,
Glass'd, bath'd, and quench'd our thirst, with his pure streames;
Whil'st we preferr'd, the river seem'd amaz'd,
Even to his golden bed his grassie banke,
And lay and look'd whereas our cattell graz'd,
Farre from all envy of a greater ranke;
That to represse oppression you take care,
Though we were dumbe, the publick rest may speake:
Your Laws, like Spiders webs are not a snare
For little flyes, that them the bigge may breake;
Meane men by them from great mens pride are sav'd,
The heavens continue long your prosp'rous raigne,
And let us not by such a beast be brav'd,
Which by our ruine would your Scepter staine.
Cræ. What would you then that should be done by me,
That may repay your losse, repaire this wrong?
Chor. We crave none of your wealth, but wish to see
This Boare be-bloud the staffe of the most strong:
Let valorous *Atis* worthily your Sonne,
With *Lydian* youth incapable of feares,
Go to the fields before the rising Sunne,
To quench his thirst have drunk the mornings teares,
And we shall leade them crown'd with lawrell forth,
Where in strict bounds, yet a theatre large
For men to make a triall of their worth,
They with advantage may this Monster charge;
So shall we reape repose, and they delight,

1095 DE. And sometime to refresh vs after trauell 1096 DE. With flowrie garlands shielded from Sunne-beames 1097 DE. golden grauell 1102 DE. Without all enuie 1104 DE. This rest of ours is an effectuall token 1105 DE. do not ensnare 1106 DE. The feeble flies, and by the Bees are broken 1107 DE. For we [I. Meane Men] by them are fenc'd from great mens pride 1108 DE. The Heau'ns perpetuate 1109 DE. And suffer not this sauage Boare t'abide [I. abide] 1110 DEI. To turne that ease which men haue spar'd to paine 1112 DE. For to repay 1116 DEI. Backd with the best of all the *Lidian* Youth 1118 DEI. Quench with the mornings teares his mid-dayes drouth 1120 DE. Where in a circuit small, yet a large Theater 1122 DE. This Monster stayes: th'earth neuer nurc'd a greater 1123 DE. So shall we both reape profite, and they pleasure

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Whil'st that prodigious body justly smarts,
Though fearfull once, then made a pleasant sight,
When like a wood it planted is with darts.
Crœ. I may not spare my Sonne for a respect,
Which is not needfull now to be made knowne,
But others shall be sent for that effect,
That this out-ragious beast may be o're-thrown;
The stately gallants who attend our grace
(That by the world their valour may be view'd)
This enterprise will willingly embrace,
And not returne, till with his blood imbru'd;
I sweare, this monster shall when he is dead,
A memorable monument remaine;
In *Phebes* church men shall admire his head,
As *Pythons* spoiles, when by her brother slaine.
Atis. Ah! wherein Father did I thus offend?
Or what vile signe of a degener'd minde
Have you but mark'd in me, whose course may tend
To the reproach of our imperiall kinde?
An abiect dastard, who for nought availes,
Whose worth the world must trust, but never trie!
As one whose strength, or then his Courage failes,
Must I in vile repose inglorious lie!
Lie like a wanton by vaine thoughts bewitch'd!
Who spoild of force, effeminately lives,
A Peacok poore, with painted pennes enrich'd?
Yet bare of every thing that glory gives;
What glory give those titles unto me,
Which by succession fall, not by desert?
Should but my fame with borrow'd feathers flie?
For, come of kings a kingdome is my part;

1124 DE. Which may be brought to passe without great obstacle 1125 DE. By making this waster of the worlds treasure 1126 DE. Of a horrid sight, a delightfull spectacle 1131 DE. Th'ostentiue gallants that our Grace attend 1132 DE. And wait th'occasion but t'aduance their strength 1133 DE. Against the Boare shall all their forces bend 1134 DE. With houndes and darts still till he fall at length 1137 DE. To *Dians* Church I'le consecrate his head 1138 DE. The Virgin-goddesse darts no shaft in vaine 1143 DE. That of this praise you would giue me no part 1144 DE. But barre me from a famous enterprise 1145 DE. As one vnworthie for to weeld a dart 1146 DE. Who still in vile repose inglorious lies

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"Who honour as hereditary claimes,
"Like bastards base, doth but his birth-right blote,
I scorne to beg my worth from dead mens names,
Or to gaine credite onely by my Coate;
What comfort's this to have the highest seate,
And all the blisse that Majestie imparts,
If those whom onely we exceed in State,
Be our Superiours in farre better parts?
"More then a Crowne true worth should be esteem'd;
"Th'one fortunes gift, the other is our own,
"By which the minde from anguish is redeem'd,
When fortunes goods are by her selfe o'rethrown.
Crœ. I see what brave desires boile in thy soule,
And make thee thus magnanimous to be,
This high-bent courage nothing can controule,
All *Lydia* is not large enough for thee:
Goe, seeke an Empire equall with thy minde,
Of which a Crowne is due to every thought;
But Glories love whilst courting in this kinde,
I feare by thine, our ruine may be wrought:
And pardon me (deare Sonne) great is the love
Which makes me watch so warily thy wayes;
A Fathers care what kind of thing can move,
Whom such a danger not in time dismayes?
The Heaven of late advertis'd me by dreames,
That some sad fortune threatned thee too soone,
Each day some ominous signe attendance claimes,
Which out of time are mark'd, when all is done:
This was the cause that hastned us so much,

1155 DE. Who only by his Birth aduancement claimes 1157 DE. I will not beg 1158 DE. Nor conquer 1159 DE. to brooke th' Imperiall seate 1163 DE. is to be valued 1164 DE. and th'other our owne merite 1165 DE. By which oft times th'afflicted Mind is salued 1166 DE. When Fortune takes what we by her inherite 1168 DE. And make thee with immortall wings to flee 1172 DE. No common limits can confine thy thought 1173 DE. But while a full perfection thou wouldst find 1174 DE. I feare thy fall turne all our hopes to nought 1175 DE. it's a great Loue 1176 DE. o're thy wayes 1177 DE. Th'affection of a Father what may moue I. A Fathers Fancy what may iustly 1178 DE. Whom such an eminent danger not dismayes 1179 DE. by Dreame 1180 DE. did attend thy Youth 1181 DE. New Meteors and strange Stars through th'aire still streame 1182 DE. Which are as Oracles of *Ioues* owne mouth

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To have thee bound to *Hymens* sacred law,
This was the cause that all our care was such,
Out of our sight all weapons to withdraw:
Scorne not those Comets which amazement notes,
" The starres to mortall states a bounds designe,
And doe not thinke t'is but my love that dotes,
For if thou fall, my fate depends on thine.
Atis. Would God I had some meanes once ere my death,
To satisfie that infinite desert,
Which I shall hold, so long as I have breath,
Deepe registred with reverence in my heart;
" Yet (sir) we see this is a naturall thing,
" That too excessive love engenders feares:
A sport like this can no great perill bring,
Where either all delights the eyes, or th'eares.
If from my former deedes I now should shrinke,
(As voide of vertue) to soft pleasure thrall,
Of your two Sonnes what might your Subjects thinke,
Th'one wanting but one sense, the other all?
What fancies might my late spous'd love possesse,
To see her husband hatefull in mens sights,
And honours bounds thus basely to transgresse,
As womaniz'd still wallowing in delights?
" Though women would have men at their devotion,
" They hate base mindes that hatch no noble notion.
Crœ. Well, well, my Sonne, I see thou must prevaile:
Goe, follow forth the chase, use thine owne forme,
Yet stay, or let my words thus much availe,
Walke with more care to scape this threatned storme;
Thy hawtie sprite to tempt all hazards bent,
I feare transports thee to a fatall strife,
I wish to erre, yet the event prevent,
Lest that thy courage but betray thy life;

1184 DEI. hallow'd Law 1187 DE. Scorne not th'amazing Comets that thou notes 1188 DE. The Starres to mortall States haue termes prefixt 1190 DE. my fate with thine is mixt 1205 DE. And from the height of Honour to digresse 1206 DE. To womanize with courtly vaine delights 1208 I. noble motion 1210 DE. vse thine owne will 1212 DE. Walke warilie now t'eschue this threatned ill 1216 DE. (God grant I be deceau'd) yet take good tent 1216 DE. Thy ouer-franke courage may betray

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And (deare *Adrastus*) I must let him know,
What benefits I have bestow'd on thee,
Not to upbraid thee, no, but so to show
How I may trust thee best thus bound to mee:
When thou from *Phrygia* cam'st defil'd with blood,
And a fraternall violated love,
When desp'rate quite thou as distracted stood,
Fled from thy Fathers face, curst from above,
Thou foundst me friendly, and my Court thy rest,
A Sanctuary which thy life did save;
And dangers scap't when one hath beene distress'd,
A wary wisdome by experience leave;
Yet all that favour past, was but a signe
Of generous greatnesse, which would gratious prove;
But in thy hands my soule I'le now consigne,
And give the greatest pledge that can binde love:
Behold how *Atis* of our age the shield,
Whose harme as you have heard, I fear'd ere now,
Is for his pastime to goe range the field,
And with his custodie I will trust you;
I must (my friend) even fervently exhort,
Waite on my Sonne, remember of my dreame.
This dangerously delectable sport,
Doth make mee feare the griefe exceeds the game.
Adrast. I never shall those courtesies neglect:
It grieves me not to thinke, nor heare the same,
For whilst this sprite those members doth direct,
All shall concurre to celebrate your fame;
Yet were you pleas'd, I would not hence depart,
Who doe all things that mirth may move abhorre,
But with my passions here (retir'd a part)
Woe past would waile, and shunne all cause of more;

1223 DE. When in a most extreme estate thou stood 1224 DE. Chac'd from 1225 DEI. Thou found 1226 DE. A Sanctuarie sacred for thy safetie 1227 DE. Where thou wast entertain'd as pleasd thee best 1228 DE. I thinke those dangers scap't should make thee craftie 1229 DE. Yet though I grac'd thee earst, t'was but a signe 1230 DE. Of a heroick mind that helps the wretched 1232 DE. And giue a proofe of loue not to be matched 1235 DE. Is to go take his pastime in the field 1236 DEI. ile credit you 1242 DEI. It irkes 1245 DE. If t'were your will 1246 DE. Who all such motiues vnto mirth abhore

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Led by mad love, or desp'rate feare to death,
He bent to follow her, or dreading worse,
(Stab'd by himselfe) dy'd to defraud my wrath.
Cræ. Those strange mishaps your enemies eyes must weet,
And force compassion from your greatest foe,
Since many monstrous circumstances meet
To make a horrid harmony in woe;
" But what doth touch ones selfe, most force doth finde,
" For ills when felt, then heard, griefe more abounds;
This exstasie hath so o're-whelm'd my minde,
A melancholy huge all mirth confounds;
" Yet such disasters past, we must omit,
" At least no more immoderately lament,
" And as for those which are but comming yet,
" Use ordinary meanes them to prevent.
Adrast. No wonder (Sir) though by all means you strive,
From dangerous actions *Atis* to restraine.
Cræ. I will unto his youth attendance give,
Which in my age may guerdon'd be againe;
If it be possible for mortall states
To strive against the Starres, and be more strong;
I Fortune must unarme, and crosse the fates,
By barring both all meanes to do me wrong:
I have commanded under paine of death,
That no such weapon be within my walls,
As I suppos'd extinguish might his breath,
To scape a storme which oft by Fortune falls;
He to frequent the fields must oft deferre;

1008 DE. I wot not whether feare or pitie mou'd him 1009 DE. If not t'ore-liue her death 1010 DE. He killd himselfe, his conscience so disproou'd him 1011 DE. I grant the manner of so rare mischances 1013 DE. Where all the griefe-begetting circumstances 1014 DE. Doe ioyne to make a harmony in woe 1015 DE. But naturall loue doth at our selfe begin 1016 DE. It mooues farre more to feele then heare mishaps 1017 DE. The perturbation that my sprite is in 1018 DE. Me in a maze of miscontentments wraps 1019 DE. We should such past misfortunes pretermit 1020 DE. immoderately lament them 1022 DE. meanes for to preuent them 1023 DE. although you take great care 1024 DE. Lest all your hopes in *Atis* person perish 1025 DE. I will by all the meanes I may, prepare 1026 DE. To saue his youth, that he my age may cherish 1029 DE. I'le vnarme Fortune, and resist the fates 1033 DEI. As I suppos'd should haue abridg'd his breath 1034 DE. T'eschew such sudden euill as rashly falles 1035 DE. He shall goe rarely to the fields, and then

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And without guards his lodging never leave;
Loe where with Countrey-men he doth conferre,
We will go try what they of him would have.

Act 3. Scene 2.

Chorus of Countreymen. Crœsus. Atis. Adrastus. Cœlia.

Chorus. Lend (Sir) a willing eare to humble words,
Let not our basenesse barre us from your grace,
Which still it selfe alike to all affords,
Who blesse their sight with that Majesticke face;
" For simple subjects Monarchs must take care,
" Though this our state be thought but abject now,
" You are our head, and we your members are,
" And you must care for us, we care for you;
" Our poverty to us is no reproach,
" Which innocent integrity adornes,
" On others states we never do encroach,
" But live by labours, prickt with many thornes;
" And ever busied for the Countries good,
" We have no time to muse of vaine conceits,
" But (earning with continuall toile our food)
" Must entertaine the pompe of prouder states;
" And (Sir, though plaine) thinke not our meaning ill,
" Who thus dare speake so freely as we do,
" Whil'st Mediatours do dilate our will,
" They wrest it as they will, and spoile us too;
" To count'nance such as us, you need not shunne:
" A great man too well grac'd may do more harme;
" And it stains not the glory of the Sunne,
" Though oft his beams an abject object warme.
Crœ. Be not discourag'd by your base estate,

1036 DE. With chosen bands be guarded all the time 1037 DE. Loe where he communes with some countrey-men 1038 DE. would haue of him 1043 DE. My Soueraigne all his subiects well remembers 1044 DE. As vile as our estate is thought of now 1045 DE. are of your members 1048 DE. Which th'innocencie of our mind adorn's 1049 DE. We neuer on our neighbours bounds encroach 1050 DE. But by our labours liue midst many thornes 1055 DE. And (Sir) conceiue not of our meaning ill

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Ye are my people, and Ile heare your plaint,
" A King must care for all, both small and great,
" And to do good (like God) should never faint;
" The Scepter such as those should chiefly shroud,
" Not Cotages, but Castles spoile the Land,
" To spare the humble, and to plague the proud,
" A vertue is that doth make Kings to stand.
Chor. Sir, our estate some hastie help requires:
In *Misia* neare the celebrated rounds
Of great *Olympus* which the world admires,
There haunts a Boare the horrour of these bounds:
His body bigge, and hideous is his forme,
Whose foamie jaw with tusks like javelins strikes,
And in deformity all parts conforme,
His backe hath bristles like to iron pikes.
This Natures Monster, wondred at by men,
The forrests Tyrant, and the Countries terrour,
Doth murder all, and draws them to his denne,
Who chance to crosse his way by fatall errour;
In teares whil'st melting, tender mothers waile,
(The goared infants tumbling in their bloud;)
This beast to be abhorr'd doth them assaile,
And in his bowels buries both for food;
Then when we flie the field where he doth haunt,
To have his hunger, or his rage allay'd,
He all our labours quickly doth supplant,
And poore mens hopes are strangely thus betray'd;
Ere this, of true repose we were the types,
And pasturing on each plaine our fleecie flocks,
Did make a consort of our warbling pypes
With moving Crystals, playing on the rocks;

1066 DE. And for to helpe th'afflicted neuer faint 1069 DE. T'aduance the humble and t'abate the prowd 1073 DE. In *Misia* neere vnto the famous Mountaine 1074 DE. Boare by *Dianaes* Fountaine 1075 DE. Of a big body, and a hideous forme 1081 DE. Teares all to death, and 1082 DE. That chance into his way by 1083 DE. Whilst tender-hearted Mothers do bewaile 1085 DE. Th'abominable beast them doth assaile 1087 DEI. where he soiournes 1089 DEI. He wastes the fruites, and ruines all the cornes 1090 DEI. Thus the poore husbands hopes are all betrayde 1093 DE. And pastur'd on 1094 DE. th'issue of the rockes

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And oft to ease our toils (all rang'd in bands)
With garlands guarded from *Apollo's* beames,
We gaz'd upon *Pactolus* golden sands,
Glass'd, bath'd, and quench'd our thirst, with his pure streames;
Whil'st we preferr'd, the river seem'd amaz'd,
Even to his golden bed his grassie banke,
And lay and look'd whereas our cattell graz'd,
Farre from all envy of a greater ranke;
That to represse oppression you take care,
Though we were dumbe, the publick rest may speake:
Your Laws, like Spiders webs are not a snare
For little flyes, that them the bigge may breake;
Meane men by them from great mens pride are sav'd,
The heavens continue long your prosp'rous raigne,
And let us not by such a beast be brav'd,
Which by our ruine would your Scepter staine.
Cræ. What would you then that should be done by me,
That may repay your losse, repaire this wrong?
Chor. We crave none of your wealth, but wish to see
This Boare be-bloud the staffe of the most strong:
Let valorous *Atis* worthily your Sonne,
With *Lydian* youth incapable of feares,
Go to the fields before the rising Sunne,
To quench his thirst have drunk the mornings teares,
And we shall leade them crown'd with lawrell forth,
Where in strict bounds, yet a theatre large
For men to make a triall of their worth,
They with advantage may this Monster charge;
So shall we reape repose, and they delight,

1095 DE. And sometime to refresh vs after trauell 1096 DE. With flowrie garlands shielded from Sunne-beames 1097 DE. golden grauell 1102 DE. Without all enuie 1104 DE. This rest of ours is an effectuall token 1105 DE. do not ensnare 1106 DE. The feeble flies, and by the Bees are broken 1107 DE. For we [I. Meane Men] by them are fenc'd from great mens pride 1108 DE. The Heau'ns perpetuate 1109 DE. And suffer not this sauage Boare t'abide [I. abide] 1110 DEI. To turne that ease which men haue spar'd to paine 1112 DE. For to repay 1116 DEI. Backd with the best of all the *Lidian* Youth 1118 DEI. Quench with the mornings teares his mid-dayes drouth 1120 DE. Where in a circuit small, yet a large Theater 1122 DE. This Monster stayes: th'earth neuer nurc'd a greater 1123 DE. So shall we both reape profite, and they pleasure

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Whil'st that prodigious body justly smarts,
Though fearfull once, then made a pleasant sight,
When like a wood it planted is with darts.
Crœ. I may not spare my Sonne for a respect,
Which is not needfull now to be made knowne,
But others shall be sent for that effect,
That this out-ragious beast may be o're-thrown;
The stately gallants who attend our grace
(That by the world their valour may be view'd)
This enterprise will willingly embrace,
And not returne, till with his blood imbru'd;
I sweare, this monster shall when he is dead,
A memorable monument remaine;
In *Phebes* church men shall admire his head,
As *Pythons* spoiles, when by her brother slaine.
Atis. Ah! wherein Father did I thus offend?
Or what vile signe of a degener'd minde
Have you but mark'd in me, whose course may tend
To the reproach of our imperiall kinde?
An abiect dastard, who for nought availes,
Whose worth the world must trust, but never trie!
As one whose strength, or then his Courage failes,
Must I in vile repose inglorious lie!
Lie like a wanton by vaine thoughts bewitch'd!
Who spoild of force, effeminately lives,
A Peacok poore, with painted pennes enrich'd?
Yet bare of every thing that glory gives;
What glory give those titles unto me,
Which by succession fall, not by desert?
Should but my fame with borrow'd feathers flie?
For, come of kings a kingdome is my part;

1124 DE. Which may be brought to passe without great obstacle 1125 DE. By making this waster of the worlds treasure 1126 DE. Of a horrid sight, a delightfull spectacle 1131 DE. Th'ostentiue gallants that our Grace attend 1132 DE. And wait th'occasion but t'aduance their strength 1133 DE. Against the Boare shall all their forces bend 1134 DE. With houndes and darts still till he fall at length 1137 DE. To *Dians* Church I'le consecrate his head 1138 DE. The Virgin-goddesse darts no shaft in vaine 1143 DE. That of this praise you would giue me no part 1144 DE. But barre me from a famous enterprise 1145 DE. As one vnworthie for to weeld a dart 1146 DE. Who still in vile repose inglorious lies

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" Who honour as hereditary claimes,
" Like bastards base, doth but his birth-right blote,
I scorne to beg my worth from dead mens names,
Or to gaine credite onely by my Coate;
What comfort's this to have the highest seate,
And all the blisse that Majestie imparts,
If those whom onely we exceed in State,
Be our Superiours in farre better parts?
" More then a Crowne true worth should be esteem'd;
" Th'one fortunes gift, the other is our own,
" By which the minde from anguish is redeem'd,
When fortunes goods are by her selfe o'rethrown.
Crœ. I see what brave desires boile in thy soule,
And make thee thus magnanimous to be,
This high-bent courage nothing can controule,
All *Lydia* is not large enough for thee:
Goe, seeke an Empire equall with thy minde,
Of which a Crowne is due to every thought;
But Glories love whilst courting in this kinde,
I feare by thine, our ruine may be wrought:
And pardon me (deare Sonne) great is the love
Which makes me watch so warily thy wayes;
A Fathers care what kind of thing can move,
Whom such a danger not in time dismayes?
The Heaven of late advertis'd me by dreames,
That some sad fortune threatned thee too soone,
Each day some ominous signe attendance claimes,
Which out of time are mark'd, when all is done:
This was the cause that hastned us so much,

1155 DE. Who only by his Birth aduancement claimes 1157 DE. I will not beg 1158 DE. Nor conquer 1159 DE. to brooke th' Imperiall seate 1163 DE. is to be valued 1164 DE. and th'other our owne merite 1165 DE. By which oft times th'afflicted Mind is salued 1166 DE. When Fortune takes what we by her inherite 1168 DE. And make thee with immortall wings to flee 1172 DE. No common limits can confine thy thought 1173 DE. But while a full perfection thou wouldst find 1174 DE. I feare thy fall turne all our hopes to nought 1175 DE. it's a great Loue 1176 DE. o're thy wayes 1177 DE. Th'affection of a Father what may moue I. A Fathers Fancy what may iustly 1178 DE. Whom such an eminent danger not dismayes 1179 DE. by Dreame 1180 DE. did attend thy Youth 1181 DE. New Meteors and strange Stars through th'aire still streame 1182 DE. Which are as Oracles of *Ioues* owne mouth

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To have thee bound to *Hymens* sacred law,
This was the cause that all our care was such,
Out of our sight all weapons to withdraw:
Scorne not those Comets which amazement notes,
" The starres to mortall states a bounds designe,
And doe not thinke t'is but my love that dotes,
For if thou fall, my fate depends on thine.
Atis. Would God I had some meanes once ere my death,
To satisfie that infinite desert,
Which I shall hold, so long as I have breath,
Deepe registred with reverence in my heart;
" Yet (sir) we see this is a naturall thing,
" That too excessive love engenders feares:
A sport like this can no great perill bring,
Where either all delights the eyes, or th'eares.
If from my former deedes I now should shrinke,
(As voide of vertue) to soft pleasure thrall,
Of your two Sonnes what might your Subjects thinke,
Th'one wanting but one sense, the other all?
What fancies might my late spous'd love possesse,
To see her husband hatefull in mens sights,
And honours bounds thus basely to transgresse,
As womaniz'd still wallowing in delights?
" Though women would have men at their devotion,
" They hate base mindes that hatch no noble notion.
Crœ. Well, well, my Sonne, I see thou must prevaile:
Goe, follow forth the chase, use thine owne forme,
Yet stay, or let my words thus much availe,
Walke with more care to scape this threatned storme;
Thy hawtie sprite to tempt all hazards bent,
I feare transports thee to a fatall strife,
I wish to erre, yet the event prevent,
Lest that thy courage but betray thy life;

1184 DEI. hallow'd Law 1187 DE. Scorne not th'amazing Comets that thou notes 1188 DE. The Starres to mortall States haue termes prefixt 1190 DE. my fate with thine is mixt 1205 DE. And from the height of Honour to digresse 1206 DE. To womanize with courtly vaine delights 1208 I. noble motion 1210 DE. vse thine owne will 1213 DE. Walke warilie now t'eschue this threatned ill 1215 DE. (God grant I be deceau'd) yet take good tent 1216 DE. Thy ouer-franke courage may betray

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And (deare *Adrastus*) I must let him know,
What benefits I have bestow'd on thee,
Not to upbraid thee, no, but so to show
How I may trust thee best thus bound to mee:
When thou from *Phrygia* cam'st defil'd with blood,
And a fraternall violated love,
When desp'rate quite thou as distracted stood,
Fled from thy Fathers face, curst from above,
Thou foundst me friendly, and my Court thy rest,
A Sanctuary which thy life did save;
And dangers scap't when one hath beene distress'd,
A wary wisdome by experience leave;
Yet all that favour past, was but a signe
Of generous greatnesse, which would gratious prove;
But in thy hands my soule I'le now consigne,
And give the greatest pledge that can binde love:
Behold how *Atis* of our age the shield,
Whose harme as you have heard, I fear'd ere now,
Is for his pastime to goe range the field,
And with his custodie I will trust you;
I must (my friend) even fervently exhort,
Waite on my Sonne, remember of my dreame.
This dangerously delectable sport,
Doth make mee feare the griefe exceeds the game.
Adrast. I never shall those courtesies neglect:
It grieves me not to thinke, nor heare the same,
For whilst this sprite those members doth direct,
All shall concurre to celebrate your fame;
Yet were you pleas'd, I would not hence depart,
Who doe all things that mirth may move abhorre,
But with my passions here (retir'd a part)
Woe past would waile, and shunne all cause of more;

1223 DE. When in a most extreme estate thou stood 1224 DE. Chac'd from 1225 DEI. Thou found 1226 DE. A Sanctuarie sacred for thy safetie 1227 DE. Where thou wast entertain'd as pleasd thee best 1228 DE. I thinke those dangers scap't should make thee craftie 1229 DE. Yet though I grac'd thee earst, t'was but a signe 1230 DE. Of a heroick mind that helps the wretched 1232 DE. And giue a proofe of loue not to be matched 1236 DE. Is to go take his pastime in the field 1236 DEI. ile credit you 1243 DEI. It irkes 1245 DE. If t'were your will 1246 DE. Who all such motiues vnto mirth abhore

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If to converse where not one crosse annoies,
I feare my fellowship infect with woe,
Those who themselves would recreate with Ioyes:
Still strange mishaps attend me where I goe,
But since you will commit this charge to mee,
Your Majestie I'le studie to content,
At least my faith shall from defects be free,
And all my paines shall as you please be spent.
Atis. Now bent to see this monsters ougly shape,
With an inflam'd desire my thoughts doe burne,
And Father feare not, dreame of no mishap,
I hope with speed victorious to returne.
Cœlia. Returne? from whence deare love? O deadly word!
That doth import thy parting from my sight,
I heard the name mishap, Ah! (my deare Lord)
Should such strict limites bound so large delight?
O cruell to thy selfe, unkinde to me!
And can'st thou condescend to leave me soe?
If (ere in doubt) abandon'd thus I be,
It may deferre, but not defraud my woe;
This might indeed to thee yeeld some reliefe,
To have thy eares not wounded by my mone,
But would wound me with a continuall griefe,
To feare all things, where I should feare but one;
Desist in time from this intended strife,
A course too rash, and not approv'd by me,
Remember I have int'rest in thy life,
Which thus to venter I doe not agree;
Hast thou not given a proofe in thy greene prime,
That may content the most ambitious hopes?
Whilst *Atis* was his own, then was it time
To follow fancies unconfined Scopes;
Thy selfe then onely camp'd in fortunes bounds,

1249 DE. For if I striue t'abandon my annoyes 1254 DE. Ile vse all meanes that you may not repent you 1255 DE. At lest all my defects faith shall supplie 1256 DE. I couet nothing more then to content you 1259 DE. And Father, be not feard for no mishap 1260 DE. I hope soone, and victorious to returne 1265 DE. O cruell resolution, vnkind dealing 1267 DE. Or from my presence priuilie thus stealing 1268 DE. Thinkst thou to rob a portion of my wo 1274 DE. With which thy thoughts haue vnaduisdlie entred 1276 DE. Which I consent not to be thus aduentred

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Thou do'st endanger *Cælia* likewise now;
You sigh her breath, she suffers in your wounds,
You live in her, and she must die in you.
Atis. Life of my soule, how doe such broken speaches,
From troubled passions thus abruptly rise?
I know (my love) thy love my minde o're-reaches:
" Affection (Schoold with feares) is too too wise;
I goe alongst the fields, for sport to range;
Thy sighes doe but my soule with sorrow fill;
And pardon (deare) I finde this wond'rous strange,
That thou beginst now to resist my will;
If I trespasse in ought against my dutie,
Which makes thee thus my constancy mistrust;
Mistrust not yet the Chains of thine own beauty,
Which binde all my desires, and so they must;
Are wee not now made one? such feares o'recome,
Though I would flie, my selfe my selfe doe fetter,
And if that I would flie, from whom? to whom?
I can love none so well, none loves me better;
Have pitty of those pearles, (sweet eyes, soules pleasures)
Least they presage what thou would'st not have done;
The Heavens had not given me those pretious treasures,
Of such perfections to be spoil'd so soone.

CHORUS.

Those who command above,
High presidents of Heaven,
By whom all things doe move,
As they have order given,
What worldling can arise,
Against them to repine?
Whilst castell'd in the skies,
With providence divine;
They force this peopled round,
Their judgements to confesse,

1292 DE. Thou neuer did till now resist my will 1294 DE. my faith for to mistrust 1305 DE. *Those that domine* 1313 DE. *th'inferior round*

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And in their wrath confound
Proud mortalls who transgresse
The bounds to them assign'd
By Nature in their mind.

Base brood of th'earth, vaine man,
Why brag'st thou of thy might?
The Heavens thy courses scan,
Thou walk'st still in their sight;
Ere thou wast borne, thy deedes
Their registers dilate,
And thinke that none exceedes
The bounds ordain'd by fate;
What Heavens would have thee to,
" Though they thy Wayes abhorre,
" That thou of force must doe,
" And thou canst doe no more:
This reason would fulfill,
Their worke should serve their will.

Are we not heires of death,
In whom there is no trust?
Who toss'd with restlesse breath,
Are but a dramme of dust;
Yet fooles when as we erre,
And heavens doe wrath contract,
If they a space deferre
Iust vengeance to exact,
Pride in our bosome creepes,
And misinformes us thus,
That Iove *in pleasure sleepes,*
Or takes no care of us:
" The eye of heaven beholdes,
" What every heart enfoldes.

The Gods digest no crime,
Though they (delaying long)

1317 DEI. *The couenant they made* 1318 DEI. *With Nature in heauens stead* 1326 DEI. *The compasse of his fate* 1343 DEI. *That the Eternall sleepes* 1346 DE. *All what our hart enfolds* 1348 DE. *Though they continue long*

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In the offenders time,
Seeme to neglect a wrong,
Till others of their Race,
Fill up the cup of wrath,
Whom Ruine and disgrace,
Long time attended hath ;
And Gyges *fault we feare,*
To Crœsus *charge be lay'd,*
Which Iove *will not forbeare,*
Though it be long delay'd :
" *For, O ! sometimes the Gods*
" *Must plague sinne with sharpe Rods.*

And loe how Crœsus *still,*
Tormented in his minde,
Like to Reeds on a hill,
Doth quake at every winde !
Each step a terrour brings ;
Dreames doe by Night afflict him,
And by day many things ;
All his Thoughts doe convict him ;
He his Starre would controule,
This makes ill not the worst,
Whilst he wounds his own soule,
With apprehensions first :
" *Man may his fate foresee,*
" *But not shunne heavens decree.*

Act 4. Scene 1.

Adrastus. Crœsus. Chorus.

Adrastus. Can Heaven behold one stand to staine these times,
Yet to the Stygian streames not headlong hurld ?
And can th'earth beare one burden'd with such crimes,
As may provoke the wrath of all the world ?
Why sends not *Iove,* to have my course confin'd,

1364 DE. *Is shiuering with each wind* 1375 DE. Can heauen behold hands staind with bloud ofttimes

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A death-denouncing flash of rumbling Thunder?
Else (roaring terrour) clouds of circling winde,
By violence to teare me all a sunder?
What corner yet unknowne from men remoov'd,
Both burn'd with rage, and freezing in despayre,
Shall I goe now possesse, to be approv'd,
Where none but monsters like my selfe repaire?
I'le goe indeede whom all the world detests,
Who have no intrest in the fields of blisse,
And barbarize amongst the brutish beasts,
Where Tigers rage, Toades spue, and Serpents hisse:
But though in some vast Zone, I finde a field,
Where melancholy might a monarch be,
Whilst silent deserts not one person yeeld
To shrinke for horrour, when beholding me;
Yet of my deeds which all the world doe tell,
This cannot raze the still proclaimed Scroule,
Since in my brest I beare about my hell,
And cannot scape the terrours of my soule.
Those fearfull Monsters of confus'd aspects,
Chimæra, *Gorgon*, *Hydra*, *Pluto's* Apes,
Which in the world wrought wonderfull effects,
And borrow'd from th'infernall shades their shapes,
Their devillish formes which did the world amaze,
Not halfe so monstrous as my selfe I finde,
When on mine owne deformities I gaze,
Amid'st blacke depths of a polluted minde;
No, but my minde untainted still remaines,
My thoughts in this delict have had no part,
Which but by accident this foule fact staines,
My hands had no commission from my heart;
Yet, whether it was fortune, or my fate,
Or some Hel-hag, that did direct my arme,
The Lydians plague, I have undone this State,

1381 DE. Or a tempestuous terrour-breeding wind 1384 DE. T'inhabit in th'horizon of dispaire 1386 DE. By monsters like my selfe that hate repaire 1391 DE. Yet though both th' Artike and Antartike Pole 1392 DE. I should ouerpasse, and find th'vnpeopled zones 1393 DE. A wildernesse where nought were to controule 1394 DE. My damnable cruelties but trees and stones 1396 DE. All this could not deface th'infamous scroule 1413 DE. I quaild the *Lidians* hopes abortiue date

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And am the instrument of all their harme:
Then mountaines fall, and bruise me by your rounds,
Your heights may hide me from the wrath of Heaven;
But this not needes, since mee my fault confounds:
With my offence no torment can be eaven.
Ah! of what desert shall I now make choice,
To flie the count'nance of an angry King?
I know the venging sword of *Crœsus* voice,
To wound my soule, hostes of rebukes doth bring;
The patterne of distresse, I'le stand alone,
A memorable monster of mishap;
For, though *Pandora's* plagues were all in one,
All were too few, so vile a wretch to trap.
Chor. O how the king is mov'd at *Atis* death!
His face the portrait of a passion beares,
With bended eyes, crost armes, and quivering breath,
His Princely robe he desperately teares;
Loe, with a silent pittie-pleading looke,
Which shewes with sorrow mixt a high disdaine,
He (whilst his soule seemes to dissolve in smoke)
Straies twixt the corpes, and him who hath it slaine.
Crœ. Thou ruthlesse tyrant ruine of my blisse,
And didst thou so disguise thy devillish nature,
To recompence my curtesies with this?
Ah cruell wretch, abominable creature!
Thy Tigrish mind what wit could well detect,
In mortall brests so great barbarity?
What froward Sprite could but such spight suspect,
In hospitality hostility?
Did I revive thee when thy hopes were dead,
When as thy life thy parents had not spar'd?
And having heap'd such favours on thy head,
Is this? Is this? *Chor.* He would say the reward.

1415 DE. Then swelling mountaines come and fall vpon me 1417 DE. But this needes not, my fault hath else vndone me 1418 DE. No torment can with my offence be euen 1420 DE. T'auoid 1421 DE. I know th'auenging 1423 DE. No, th'obiect of 1425 DEI. pour'd in one 1426 DE. t'entrap 1428 DE. His face th'impression of a passion beares 1434 DE. Whiles eyes the corps whiles him by whom t'is [I. who hath it] slaine 1439 DE. who could haue well detected 1441 DE. could haue such spight suspected

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Adrast. I grant what you alledge and more is true;
I have unto the height of hatred runne:
A blood-stain'd wretch, who merit not to view
The rolling Circles, nor the Rayie Sunne;
No kind of art I purpose now to use,
To colour this my crime, which might seeme lesse,
Whilst painted with a pitifull excuse:
No, it is worse then words can well expresse;
Nor goe I thus to aggravate my crime,
And damne my selfe to be absolv'd by others,
No, no, such Rhetoricke comes out of time.
I'le not survive his death, as earst my brothers.
O! had that high disaster kill'd me straight,
(As then indeed I di'd from all delight)
I had not groan'd, charg'd with this inward weight,
But slept with shadowes in eternall night:
Yet must I die, at last (though late) growne wise;
This in my mind most discontentment breedes,
A thousand torturing deaths cannot suffice,
To plague condignely for so haynous deeds.
If that revenge th' Elysian Guests delights,
The tombe of *Atis* shall exhaust my blood:
No fitter offering for infernall sprites,
Then one in whom they raign'd, while as he stood,
The furies oft in me infus'd their Rage,
And in my bosome did their Serpents place,
Whose indignation labouring to asswage,
Huge hellish horrours spoil'd my thoughts of peace.

Crœ. I find (poore wretch!) when I have search'd, and seene
The fatall meanes which did inflict this wound,
That not thy malice, but my fault hath beene,

1451 DE. I'le neuer striue to cloake my foule abuses 1462 DE. So for to make my forfeit to seeme lesse 1463 DE. And paint my fault with imperfect excuses 1459 DE. Whose vnkind [I. fatall] fall if I had followd straight 1467 DE. Come, cause him, who the Spritelesse body buries 1468 DE. Vpon the Tombe to sacrifice my blood I. On *Atis* tombe I'le offer vp 1469 DE. for th'infernall Furies 1471 DE. In whom they oft infusde their diu'lish rage 1472 DE. And in my bosom all their Serpents nestled 1473 DE. So that this hellish horror to asswage 1474 DE. I all my dayes haue with disasters wrestled 1475 DE. I find *Adrastus*, when I deeply scaunce [I. when deepely I designe] 1476 DE. Th'effectuall motiues of this fatall crosse 1477 DE. That not thy malice, but mine owne mischaunce [I. but some fault of mine]

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Of that which grieves us both the reall ground.
" Whilst barely with a superficiall wit,
" Wee weigh the outside of such strange events,
" If but the mediate meanes our judgements hit,
" We seeke not the first cause, that much contents:
" But when prodigious accidents fall out,
" Though they amaze our mindes, and so they must,
" The cause of all comes from our selfe no doubt:
" Ah! man hath err'd; the Heavens are always Iust:
In judgement now whilst entring with my soule,
(Those partiall thoughts which flatterd me declin'd)
Loe, marking of past wrongs the burd'nous scroule,
Free from false colours, which did mocke my minde:
O! then I see how heaven in plagues exceedes,
Whilst vengeance due save ruine nought can end;
Thus once the Gods must ballance worldlings deedes,
Both what we did, and what we did intend:
Sonne, Sonne, my faults procured have thy fall,
For, guilty of thy blood, I gave the wound
Which gave thee death, and whose remembrance shall
My life each day with many deaths confound.
Of *Iove* injust the Statutes I contemne,
And if I were confronted with the Gods,
Their providence (as partiall) would condemne,
Who in such sorte doe exercise their rods.
He thus now kill'd, with life to let me goe,
May breed reproch to all the pow'rs divine:
But ah! they knew no death could grieve me soe,

1478 DE. Hath been th'occasion of our bitter losse I. Of both our griefes hath been the 1483 DEI. We search 1483 DE. When such 1485 DE. The ground 1486 DEI. hath sin'd 1487 DE. Now when I search the secrets of my soule 1488 DE. And rip the corners of my corrupt minde 1489 DE. Marke of my former life th'offenciue scroule 1490 DE. And do examine how I was inclinde 1491 DE. O then I see the angry hosts of heauen I. to plague me striues 1493 DE. Come girt with flames to plague for my offences 1493 DE. Which once no doubt will with the world be euen I. worldlings liues 1494 DE. And iudge our thoughts, words, acts, and vaine pretences 1495 DE. Sonne, t'is my pride that hath 1496 DE. I'm guiltie 1497 DE. Which was thy death 1499 DE. Then iniust Stars, your statutes I contemne 1500 DE. O! if 1501 DE. I would their partiall prouidence condemne 1503 DE. Ah! my Sonnes death doth shew their iudgement naught 1504 DE. What could he perpetrate against such Powres 1505 DE. Should he haue suffred for his Fathers fault

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As that, which through his heart was aim'd at mine;
Now all the world those deities may despise,
Which strike the guiltlesse, and the guilty spare;
Cease haplesse man to plague thy selfe thus wise,
I pardon thee, and pittie thy despaire.
Adrast. O rigorous judgement! O outragious fate!
Must I survive the funeralls of my fame?
All things which I behold, vpbraide my state,
Too many monuments of one mans shame;
All (and none more then I) my deeds detest,
Yet some waile want of friends, and I of foes,
To purge the world of such a dangerous pest,
(Which still contagious) must taint hearts with woes;
To wound this brest where all hells hosts do raigne,
Seiz'd with just feare none dare a hand forth stretch,
Else this base charge (as odious) doe disdaine,
To deale with Death in favour of a wretch;
Or must I yet (till more detested) stand,
And fill the world with horrour of my name?
What further mischiefe can require my hand?
Must it ingrave on others graves my shame?
Or would some bastard thought lifes cause debate,
Which in the blasted field of comfort gleanes?
No, no, in spite of Heaven I'le force my fate;
" One, when resolv'd to die, cannot want meanes:
Proud Tyrant Death, and must thou make it strange,
To wrap my wearied soule in further strife?
Vnlesse my courage with my fortune change,
(Though nothing else) I can command my life;

1506 DE. Whom without cause their wrong-spent wrath deuours 1508 DE. Which plague 1509 DE. t'outrage thy selfe thus waies 1511 DE. O cruell iudgement of a rigorous fate 1512 DE. Must I o're-liue my selfe t'entombe my Fame 1516 DE. Yet some not find a friend, I find no foe 1518 DE. Borne but to be an instrument of woe [I. woes] 1519 DE. I know what makes all worthie mindes refraine I. To charge this brest where all Helles hostes remaine 1520 DE. The sword against a Catife for to stretch I. feare (it seemes) none dare dispatch 1521 DE. They this opprobrious office do disdaine 1522 DE. To be the Deaths-men of so base a wretch 1523 DE. Or must I yet a fouler fact commit 1525 DE. Is there some new disaster resting yet 1526 DE. And other funerals famous by my shame 1534 DE. I can appoint a Period to my life

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But this (ay me !) all hope of helpe devowres;
What gaines my soule by death in those sad times,
If potent still in all her wonted pow'rs,
Shee must remember of my odious crimes ?
What though un-bodied she the world forsake,
Yet from her knowledge cannot be divorc'd ?
This will but vexe her at the shadowie lake,
Till even to grone the God of Ghosts be forc'd;
But welcome death, and would the Gods I had
Lesse famous, or more fortunately liv'd;
Then knowne if good, and kept obscure if bad;
Of comfort quite I had not beene depriv'd;
Ah ! have I liv'd to see my Lady die ?
And die for me, whose faith shee never prov'd ?
Ah ! have I liv'd (unnaturall I) to be
My brothers murtherer, who me dearely lov'd ?
Ah ! have I liv'd with my owne hands to kill
A gallant Prince committed to my charge ?
And doe I gaze on the dead bodie still,
And in his fathers sight my shame enlarge ?
Ah ! have I liv'd whilst men my deeds doe scan,
To be the obiect of contempt and hate ?
Of all abhorr'd as a most monstrous man,
Since thought a Traitour or (farre worse) ingrate ?
Yet with my blood I'le wash away this staine,
Which griefe to you, to me disgrace hath brought,
Would God my name from mindes might raz'd remaine,
To make my life as an unacted thought;
Brave *Atis* now I come to pleade for grace,
Although thou frown'st on my affrighted Ghost,
And to revenge thy wrong this wound embrace;
Thus, thus, I toile to gaine the Stygian coast.

1545 DE. Then had I neuer showne my selfe so mad 1546 DE. T' haue only been by infamie suruiu'd 1548 DE. for me not worth so much 1549 DE. (vnnaturall man) 1550 DE. My Brothers death, whose loue to me was such 1555 DE. Ah ! haue I liu'd (O execrable Monster) 1556 DE. To be accounted of a diu'lish nature 1557 DE. And euen by them that best my actions conster 1558 DE. For to be cal'd (and iustly cal'd) a Traitour 1560 DE. And lest my memorie make th'earth detracted 1561 DE. Let my name perish in my bodies ash 1562 DE. And all my life be as a thought vnacted 1566 DE. t'attaine

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Chor. Loe, how he wounds himselfe despising paine,
With leaden lights, weake legs, and head declin'd,
The bodie beates the ground, as in disdaine,
That of her members one hath prov'd unkind;
The fainting hand falles trembling from the Sword,
With this selfe slaughtering blow for shame grown red,
Which straight the blood pursues, with vengeance stor'd,
To drowne the same with the same floods it shed;
Who of those parties can the combat show,
Where both but one, one both strooke and sustain'd?
Or who triumphs for this most strange o're-throw,
Where as the victor lost, the vanquish'd gain'd?
Crœ. Curs'd eyes, what suddaine change hath drown'd your lights,
And made your mirthfull objects mournefull now?
Ye that were still inur'd to stately sights,
Since seated under an imperiall brow,
Ah! clouded now with vapours drawn from cares,
Are low throwne down amid'st a hell of griefe,
And have no prospect, but my soules despaires,
Of all the furies which afflict me, chiefe.
O dead *Adrastus*, I absolve thy Ghost,
Whose hand (I see) some destiny did charme,
Thou (hated by the heavens) wast to thy cost
A casual actour, not intending harme;
No doubt some angry God hath laid this snare,
And whilst thy purpose was the Boare to kill,
Did intercept thy shaft amidst the Aire,
And threw it at my Sonne, against thy will.
Ah! Sonne, must I be witnesse of thy death,
Who view thee thus by violence to bleede,
And yet want one on whom to poure my wrath,
To take just vengeance for so vile a deede?
This wretch, whose guiltlesse minde hath clear'd his hand,

1567 DE. The man himselfe doth desperately wound 1569 DE. The body in disdaine doth beate the ground 1572 DEI. With this micidiall blow 1577 DEI. Or who shall triumph for this strange o'rethrow 1583 DE. O'reclouded now with vapours of my res 1586 DE. The sad beholders of a rare mischiefe 1590 DEI. An accidentall Actor harme

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Loe, for his errour griev'd, unforc'd doth fall,
And not as one who did in danger stand:
For still he liv'd till I forgave him all.
Thus have I but the heavens on whom I may
Blast forth the tempest of a troubled minde;
And in my soules distresse I grieve to say,
That greater favour I deserv'd to finde.

Act 4. Scene 2.

Sandanis. Crœsus.

Sandanis. Why spend you (Sir) with sighes that Princely breath,
Whence Soveraignty authority should take?
" O weake revenge for one when wrong'd by death,
" To yeeld him homage prostrated in blacke!
That Tyrant pale (so hatefull unto us)
Whose fatall shaft so great a griefe hath bred,
Where he triumphs should you reare trophees thus,
And weare his livery, as his captive led?
No, though he might this outward blisse o'rethrow,
And you (save you) of all things else might spoile,
Yet whilst of one, who yeelds, no signe you show,
You are victorious, and he gets the foile;
Those floods of sorrow, which would drown your soule,
In brests more base might better be excus'd,
Since wanting sprite their passions to controule,
As from their birth still to subjection us'd.
But you, in whom high thoughts by nature grow,

1604 DE. Powre forth the poyson of my troubled spirite 1605 DE. In my soules bitternesse I'm forcd to say 1606 DE. This seconds not their custome and my merite 1608 DEI. Which nought but words of Soueraigntie should breed 1610 DE. T'adorne his triumph [I. To grace his glory] with a mourning weed 1611 DE. This pale-fac'd tyrant, author of our ill I. The Tyrant pale, who doth in darknesse raigne 1612 DE. Who did, t'ecclypse our Ioyes, that blacke shaft borrow I. Who shot the fatall shaft, which kill'd our Ioyes 1613 DE. Should you frame Trophees to his Tigrish will I. Should you reare Trophees to adorne his gaine 1614 DE. and succumbe to sorrow I. wallowing in annoyes 1615 I. blesse 1616 DE. you of all that's yours might spoyle 1618 DE. You triumph still [I. still triumph] and he receiues 1619 DE. Th'o're-flowing humor that 1620 DE. In baser breasts 1621 DE. Who want the sprite 1622 DE. haue been innated

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To this decay, how is your vertue come?
I blush to see my Soveraigne brought so low,
And Majestie by misery o'recome;
Nor doe I thus to make you stupid strive,
As one unnaturall, wanting sense to smart;
" No, none a Prince of kindnesse can deprive,
" The honour'd badge of an Heroicke heart.
" That pow'r supreme, by which great States doe stand,
" Affections order should, but not undoe;
And I could wish you might your selfe command,
Which though you may not well, yet seeme to doe.
Cræ. I will not here rehearse, enlarging woes,
On what just reasons now my griefe I ground,
But still will entertaine my comforts foes,
Whilst many a thousand thoughts my soule doe wound,
What pensive pensill ever limm'd aright
The sad conceipts of soule-consuming griefe?
Ah! words are weake to shew the swelling height
Of th'inward anguish desperate of reliefe,
" Though many monarchs jealously despise
" The rising Sunne that their declining staines,
And hate the Heyre who by their fall must rise,
As griev'd to heare of death, or others raignes;
My love to *Atis* otherwise appear'd,
Whome, whilst for him I did my cares engage,
I as a Father lov'd, as king not fear'd,
The comfort not th'encombrance of mine age;
And had he me (as reason would) surviv'd,
Who glanc'd, and vanish'd like to lightning flashes,
Then death could not have me of life depriv'd,
Whilst such a Phœnix had reviv'd my ashes.
San. Let not those woes ecclipse your vertues light.

1625 DE. so abated 1627 DE. Nor are my words out of a rockie mind 1628 DE. T'unnaturallize you, as not feeling smart 1629 DE. No, none can barre a Prince from being kind 1630 DE. Th'undoubted 1632 DE. Should order but th'affection, not vndoe it 1634 DE. to doe it. 1635 DE. I will not now rehearse, t'enlarge my griefe 1636 DE. my laments are grounded 1637 DE. But still will muse vpon mine owne mischiefe 1638 DE. While as my soule a thousand wayes is wounded 1640 DE. soule-consuming woe 1642 DE. that o're-whelms me so 1651 DE. And hadst thou Sonne, as reason would, suruiu'd me 1653 DE. Then death of life could neuer haue depriu'd me

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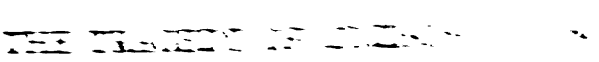

Cræ. [illegible]
San. [illegible]
Cræ. [illegible]
San. [illegible]
"Where [illegible]
San. [illegible]
Cræ. [illegible]
"The [illegible]
"Is in [illegible]
San. [illegible]
Could that [illegible]
In all perfections [illegible]
A hoarie [illegible]
No, no [illegible]
The worlds [illegible]
"But men [illegible]
"And what is [illegible]
Let not this [illegible]
Of which a part [illegible]
If wailing could your [illegible]
Soules charg'd with [illegible]
Lest all our comfort [illegible]
And his untimely death [illegible]
Have pitty of your people, spare your selfe,
If not to your own use, [illegible]
Cræ. When, *Sandanis*, I [illegible]
Thou div'd so deepely in my bosome then,
That since thou still (entrusted with my minde)
Didst know what I conceal'd from other men:
Behold I goe to open up to you,
(Chiefe treasurer of all my secrets still)
What high designe my Thoughts are hatching now,

1660 DE. Where passions do domine 1663 DE. comfort can t'a wretch retourne 1665 DE. What graue-browd Stoick voyd of all affections 1667 DE. Though greene in yeeres, yet ripe in all perfections 1673 DE. Then let not this torment your mind no more 1674 DE. This crosse with you alike your Countrie beares 1678 DE. untimely end occasion 1683 DE. That since thou kept the key still of my mind I thou wast entrusted 1684 DEI. And knew 1686 DE. (Deare Treasurer 1687 DE. A mightie enterprise I mind for now

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Crœ. " Ah ! Rage and griefe must once be at a height.
San. Strive of your sorrowes (Sir) to stop the source.
Crœ. These salt eye-floods must flow, and have their course.
San. That is not kingly. *Crœ.* And yet it's kindly,
" Where passions domineere, they governe blindly.
San. Such woefull plaints can not repaire your state.
Crœ. " Vnhappie soules at least may waile their fate;
" The meanest comfort that you can returne,
" Is in calamity a leave to mourne.
San. What Stoicke strange, who most precise appeares,
Could that youths death with tearelesse eyes behold,
In all perfections ripe, though greene in yeares,
A hoarie judgement under lockes of gold ?
No, no man lives, but must lament to see
The worlds chiefe hope even in the blossome choak'd,
" But men cannot controll the Heavens decree,
" And what is done, can never be revok'd.
Let not this losse with griefe torment you more;
Of which a part with you your Country beares:
If wailing could your ruin'd state restore,
Soules charg'd with griefe should saile in Seas of teares;
Lest all our comfort dash against one shelfe,
And his untimely death but hasten yours,
Have pitty of your people, spare your selfe,
If not to your own use, yet unto ours.
Crœ. When, *Sandanis*, I first thy faith did finde,
Thou div'd so deepely in my bosome then,
That since thou still (entrusted with my minde)
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(Chiefe treasurer of all my secrets still)
What high designe my Thoughts are hatching now,

1660 DE. Where passions do domine 1663 DE. comfort can t'a wretch retourne 1665 DE. What graue-browd Stoick voyd of all affections 1667 DE. Though greene in yeeres, yet ripe in all perfections 1673 DE. Then let not this torment your mind no more 1676 DE. This crosse with you alike your Countrie beares 1678 DE. vntimely end occasion 1683 DE. That since thou kept the key still of my mind I. thou wast entrusted 1684 DEI. And knew 1686 DE. (Deare Treasurer 1687 DE. A mightie enterprise I mind for now

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A physicke in some sort to ease my ill;
This may unto my soule yeeld some reliefe,
And for displeasures past may much content,
Or else must purchase partners in my griefe,
If not for me, yet with me to lament.
San. This benefit must binde me with the rest
To serve your Majestie, and hold you deere,
And I'le be free with you, yet I protest,
That what I friendly speake, you freely heare.
Cræ. Since that it hath not pleas'd the heavenly pow'rs,
That of my off-spring I might comfort claime,
Yet lest the ravenous course of flying how'rs
Should make a prey of my respected name,
I would engender such a generous broode,
That the un-borne might know how I have liv'd,
And this no doubt would doe my Ghost great good,
By famous victories to be reviv'd:
I hope to soare with fames Immortall wings,
Vnlesse my high-bent thoughts themselves deceave,
That having acted admirable things,
I death may scorne, triumphing o're the grave;
Yet have I not so setled my conceipt,
That all opinions are to be despis'd;
" A good advice can never come too late;
This is the purpose that I have devis'd:
Some Scythian Shepheards in a high disdaine,
As trusted fame yet constantly relates,
To plague some Medes with horrour and with paine,
Did entertaine them with prodigious meates,
And to content their more then Tigrish wishes,
They with the Infants flesh, the Parents fed,
Who not suspecting such polluted dishes,

1688 DE. t'asswage my ill 1690 DE. And make me to forgoe sad thoughts content 1691 DE. Or els acquire copartners 1694 DE. To loue your Maiestie, and wish you well 1695 DE. I'le giue you my aduise, and I protest 1696 DE. That you take friendly what I freely tell 1697 DE. Diuine powres 1701 DE. I hope t'engender 1702 DE. shall know 1705 DE. I'le Eagle-like soare 1711 DE. Vnfold your iudgement touching my estate 1712 DE. Take heed I'le tell you what I haue deuisde 1714 DE. As I haue heard rehearst by true discourses 1715 I. with a remorsfull paine 1716 DE. with *Thiestes* courses [I. meates]

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Did in their bowels bury whom they bred.
Then after this abhominable crime,
They fled with haste unto my fathers Court,
And (first informers courting trust in time)
Did as they pleas'd, of what was past report;
Whil'st they (save what them help'd) all things suppress'd,
Milde pitty pleading for afflictions part,
His generous minde still tend'ring the distress'd,
Was wonne to them by this deceiving Art.
San. " Oft men of Iudges thence have parties gone,
" Where both their eares were patent but to one.
Crœ. Then *Cyaxare*, Monarch of the Medes,
To prosecute those fugitives to death,
In indignation of my fathers deeds,
Did bragge them both with all the words of wrath;
My father thinking that his Court should be
A Sanctuary supplicants to save,
Did levie men to make the world then see,
In spite of pow'r that weakenesse help should have.
Thus mortall warres on every side proclaim'd,
With mutuall trouble did continue long,
Till both the Armies by *Bellona* tam'd,
Did irke to venge, or to maintaine a wrong:
It chanc'd whil'st peace was at the highest dearth,
That all their forces did with fury fight,
A sudden darknesse curtain'd up the earth,
And did by violence displace the light.
I thinke the Sunne for *Phaeton* look't sad,
Else blush'd (reflecting bloud) like them he saw:
For (as when wrong'd of old) with griefe gone mad,
He from the world his chariot did with-draw;
Yet Ignorance, which doth confusion breed,
By wresting natures course, found cause of feares,

1723 DE. And working on th'aduantage of the time 1725 DE. They shew'd what seru'd to help, and hid the rest 1727 DE. He noble-minded fauouring the distrest 1728 DEI. this *Sinonick* art 1736 DE. A sanctuarie for all supplicants 1738 DE. He helpt the weake, and scorn'd the mighties vaunts 1746 DE. And violentlie dispossest the light 1748 DE. And that the bloodie obiects that he saw 1749 DE. Did wound his memorie 1751 DE. the mother of confusion

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Which errour did so happily succeed,
That it a concord wrought, and truce from teares;
Then straight there was a perfect peace begunne,
And that it might more constantly indure,
Astyages the King of *Media's* sonne,
To be his Queene my sister did procure.
San. " A deadly rancor reconcil'd againe,
" With consanguinity would seal'd remaine.
Crœ. He, since his fathers age-worne course expir'd,
Hath rul'd his people free from bloud or strife,
Till now a Viper hath his death conspir'd,
Who from his loynes extracted had his life;
I meane this *Cyrus*, (base *Cambyses* brood,)
Who by a Bitch, nurst with the Country swaines,
(No signe observ'd importing Princely bloud:)
The doggish nature of his Nurse retaines.
He came against his Grand-father to field,
And unexpected with a mighty pow'r,
His forces forc'd, did force himselfe to yeeld,
Who (captive kept) now waites for death each houre.
That you may marke how great my int'rest is,
This ruthfull story I did largely touch;
Those circumstances show that shame of his
Doth from our glory derogate too much;
Dare any Prince presume to trouble thus
One whom our kingdomes favour should defend?
In strict affinity combin'd with us,
Yet not regarded for so great a friend.
This with some joy doth smooth my stormy minde,
Whil'st I for Medes against the Persians goe,

1753 DE. Which well edg'd on by wiser mens illusion 1754 DE. Was cause of concord and of truce 1758 DE. A mariage with my Sister 1760 DE. Must seal'd with consanguinitie remaine 1763 DE. Till now a Viper of his loynes discended 1764 DE. Would by his ruine make himselfe a life 1765 DEI. I meane by *Cyrus* 1767 DE. Degener'd farre from any princely blood 1769 DE. He come 1771 DE. Ouerthrew his forces, forc'd himselfe to yeeld 1773 DE. That you may see now what my interest is 1774 DE. I made recitall of this ruthfull storie 1776 DE. Tends to the derogation of our glorie 1777 DE. That any dare presume 1781 DE. My ioylesse soule with this will be reioyc'd 1782 DE. Whilst I to warre against that rebell go

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I hope that both by brave effects shall finde
How kinde a friend I prove, how fierce a foe.
San. " Though natures law you car'd not to transgresse,
" Nor this your wrong'd ally would not repaire;
" Yet the regard to Monarchs in distresse,
" Should move the mighty with a mutuall care;
" Those terrours too which thunder in your eare,
" I thinke the Lydians will not well allow:
" For when the Cedar falles, the Oake may feare,
" That which o'rethrowes the Medes may trouble you.
" And when a neighbours house they burning view,
" Then their owne dangers men may apprehend;
" It better is with others to pursue,
" Then be when but alone, forc'd to defend.
" Ah! this is but the out-side of your course,
" A dangerous ambush which ambition plants:
" There may come Rivers raging from this source,
" To drown your state, whil'st such high thoughts nought daunts;
" I know those new-borne monsters of your minde
" Have arm'd your ravish'd heart with faire conceits,
" Yet may those wonders which you have divin'd,
" Prove traiterous projects, painted for deceits;
" And (pardon Sir) it is not good to be
" Too rashly stout, nor curiously wise,
" Lest that you leave that which we certaine see,
" And not attaine to that which you devise.
Cræ. I grant indeed (this very few shall know)
Though I professe but to relieve my friend,
My thoughts conceive, as successe best may show,
And not without great cause, a greater end:
You see how fortune nought but change affects,
Some are reproach'd, that others may be prais'd,

1783 DE. I hope that both shall know how they haue choyc'd 1784 DE. Th'one a kind friend, and th'other a fearce fo 1792 DE. Th'*Assirians* ore-throw may astonish you 1793 DE. And when we see our neighbours house afire 1794 DE. Then we may iudge our owne to be in danger 1795 DE. It's better first with others to conspire 1796 DE. Or we be forc'd our selues t'inuade that stranger 1800 DE. To drowne your state whilst fancies are vndanted I. whilst fancies nothing daunts 1811 DE. My thoughts are aym'd (this vnto you ile show) I. My thoughts designe, as the successe may

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And every age brings forth some strange effects,
" Some men must fall, that others may be rais'd:
I doubt not, you have heard who was the first,
For warring with the world, whom fame revives,
Who had of soveraignty, so great a thirst,
That it could not be quench'd with thousands lives:
Even he who first obtain'd the name of *Iove*,
And rests reputed for his glorious acts,
The most imperious of the pow'rs above,
Who vowes and offerings of the world exacts;
He all his time in state did terrour breath,
Borne to acquaint the world with warre and dearth,
Whil'st fertile still in misery and death,
Two fatall furies that afflict the earth;
Yet since his course (the worlds first plague) was past,
When his proud race had many ages raign'd,
That Empire too did perish at the last,
And what it lost, by martiall Medes was gain'd;
This was the cause of that great kingdomes fall;
A Prince who could not judge of Princely parts,
With losse of Scepter, honour, life, and all,
To buy base joyes, sold all his Subjects hearts;
To that disastred Monarchies decay,
Th' aspiring Persians purpose to succeed:
But I intend their lofty course to stay,
And that in time, ere that it throughly speed;
The Persians once the Lydians force must prove,
And O! who knowes but that it is ordain'd
At the tribunall of the States above,
That I should raigne where famous *Ninus* raign'd?

1816 DE. Some must be ruin'd, others must be raisd 1818 DE. Whom fame for warring with the world reuiues 1821 DE. T'was he 1822 DE. Who was reputed 1825 DE. could nought but terrour breathe 1826 DE. To make the world acquaint with 1827 DE. The chiefest sergeants deputed by death 1828 DE. That made th' *Assirians* soueraignes of the earth 1830 DE. His successours who many ages raign'd 1831 DE. Made shipwrack of their Empire at the last 1832 DE. And by the *Medes* were thral'd, scorn'd, and disdain'd 1834 DE. A King who could not iudge of kinglie treasures 1836 DE. Did buy his base delights and seruile pleasures 1839 DE. But I intend to crosse them by the way 1840 DE. And quaile their courage ere that they can speede

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This all the hoste of heaven oft-times foretels,
To this the Gods of *Greece* my minde have mov'd,
And he that in Arabia's desart dwels,
By his response this enterprise approv'd.
San. " Thus still in love with what we minde to doe,
" What we affect, we fairest still conceive,
" This feeds our humour, whil'st (selfe-flatterers) loe,
" To shew our wit, we would our selves deceive;
" Vaine hopes so maske all doubts, you cannot spy
" What secret danger this designe doth beare;
" But whil'st well view'd with an indifferent eye,
" There want not grounds, where fore-sight may find feare:
" You unadvis'dly purpose to pursue
" A barbarous people opposite to peace,
" Who but by robbery to their greatnesse grew,
" And would for each light cause, the warres embrace;
" No dainty silkes, dipt in Assyrian dye,
" Doe decke their bodies, to abase their mindes:
" Skinnes reft from beasts them cloath, who danger ply,
" Not mov'd by flattering Sunnes, nor bragging windes;
" They simply feed, and are not griev'd each day,
" With stomackes cloyd, decocting divers meates,
" They fare not as they would, but as they may,
" Of judgement sound, not carried with conceits.
" Those ancient customes which they strictly hold,
" Make all things easie, that they feele no paine,
" This cooles the summers heate, kils winters cold:
" This makes the Rivers dry, the Mountaines plaine.
" They whose ambition poverty did bound,
" Of *Lydia's* dainties if they once doe taste,
" Will have in hatred straight their barren ground,
" And all our treasures insolently waste;
" To governe such, although that we prevaile,
" You shall but buy vexation with your bloud,

1851 DE. This feedes our humour whilst we labour, to 1852 DE. Seeme full of wit our selues for to deceaue 1853 DE. You flatter so your selfe, you can not spye 1863 DE. But cloath'd with wild beasts skinnes they do defye 1864 DE. The force of *Phœbus* rayes, and *Eols* windes 1874 DE. Of the delights of *Lidia* if they taste

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" And doe your selfe, and yours, if fortune faile,
" From Soveraignty (by time secur'd) seclude;
Yea, though this rash desire your judgement blindes,
I for my part must praise the Gods for you,
Who have not yet inspir'd the Persians mindes,
To waste with warre all *Lydia* long ere now.
Cræ. Those flames, which burn my brest, must once burst out,
Your counsell for more quiet mindes I leave,
And be you still thought wise, so I prove stout,
I'le conquer more, or lose the thing I have.

Cælia.

Ah! am I forc'd out of afflictions store,
For my mindes ease a few sad words to straine?
But yet unlode it now, to lode it more,
I empty but mine eyes to fill againe;
My soule must sound even as my passions strike,
Whil'st sighes and teares would faine afford reliefe;
My brest and eyes are both accurst alike,
The Cabinet of care, the Springs of griefe;
O cruell heaven, fierce starre, unhappy fate,
Too foule injustice of celestiall pow'rs!
Whose high disdaine to me with partiall hate
The comfort of the world (poore world) devoures:
Curst be the day in which I first was borne,
When lying tongues affirm'd I came to light,
A monstrous blasphemy, a mighty scorne,
Since where darke sorrow breeds an endlesse night;
Would God I then had chanc'd this life to leave,
The tombe straight taking what the wombe did give,
Then alwayes buried, changing but the grave,

1880 DE. From a possessed Soueraigntie seclude 1881 DE. your iudgement leades 1882 DE. That haue not put into the *Persians* heads 1884 DE. To warre against the *Lidians* 1889 DE. Yet am I forc'd 1890 DE. To ease my mind 1891 DE. And but vnlode 1894 DE. Which now are tun'd to nothing but mischiefe 1896 DE. the cells of griefe 1898 DE. of the diuine powres 1904 DE. Since t'was to darkenes and a ioy-set night 1905 DE. O happie if I then had chanc'd to smother 1906 DE. That the first houre had been the last to me 1907 DE. Then from one graue t' haue gone vnto another

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I had not lived to live, but to live,
What promised to me my Parents joys,
Who with such worth did solemnize my birth,
Since still my soule must bear anguish annoyes,
So to detray one dramme of taste mirth
And it did onely serve to make me know
The height of horrour, threatning to succeed.
I was but tasted in high, to be brought low,
That short lived joyes might endlesse anguish breed.
Whilst nothing did for my confusion lacke,
All my best deeds did but betray my Stare,
My vertues too were guilty of my wracke,
And warr'd against me, handed with my fate.
For whilst my Virgin-yeares with praise I past,
Which did, at that it did, too much import,
My modest eye told that my minde was chast,
Which gain'd the warrant of the worlds report:
"And all should have a great respect to fame,
"No greater dowry then a spotlesse name.
Faire beauties Goddesse, thou can'st beare record,
My offring never made thine Altar rich;
Lascivious fancies highly I abhorr'd,
Whose free-borne thoughts no folly could bewitch;
Till happily, as so it seem'd to some
O but unhappily the end hath prov'd,
All this, and more, to *Ars* eares did come,
Who straight did like, and after liking lov'd;
He to our eares, his purpose did impart,
Not lip-sicke-lover-like, with words farre sought,
Whose tongue was but an agent for his heart,
Yet could not tell the tenth part that it thought;
And lest his travels should have seem'd to tend
My honours fame by fancies to betray,
He brought his wishes to a lawfull end,
And in effect, affection did bewray;

1900 DE. I should have fine in line, not liu'd to die. 1902 DE. When I must be the mirrour of annoyes. 1912 DE. And all my daves taste but one dramme of mirth. 1913 DE. Which serv'd for nothing but. 1940 DE. To breach my honour, worke my fames decay.

There *Iuno*, president of wedlockes vow,
And *Hymen* with his odoriferous cote,
With sacred customes did our love allow,
Whil'st th'ominous Owles no crosses did devote;
The blessing that this marriage did procure,
It was too great to have continued long:
" A thing too vehement cannot endure,
Our joyes farre past the reach of any tongue;
We ever did full satisfaction finde,
Yet with satiety were never cloyd,
But seem'd two bodies, manag'd by one minde,
Such was the happinesse that I enjoy'd;
He lov'd me dearely, I obey'd his will,
Proud of my selfe, because that I was his,
A harmony remain'd betwixt us still,
Who each in th'other plac'd their soules chiefe blisse:
This mov'd th'immortals to a high disdaine,
That thus two worldlings, who of death were heires,
Should in a Paradise of joyes remaine,
Which did exceed, at least did equall theirs;
But chiefly *Iuno* did despight it most,
Who through a jealousie still jarres with *Iove*,
That body-prison'd soules of that could boast,
Which she (although heavens Queen) had not above;
Thus even for envy of our rare delights,
The fatall Sisters (by the heavens suborn'd)
Of my soules treasure clos'd the lovely lights,
By which they thought the earth too much adorn'd.
O but he is not dead, he lives in me.
Ah, but I live not: for I dy'd in him:
How can the one without the other be?
If death have set his eyes, mine must looke dimme;
Since to my sight that Sunne no more appear'd,
From whom my beauties borrowed all their rayes:
A long eclipse, that never shall be clear'd,
Hath darkened all the poynts of my sad dayes;

1944 DE. saffron-coloured cote 1946 DEI. did denote 1949 DE. A thing that's vehement 1950 DE. th'expressing of the toong 1958 DE. Each in another plac'd their chiefest blisse 1973 DE. The one without the other can not be

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Aye me, I live too long, he dy'd too soone,
Thus still the worst remaine, the best depart,
Of him who told how this curs'd deed was done.
The words (like swords) shall ever wound my heart.
Fierce tyrant death, who in thy wrath did'st take
One halfe of me, and left one halfe behinde:
Take this to thee, or give me th'other backe.
Be wholly cruell, or be no way kinde;
But whil'st I live (beleeve) thou canst not dye.
O! even in spite of death, yet still my choice,
Oft with the inward al-beholding eye,
I thinke I see thee, and I heare thy voyce:
And to content my languishing desire,
To ease my minde, each thing some helpe affords:
Thy fanci'd forme doth oft such faith acquire,
That in all sounds I apprehend thy words:
Then with such thoughts my memory to wound,
I call to minde thy lookes, thy words, thy grace,
Where thou didst haunt, yet I adore the ground,
And where thou stept, O sacred seemes that place,
My solitary walkes, my widow'd bed,
My driry sighes, my sheets oft bath'd with teares,
These shall record what life by me is led,
Since first sad newes breath'd death into mine eares.
Though for more paine, yet spar'd a space by death,
Thee first I lov'd, with thee all love I leave:
For my chast flames, which quench'd were with thy breath,
Can kindle now no more but in thy grave.
By night I wish for day, by day for night,
Yet wish farre more, that none of both might be;
But most of all, that banish'd from the light
I were no more, their constant change to see.
At night whil'st deeply musing of my State,

[1986] DE. Be altogether cruell, or all kind [1987] DE. For whilst I liue, thou canst not wholy dye [1989] DE. Oft with th'Imaginations loue-quicke eye [1992] DE. I fancie whiles thy forme, and then afire [2002] DE. These can record the life that I haue led [2003] DE. I liue but with despaire my spirit to dash [2006] DE. flames extinguished in thy ash [2010] DE. their courses for to see [2011] DE. At night revolving my despaird estate I. At night whil'st pondering whiles my desp'rate state

I goe to summe with sighes my wonted joyes,
An agony then (in a sad conceit)
Doth blot the blubred count with new annoyes;
When Sleep, the brother most resembling death,
Of darkenesse childe, and father unto rest,
Doth bound (though not restraine) confused breath,
That it may vent, but not with words exprest;
Then with my sprite thou dost begin to speake,
With sugred speeches to appease my griefe;
And my bruis'd heart which labour'd long to breake,
Doth in this comfort fain'd, finde some reliefe;
Yea, if our soules remain'd united so,
This late divorce would no way vexe my minde,
But when awaking, it augments my woe.
Whil'st this a dreame, and me a wretch I finde.
If never happy, O thrise happy I!
But happy more had happinesse remain'd,
Yet then excessive joy had made me dye;
Since such delights, what heart could have sustain'd?
Why waste I thus, whil'st vainely I lament,
The pretious treasure of that swift past-time?
Ah, pardon me (deare love) for I repent
My lingring here, my fate, and not my crime:
Since first thy body did enrich the Tombe,
In this spoil'd world, my eye no pleasure sees,
And *Atis*, *Atis*, Loe I come, I come,
To be thy mate, amongst the Myrtle trees.

CHORUS.

" *Loe all our time even from our birth,*
" *In misery almost exceeds:*

2013 DE. When in an agonie, a grieu'd conceate 2014 DE. th'vnperfect compt 2015 DE. the eldest brother of pale Death 2017 DE. In a free prison hath confinde my breath I. though not confine 2019 DE. thou enterst for [I. whyles] to speake 2020 DE. With honyed 2021 DE. And my sad heart that labourd 2022 DE. In this fayn'd comfort finds a while reliefe 2024 DE. This late diuorcement would not vexe 2025 DE. But when I waken 2027 DE. O happy, if I had been happy neuer 2028 DE. But happier, if my happinesse had lasted 2029 DE. Yet had I in this state chanc'd to perseuer 2030 DE. My dayes had with excessiue ioyes soone wasted 2040 DE. *In nought but miserie exceeds*

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" *For, where we finde a moments mirth,*
" *A month of mourning still succeeds ;*
" *Besides the evils that Nature breeds,*
" *Whose paines doe us each day appall,*
" *Infirmities which frailty sends,*
" *The losse of that which fortune lends ;*
" *And such disasters as oft fall,*
" *Yet to farre worse our states are thrall,*
" *Whil'st wretched man with man contends,*
" *And every one his whole force bends,*
" *How to procure anothers losses,*
" *But this torments us most of all :*
" *The minde of man, which many a fancy tosses,*
" *Doth forge unto it selfe a thousand crosses.*

O how the soule with all her might,
Doth her celestiall forces straine,
That so she may attaine the light
Of natures wonders, which remaine
Hid from our eyes ! we strive in vaine
" *To seeke out things that are unsure :*
" *In Sciences to seeme profound,*
" *We dive so deepe, we finde no ground ;*
" *And the more knowledge we procure,*
" *The more it doth our mindes allure,*
" *Of mysteries the depth to sound ;*
" *Thus our desires we never bound ;*
" *Which by degrees thus drawn on still,*
" *The memory may not endure ;*
" *But like the Tubs which* Danaus *daughters fill,*
" *Doth drinke no oftner then constrain'd to spill.*

Yet how comes this ? and O how can
Cleare knowledge thus (the soules chiefe treasure)
Be cause of such a crosse to man,
Which should afford him greatest pleasure ?

2043 DE. *By all the euills* 2044 DE. *Which daily do our sprites appall* 2046 DE. *The losse of it* 2057 DE. *How to attaine vnto the light* 2070 DE. *Doth drinke no faster then it's forc'd to spill* 2078 DE. *Occasion such*

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And every age brings forth some strange effects,
" Some men must fall, that others may be rais'd:
I doubt not, you have heard who was the first,
For warring with the world, whom fame revives,
Who had of soveraignty, so great a thirst,
That it could not be quench'd with thousands lives:
Even he who first obtain'd the name of *Iove*,
And rests reputed for his glorious acts,
The most imperious of the pow'rs above,
Who vowes and offerings of the world exacts;
He all his time in state did terrour breath,
Borne to acquaint the world with warre and dearth,
Whil'st fertile still in misery and death,
Two fatall furies that afflict the earth;
Yet since his course (the worlds first plague) was past,
When his proud race had many ages raign'd,
That Empire too did perish at the last,
And what it lost, by martiall Medes was gain'd;
This was the cause of that great kingdomes fall;
A Prince who could not judge of Princely parts,
With losse of Scepter, honour, life, and all,
To buy base joyes, sold all his Subjects hearts;
To that disastred Monarchies decay,
Th' aspiring Persians purpose to succeed:
But I intend their lofty course to stay,
And that in time, ere that it throughly speed;
The Persians once the Lydians force must prove,
And O! who knowes but that it is ordain'd
At the tribunall of the States above,
That I should raigne where famous *Ninus* raign'd?

1816 DE. Some must be ruin'd, others must be raisd 1818 DE. Whom fame for warring with the world reuiues 1821 DE. T'was he 1822 DE. Who was reputed 1825 DE. could nought but terrour breathe 1826 DE. To make the world acquaint with 1827 DE. The chiefest sergeants deputed by death 1828 DE. That made th' *Assirians* soueraignes of the earth 1830 DE. His successours who many ages raign'd 1831 DE. Made shipwrack of their Empire at the last 1832 DE. And by the *Medes* were thral'd, scorn'd, and disdain'd 1834 DE. A King who could not iudge of kinglie treasures 1836 DE. Did buy his base delights and seruile pleasures 1839 DE. But I intend to crosse them by the way 1840 DE. And quaile their courage ere that they can speede

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This all the hoste of heaven oft-times foretels,
To this the Gods of *Greece* my minde have mov'd,
And he that in Arabia's desart dwels,
By his response this enterprise approv'd.
San. " Thus still in love with what we minde to doe,
" What we affect, we fairest still conceive,
" This feeds our humour, whil'st (selfe-flatterers) loe,
" To shew our wit, we would our selves deceive;
" Vaine hopes so maske all doubts, you cannot spy
" What secret danger this designe doth beare;
" But whil'st well view'd with an indifferent eye,
" There want not grounds, where fore-sight may find feare:
" You unadvis'dly purpose to pursue
" A barbarous people opposite to peace,
" Who but by robbery to their greatnesse grew,
" And would for each light cause, the warres embrace;
" No dainty silkes, dipt in Assyrian dye,
" Doe decke their bodies, to abase their mindes:
" Skinnes reft from beasts them cloath, who danger ply,
" Not mov'd by flattering Sunnes, nor bragging windes;
" They simply feed, and are not griev'd each day,
" With stomackes cloyd, decocting divers meates,
" They fare not as they would, but as they may,
" Of judgement sound, not carried with conceits.
" Those ancient customes which they strictly hold,
" Make all things easie, that they feele no paine,
" This cooles the summers heate, kils winters cold:
" This makes the Rivers dry, the Mountaines plaine.
" They whose ambition poverty did bound,
" Of *Lydia's* dainties if they once doe taste,
" Will have in hatred straight their barren ground,
" And all our treasures insolently waste;
" To governe such, although that we prevaile,
" You shall but buy vexation with your bloud,

1851 DE. This feedes our humour whilst we labour, to 1852 DE. Seeme full of wit our selues for to deceaue 1853 DE. You flatter so your selfe, you can not spye 1863 DE. But cloath'd with wild beasts skinnes they do defye 1864 DE. The force of *Phœbus* rayes, and *Eols* windes 1874 DE. Of the delights of *Lidia* if they taste

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" And doe your selfe, and yours, if fortune faile,
" From Soveraignty (by time secur'd) seclude;
Yea, though this rash desire your judgement blindes,
I for my part must praise the Gods for you,
Who have not yet inspir'd the Persians mindes,
To waste with warre all *Lydia* long ere now.
Crœ. Those flames, which burn my brest, must once burst out,
Your counsell for more quiet mindes I leave,
And be you still thought wise, so I prove stout,
I'le conquer more, or lose the thing I have.

Cælia.

Ah! am I forc'd out of afflictions store,
For my mindes ease a few sad words to straine?
But yet unlode it now, to lode it more,
I empty but mine eyes to fill againe;
My soule must sound even as my passions strike,
Whil'st sighes and teares would faine afford reliefe;
My brest and eyes are both accurst alike,
The Cabinet of care, the Springs of griefe;
O cruell heaven, fierce starre, unhappy fate,
Too foule injustice of celestiall pow'rs!
Whose high disdaine to me with partiall hate
The comfort of the world (poore world) devoures:
Curst be the day in which I first was borne,
When lying tongues affirm'd I came to light,
A monstrous blasphemy, a mighty scorne,
Since where darke sorrow breeds an endlesse night;
Would God I then had chanc'd this life to leave,
The tombe straight taking what the wombe did give,
Then alwayes buried, changing but the grave,

1880 DE. From a possessed Soueraigntie seclude 1881 DE. your iudgement leades 1883 DE. That haue not put into the *Persians* heads 1884 DE. To warre against the *Lidians* 1889 DE. Yet am I forc'd 1890 DE. To ease my mind 1891 DE. And but vnlode 1894 DE. Which now are tun'd to nothing but mischiefe 1896 DE. the cells of griefe 1898 DE. of the diuine powres 1904 DE. Since t'was to darkenes and a ioy-set night 1905 DE. O happie if I then had chanc'd to smother 1906 DE. That the first houre had been the last to me 1907 DE. Then from one graue t'haue gone vnto another

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I had not liv'd to dye, but dy'd to live.
What profited to me my Parents joyes,
Who with such pompe did solemnize my birth,
Since still my soule must flote amidst annoyes,
So to defray one dramme of tasted mirth ?
And it did onely serve to make me know
The height of horrour, threatning to succeed;
I was but rais'd up high, to be brought low,
That short liv'd joyes might endlesse anguish breed;
Whil'st nothing did for my confusion lacke,
All my best deeds did but betray my State,
My vertues too were guilty of my wracke,
And warr'd against me, banded with my fate;
For whil'st my Virgin-yeares with praise I past,
Which did (ah that it did) too much import,
My modest eye told that my minde was chast,
Which gain'd the warrant of the worlds report:
" And all should have a great respect to fame,
" No greater dowry then a spotlesse name.
Faire beauties Goddesse, thou can'st beare record,
My offring never made thine Altar rich;
Lascivious fancies highly I abhorr'd,
Whose free-borne thoughts no folly could bewitch;
Till happily (ah so it seem'd to some)
O but unhappily the end hath prov'd,
All this, and more, to *Atis* eares did come,
Who straight did like, and after liking lov'd;
He to our eares, his purpose did impart,
Not lip-sicke-lover-like, with words farre sought,
Whose tongue was but an agent for his heart,
Yet could not tell the tenth part that it thought;
And lest his travels should have seem'd to tend
My honours fame by fancies to betray,
He brought his wishes to a lawfull end,
And in effect, affection did bewray;

1908 DE. I should haue dide to liue, not liu'd to die 1911 DE. When I must be the mirrour of annoyes 1912 DE. And all my dayes taste but one dramme of mirth 1913 DE. Which seru'd for nothing but 1940 DE. To breach my honour, worke my fames decay

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There *Iuno*, president of wedlockes vow,
And *Hymen* with his odoriferous cote,
With sacred customes did our love allow,
Whil'st th'ominous Owles no crosses did devote;
The blessing that this marriage did procure,
It was too great to have continued long:
" A thing too vehement cannot endure,
Our joyes farre past the reach of any tongue;
We ever did full satisfaction finde,
Yet with satiety were never cloyd,
But seem'd two bodies, manag'd by one minde,
Such was the happinesse that I enjoy'd;
He lov'd me dearely, I obey'd his will,
Proud of my selfe, because that I was his,
A harmony remain'd betwixt us still,
Who each in th'other plac'd their soules chiefe blisse:
This mov'd th'immortals to a high disdaine,
That thus two worldlings, who of death were heires,
Should in a Paradise of joyes remaine,
Which did exceed, at least did equall theirs;
But chiefly *Iuno* did despight it most,
Who through a jealousie still jarres with *Iove*,
That body-prison'd soules of that could boast,
Which she (although heavens Queen) had not above;
Thus even for envy of our rare delights,
The fatall Sisters (by the heavens suborn'd)
Of my soules treasure clos'd the lovely lights,
By which they thought the earth too much adorn'd.
O but he is not dead, he lives in me.
Ah, but I live not: for I dy'd in him:
How can the one without the other be?
If death have set his eyes, mine must looke dimme;
Since to my sight that Sunne no more appear'd,
From whom my beauties borrowed all their rayes:
A long eclipse, that never shall be clear'd,
Hath darkened all the poynts of my sad dayes;

1944 DE. saffron-coloured cote 1946 DEI. did denote 1949 DE. A thing that's vehement 1950 DE. th'expressing of the toong 1958 DE. Each in another plac'd their chiefest blisse 1973 DE. The one without the other can not be

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Aye me, I live too long, he dy'd too soone,
Thus still the worst remaine, the best depart,
Of him who told how this curs'd deed was done,
The words (like swords) shall ever wound my heart.
Fierce tyrant death, who in thy wrath did'st take
One halfe of me, and left one halfe behinde;
Take this to thee, or give me th'other backe,
Be wholly cruell, or be no way kinde;
But whil'st I live (beleeve) thou canst not dye,
O ! even in spite of death, yet still my choice,
Oft with the inward al-beholding eye,
I thinke I see thee, and I heare thy voyce;
And to content my languishing desire,
To ease my minde, each thing some helpe affords;
Thy fanci'd forme doth oft such faith acquire,
That in all sounds I apprehend thy words:
Then with such thoughts my memory to wound,
I call to minde thy lookes, thy words, thy grace,
Where thou didst haunt, yet I adore the ground,
And where thou stept, O sacred seemes that place,
My solitary walkes, my widow'd bed,
My driry sighes, my sheets oft bath'd with teares,
These shall record what life by me is led,
Since first sad newes breath'd death into mine eares.
Though for more paine, yet spar'd a space by death,
Thee first I lov'd, with thee all love I leave:
For my chast flames, which quench'd were with thy breath,
Can kindle now no more but in thy grave.
By night I wish for day, by day for night,
Yet wish farre more, that none of both might be;
But most of all, that banish'd from the light
I were no more, their constant change to see.
At night whil'st deeply musing of my State,

1986 DE. Be altogether cruell, or all kind 1987 DE. For whilst I liue, thou canst not wholy dye 1989 DE. Oft with th'Imaginations loue-quicke eye 1993 DE. I fancie whiles thy forme, and then afire 2001 DE. These can record the life that I haue led 2003 DE. I liue but with despaire my sprite to dash 2005 DE. flames extinguishd in thy ash 2010 DE. their courser for to see 2011 DE. At night revoluing my despaird estate I. At night whilst pond'ring whyles my desp'rate state

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I goe to summe with sighes my wonted joyes,
An agony then (in a sad conceit)
Doth blot the blubred count with new annoyes;
When Sleep, the brother most resembling death,
Of darkenesse childe, and father unto rest,
Doth bound (though not restraine) confused breath,
That it may vent, but not with words exprest;
Then with my sprite thou dost begin to speake,
With sugred speeches to appease my griefe;
And my bruis'd heart which labour'd long to breake,
Doth in this comfort fain'd, finde some reliefe;
Yea, if our soules remain'd united so,
This late divorce would no way vexe my minde,
But when awaking, it augments my woe.
Whil'st this a dreame, and me a wretch I finde.
If never happy, O thrise happy I!
But happy more had happinesse remain'd,
Yet then excessive joy had made me dye;
Since such delights, what heart could have sustain'd?
Why waste I thus, whil'st vainely I lament,
The pretious treasure of that swift past-time?
Ah, pardon me (deare love) for I repent
My lingring here, my fate, and not my crime:
Since first thy body did enrich the Tombe,
In this spoil'd world, my eye no pleasure sees,
And *Atis*, *Atis*, Loe I come, I come,
To be thy mate, amongst the Myrtle trees.

CHORUS.

" *Loe all our time even from our birth,*
" *In misery almost exceeds:*

2013 DE. When in an agonie, a grieu'd conceate 2014 DE. th'vnperfect compt 2015 DE. the eldest brother of pale Death 2017 DE. In a free prison hath confinde my breath I. though not confine 2019 DE. thou enterst for [I. whyles] to speake 2020 DE. With honyed 2021 DE. And my sad heart that labourd 2022 DE. In this fayn'd comfort finds a while reliefe 2024 DE. This late diuorcement would not vexe 2025 DE. But when I waken 2027 DE. O happy, if I had been happy neuer 2028 DE. But happier, if my happinesse had lasted 2029 DE. Yet had I in this state chanc'd to perseuer 2030 DE. My dayes had with excessiue ioyes soone wasted 2040 DE. *In nought but miserie exceeds*

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" *A month of mourning still succeeds ;*
" *Besides the evils that Nature breeds,*
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" *How to procure anothers losses,*
" *But this torments us most of all :*
" *The minde of man, which many a fancy tosses,*
" *Doth forge unto it selfe a thousand crosses.*

O how the soule with all her might,
Doth her celestiall forces straine,
That so she may attaine the light
Of natures wonders, which remaine
Hid from our eyes ! we strive in vaine
" *To seeke out things that are unsure :*
" *In Sciences to seeme profound,*
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" *Thus our desires we never bound ;*
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" *But like the Tubs which* Danaus *daughters fill,*
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Yet how comes this ? and O how can
Cleare knowledge thus (the soules chiefe treasure)
Be cause of such a crosse to man,
Which should afford him greatest pleasure ?

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This is, because we cannot measure
The limits that to it belong,
But (bent to tempt forbidden things)
Doe soare too high with Natures wings,
Still weakest whil'st we thinke us strong;
The heavens which hold we do them wrong
To try their grounds, and what thence springs,
This crosse upon us justly brings:
With knowledge, knowledge is confus'd,
And growes a griefe ere it be long;
" That which a blessing is when rightly us'd,
" Doth grow the greatest crosse when once abus'd.

Ah! what availes this unto us,
Who in this vaile of woes abide,
With endlesse toyles to study thus
To learn the thing that Heaven would hide?
And trusting to too blinde a guide,
To spy the Planets how they move,
And too (transgressing common Barres)
The constellation of the starres,
And all that is decreed above,
Whereof (as oft the end doth prove)
A secret sight our wel-fare marres,
And in our brests breeds endlesse warres,
Whil'st what our horoscopes foretell,
Our expectations doe disprove:
Those apprehended plagues prove such a hell,
That then we would unknow them till they fell.

This is the pest of great estates,
They by a thousand meanes devise
How to fore-know their doubtfull fates;
And like new Gyants, scale the skies,
Heavens secret store-house to surprise;

2075 DE. *O it's because* 2077 DE. *But for to tempt* 2080 DE. *The Heau'ns that thinke* 2081 DEI. *To trie what in suspence still hings* 2086 DE. *when it's abusde* 2096 DE. *as oft th'euent doth proue* 2097 DE. *Th'intelligence* 2102 DE. *That we would wish t'vnknow*

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Which sacrilegious skill we see
With what great paine they apprehend it,
And then how foolishly they spend it.
To learne the thing that once must be;
Why should we seeke our destiny?
If it be good, we long attend it;
If it be ill, none may amend it:
Such knowledge but torments the minde;
Let us attend the heavens decree:
For those whom this ambiguous Art doth blinde,
May what they seeke to flye, the rather finde.

And loe of late, what hath our King
By his preposterous travels gain'd,
In searching out each threatned thing,
Which Atis *horoscope contain'd?*
For what the heavens had once ordain'd,
That by no meanes he could prevent;
And yet he labours to finde out
Through all the Oracles about,
Of future things the hid event.
This doth his raging minde torment:
(Now in his age unwisely stout)
To fight with Cyrus, *but no doubt*
The heavens are griev'd thus to heare told
Long ere the time their darke intent.
Let such of Tantalus *the state behold,*
Who dare the secrets of great Iove *unfold.*

Act 5. Scene 1.

Cyrus. Harpagus.

Cyrus. Let us triumph o're them (though proud of late)
Whose glory now doth with their greatnesse faile:

2116 DEI. *Such knowledge further rest exiles* 2116 DEI. *T'is best to abide the* 2117 DE. *It's to be feard, those whom this Arte beguiles* I. Art beguiles 2118 DE. *Do* [I. May] *change their fate & make their Fortune whiles* 2123 DE. *Let* Tantalus *b' a terror to th' o're-bold* 2134 DE. *That dare* Ioues *cloudy secrecies vnfold* 2135 DE. Goe, let vs triumph o're these vnthron'd thralls I. Let vs triumph attended by those thralles 2136 DE. Whose maymed greatnesse to confusion runnes

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Since with their fortune forfeiting their state:
No warre's approv'd unlesse that it prevaile:
The world, that whil'st we fought, did doubtfull stand,
As for the one, ordain'd to be a prey,
Saw how the heavens plac'd lightning in my hand,
Those thund'ring downe, who would not us obey:
Goe pay our vowes, ere enterprising more;
The Gods detest a minde that is ingrate;
And who delight their Deities to adore,
Are alwaies bent to stablish their estate;
Cause burden Altars, smoke each sacred place
With Bullockes, Incense, Odours of all kindes;
" But none can give the gods (still great in grace)
" A sacrifice more sweet, than thankefull mindes.
Harp. Though all who partners are of th' earth and ayre,
Still whil'st tapestred with this azure pale,
If for nought else, yet for those gifts least rare,
To serve th'all-pow'rfull pow'rs, should never faile;
Yet there are some whom successe hath design'd,
Whose names are written in respected scroules,
Whom benefits (not ordinary) binde
To love them more then life, yea, then their soules:
Of those that you are one, your deeds declare,
Of whom amid'st innumerable broiles,
Even from your cradle they have had a care,
And led you safe through many dangerous toiles;
Though of the troubles of your youth I see,

[2137] DE. Who [I. They] forfeited their glorie by their falles [2138] DE. No hand that fights is pure, but [I. saue] that which winnes [2139] DE. The rauisht world that fraught with doubts did stand [2140] DE. To see the bloody end of this dayes toyle [2142] DE. To thunder on all those that sought my foyle [2143] DE. Now therefore let vs first deuoutly go [2144] DE. And lose our vowes, the gods detest th'ingrate [2145] DE. And who delight t'adore their deities so [2146] DE. Do neuer faile t'establish their estate [2147] DE. Goe load the Altars, smoke the sacred places [2149] DE. Though none can giue the gods that flow in graces [2151] DE. Though all that indenized in this Vale I. Though all who walke on earth, and breath through Aire [2152] DE. Walke here confinde within this fertile Round [2153] DE. And are tapestred with this azure Pale [2154] DE. T'adore the gods by many meanes are bound [2155] DE. some particularly, I find [2156] DE. in their dearest scrowles [2157] DE. Whom extraordinary fauours bind [2158] DE. Euen to prefer them to their very Soules [2159] DE. Of which (Sir) you are one [2160] DE. Of you [2162] DE. through all your greatest toyles

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You have not heard the wonderfull discourse,
I them remember, who did chance to be
An actor in your Tragicke-Comicke course.
Cyr. The accidents which in our nonage chance,
A ripened age not to remembrance brings,
Like fabulous dreames which darknesse doth advance,
That are by day disdain'd as frivolous things:
For, our conceptions are not then so strong
That they can leave impressions long behinde,
Yet mixe (deare friend) old griefes new joys among,
And call afflicted infancy to minde.
Harp. Who would not wonder at thy wondrous fate,
Whom (even or borne) destruction did attend,
Whil'st ere thou could'st offend, pursu'd by hate,
Even then to end what now shall never end?
Your mother first her fathers minde did sting,
Whil'st once he dream'd, which yet his soule confounds,
That of a tree which from her wombe did spring,
Th'umbragious branches, darkened *Asias* bounds;
Then to the Magies straight he gave in charge
To try what this strange vision did presage,
Who having studied their darke Art at large,
Gave this response with a propheticke rage:
That once his daughter should a sonne bring forth,
Who should (by valour gaining great renowne)
Make vanquish'd *Asia* witnesse of his worth;
But from his grand-father first reave the Crowne.
This to *Astyages* a terrour bred,
Who (vainely bent to scorne the heavens decree)
His daughter (out of policy) would wed,

2164 DE. The thought no more with griefe your mind importunes 2165 DE. Yet I thinke on who had the hap to be 2166 DE. Tragick-Comick fortunes 2168 DE. When as our yeers grow rype, slide out of thought 2170 DE. And are by Day disdaind as things of nought 2176 DE. Whose ruine ere thy Birth appeard conspir'd 2177 DE. Who vnbegun, seemd to expire that date 2178 DE. Which now begun, shall neuer be expir'd 2181 DE. That from her wombe there did a Vine-tree spring 2182 DE. Which did o're-shadow all great *Asiaes* bounds 2188 DE. For glorious Acts exceedingly renownd 2189 DE. By whom th'Empire of *Asia* should be wonne 2190 DE. By whom his Grandfather should be vncrownd 2192 DE. Who labouring to anull the heau'ns decree 2193 DE. Aduisde as best his Daughter for to wedde

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[illegible] stranger of no great degree.
[illegible] who of her made choice.
[illegible] then contemn'd [illegible] gave eare,
[illegible] the Princesse [illegible] rejoyce,
[illegible] further cause of feare,
[illegible] brood whose courage failes)
[illegible] in despaire to fail,
[illegible] brood when [illegible] prevailes,
[illegible] doth still feare all;
[illegible] can finde.
[illegible] guilty minde.
[illegible] not dreame of harmes,
[illegible] with steele array'd,
[illegible] straigne Armes,
[illegible] make afraid.
[illegible] make.
[illegible] monster [illegible] home,
[illegible] Centaure [illegible] Snake.
21 [illegible] and the Mothers scorne;
[illegible] which justly should impart
[illegible] cause of joyes,
[illegible] him to smart)
[illegible] annoyes;
21(6) [illegible] fondly fright,
[illegible] date.
[illegible] new-found light,
[illegible] one date.
[illegible] haste,
[illegible] came he lov'd.

[illegible] DE. [illegible] degree [illegible] DE. And for his [illegible] DE. And further then before affright her [illegible] begun [illegible] DE. A dastard to [illegible] feard of all, doth still feare all [illegible] surprise [illegible] DE. Whom gallant [illegible] triumphd o're th'Earth, threatned [illegible] DE. The worlds terror [illegible] t'impart [illegible] DE. Vnto the [illegible] It as a] naked hand had [illegible] present a but suspected spight [illegible]

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And told the summe of all things that were past,
By which his marble-minde seem'd nothing mov'd;
Yet in the same, as he would let me know,
Though pitty none, some horrour did remaine,
Whil'st damn'd in substance, to seeme cleere in show,
Your bloud his heart, but not his hand should staine.
" Thus having lull'd asleepe their judgement still,
" The wicked would extenuate their crimes,
" Not knowing those who but allow of ill,
" As actors guilty, differ but in times.
With his vile fault he would have burden'd me,
Whom straight he charg'd an Innocent to slay;
I promis'd to performe his rash decree,
Well weighing whom, not what I should obey;
When I had parted from his Highnesse face,
And carried you (then swadled) with me too,
Whil'st horrour did congeale my bloud, a space
I stood perplex'd, not knowing what to doe,
And (as to purge my part) even shedding teares,
By troupes of passions griefe, my soule assail'd,
Thus (when distress'd for easing others feares,)
Th'intended death of you, your murd'rers wail'd;
For him I sent a servant of mine owne,
Who for the time was heards-man to the King,
To whom I made all my Commission knowne,
But as enjoyn'd to him, show'd every thing;
Delivering you with an unwilling breath,
Whom of pure gold, a glistring robe array'd,
I threatned him with many a cruell death,

2223 DE. Then shewd me all the circumstances past I. Then told each point 2225 DE. Out of the which 2226 DE. All complements of pittie were not blotted I. All sparkes of pitty, were not quite exyl'd 2227 DE. He would this superficiall fauour show I. Since that he would this fruitlesse fauour show 2228 DE. Not with your blood to haue his owne hands spotted I. That with your blood his hands should not be fyl'd 2233 DE. Are Actors in effect, guiltie all times I. As Actors differ but in guilty times 2233 DE. Yet with his fault 2234 DE. And willd that I an Innocent should slay 2236 DE. but not wherein t'obay 2239 DE. Through th'apprehended horror of my case 2241 DE. Necessitie tooke place, I waild with teares 2242 DE. Th'vntimely funeralle (as I thought) of you 2243 DE. My soule confounded with a swarme of feares 2244 DE. Did with sad sighes my message disallow 2250 DE. Then with a mantle of pure gold array'd

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This is, because we cannot measure
The limits that to it belong,
But (bent to tempt forbidden things)
Doe soare too high with Natures wings,
Still weakest whil'st we thinke us strong ;
The heavens which hold we do them wrong
To try their grounds, and what thence springs,
This crosse upon us justly brings :
With knowledge, knowledge is confus'd,
And growes a griefe ere it be long ;
" That which a blessing is when rightly us'd,
" Doth grow the greatest crosse when once abus'd.

Ah ! what availes this unto us,
Who in this vaile of woes abide,
With endlesse toyles to study thus
To learn the thing that Heaven would hide ?
And trusting to too blinde a guide,
To spy the Planets how they move,
And too (transgressing common Barres)
The constellation of the starres,
And all that is decreed above,
Whereof (as oft the end doth prove)
A secret sight our wel-fare marres,
And in our brests breeds endlesse warres,
Whil'st what our horoscopes foretell,
Our expectations doe disprove :
Those apprehended plagues prove such a hell,
That then we would unknow them till they fell.

This is the pest of great estates,
They by a thousand meanes devise
How to fore-know their doubtfull fates ;
And like new Gyants, scale the skies,
Heavens secret store-house to surprise ;

2075 DE. *O it's because* 2077 DE. *But for to tempt* 2080 DE. *The Heau'ns that thinke* 2081 DEI. *To trie what in suspence still hings* 2086 DE. *when it's abusde* 2096 DE. *as oft th'euent doth proue* 2097 DE. *Th'intelligence* 2102 DE. *That we would wish t'vnknow*

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Which sacrilegious skill we see
With what great paine they apprehend it,
And then how foolishly they spend it.
To learne the thing that once must be ;
Why should we seeke our destiny ?
If it be good, we long attend it ;
If it be ill, none may amend it :
Such knowledge but torments the minde ;
Let us attend the heavens decree :
For those whom this ambiguous Art doth blinde,
May what they seeke to flye, the rather finde.

And loe of late, what hath our King
By his preposterous travels gain'd,
In searching out each threatned thing,
Which Atis *horoscope contain'd ?*
For what the heavens had once ordain'd,
That by no meanes he could prevent ;
And yet he labours to finde out
Through all the Oracles about,
Of future things the hid event.
This doth his raging minde torment :
(*Now in his age unwisely stout*)
To fight with Cyrus, *but no doubt*
The heavens are griev'd thus to heare told
Long ere the time their darke intent.
Let such of Tantalus *the state behold,*
Who dare the secrets of great Iove *unfold.*

Act 5. Scene 1.

Cyrus. Harpagus.

Cyrus. Let us triumph o're them (though proud of late)
Whose glory now doth with their greatnesse faile :

2115 DEI. *Such knowledge further rest exiles* 2116 DEI. *T'is best to abide the* 2117 DE. *It's to be feard, those whom this Arte beguiles* I. Art beguiles 2118 DE. *Do* [I. May] *change their fate & make their Fortune whiles* 2133 DE. *Let* Tantalus *b' a terror to th' o're-bold* 2134 DE. *That dare* Ioues *cloudy secrecies unfold* 2135 DE. Goe, let vs triumph o're these vnthron'd thralls I. Let vs triumph attended by those thralles 2136 DE. Whose maymed greatnesse to confusion runnes

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The limits that to it belong,
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Doe soare too high with Natures wings
Still weakest whil'st we thinke us stron
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With what great paine they apprehend it,
And then how foolishly they spend it.
To learne the thing that once must be;
Why should we seeke our destiny?
If it be good, we long attend it;
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Of future things the hid event.
This doth his raging minde torment:
(New in his age wonderfully stout)
To fight with Cyrus, but no doubt
The heavens are griev'd thus to heare told
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E. Which now begun, shall neuer
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E. For glorious Acts exceedingly
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Cyrus. Let us triumph o're them though prou'd of late,
Whose glory now doth with their greatnesse falle:

2110 2115 2120 2125 2130 2135

2111 DEL. Such knowledge further rest entice 2112 DE. The best to attend we 2113 DE. Let us be friend, these whom this Arte bepuzzel. L. Art begets 2114 DE. Do not May change their fate & make their Fortune victor 2115 DE. Let Tantalus & a spectre of Oracle 2116 DE. That dare loosen cunning secrets vayld 2117 DE. Come, all we triumph o're these withstood thralls L. Let us triumph attended by those crowds 2118 DE. Whose mayned greatnesse to confusion runne

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DE. Who labouring to anull the
ter for to wedde

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Since with their fortune forfeiting their
No warre 's approv'd unlesse that it pre
The world, that whil'st we fought, did
As for the one, ordain'd to be a prey,
Saw how the heavens plac'd lightning i
Those thund'ring downe, who would n
Goe pay our vowes, ere enterprising m
The Gods detest a minde that is ingrat
And who delight their Deities to adore,
Are alwaies bent to stablish their estate
Cause burden Altars, smoke each sacre
With Bullockes, Incense, Odours of all
" But none can give the gods (still grea
" A sacrifice more sweet, than thankefu
Harp. Though all who partners are
Still whil'st tapestred with this azure pa
If for nought else, yet for those gifts le
To serve th'all-pow'rfull pow'rs, should
Yet there are some whom successe hat
Whose names are written in respected s
Whom benefits (not ordinary) binde
To love them more then life, yea, then
Of those that you are one, your deeds
Of whom amid'st innumerable broiles,
Even from your cradle they have had a
And led you safe through many danger
Though of the troubles of your youth

2127 DE. Who [I. They] forfeited their glorie by their fal
fights is pure, but [I. saue] that which winnes 2139 DI
fraught with doubts did stand 2140 DE. To see the blo
2143 DE. To thunder on all those that sought my foyle
vs first deuoutly go 2144 DE. And lose our vowes, the gods
And who delight t'adore their deities so 2146 DE. Do
estate 2147 DE. Goe load the Altars, smoke the sacred pla
can giue the gods that flow in graces 2151 DE. Thoug
Vale I. Though all who walke on earth, and breath thre
here confinde within this fertile Round 2153 DE. And are ta
2154 DE. T'adore the gods by many meanes are bound
I find 2156 DE. in their dearest scrowles 2157 DE. Whor
2158 DE. Euen to prefer them to their very Soules 2159
one 2160 DE. Of you 2162 DE. through all your greatest

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You have not heard the wonderfull discourse,
I them remember, who did chance to be
An actor in your Tragicke-Comicke course.
Cyr. The accidents which in our nonage chance,
A ripened age not to remembrance brings,
Like fabulous dreames which darknesse doth advance,
That are by day disdain'd as frivolous things:
For, our conceptions are not then so strong
That they can leave impressions long behinde,
Yet mixe (deare friend) old griefes new joys among,
And call afflicted infancy to minde.
Harp. Who would not wonder at thy wondrous fate,
Whom (even or borne) destruction did attend,
Whil'st ere thou could'st offend, pursu'd by hate,
Even then to end what now shall never end?
Your mother first her fathers minde did sting,
Whil'st once he dream'd, which yet his soule confounds,
That of a tree which from her wombe did spring,
Th'umbragious branches, darkened *Asias* bounds:
Then to the Magies straight he gave in charge
To try what this strange vision did presage,
Who having studied their darke Art at large,
Gave this response with a propheticke rage:
That once his daughter should a sonne bring forth,
Who should (by valour gaining great renowne)
Make vanquish'd *Asia* witnesse of his worth;
But from his grand-father first reave the Crowne.
This to *Astyages* a terrour bred,
Who (vainely bent to scorne the heavens decree)
His daughter (out of policy) would wed,

2164 DE. The thought no more with griefe your mind importunes 2165 DE. Yet I thinke on who had the hap to be 2166 DE. Tragick-Comick fortunes 2168 DE. When as our yeers grow rype, slide out of thought 2170 DE. And are by Day disdaind as things of nought 2176 DE. Whose ruine ere thy Birth appeard conspir'd 2177 DE. Who vnbegun, seemd to expire that date 2178 DE. Which now begun, shall never be expir'd 2181 DE. That from her wombe there did a Vine-tree spring 2182 DE. Which did o're-shadow all great *Asias* bounds 2188 DE. For glorious Acts exceedingly renownd 2189 DE. By whom th'Empire of *Asia* should be wonne 2190 DE. By whom his Grandfather should be vncrownd 2192 DE. Who labouring to anull the heav'ns decree 2193 DE. Adviside as best his Daughter for to wedde

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ssage disallow 2250 DE. Then

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To some weake stranger of no great degree.
And to *Cambyses*, who of her made choice,
He, for his Country (then contemn'd) gave eare,
Whom by your birth the Princesse did rejoyce,
And gave her father further cause of feare,
" Thus tyranny (their brood whose courage failes)
" Doth force the Parents in despaire to fall,
" To fight a dastard, proud when it prevailes,
" But yet (as fear'd of all,) doth still feare all;
" And tyrants no security can finde,
" For every shadow frights a guilty minde.
This Monarch then who could not dreame of harmes,
Whose guards did glance all still with steele array'd,
Then whil'st he liv'd secure from forraigne Armes,
A babe, scarce borne, and his, did make afraid.
And whil'st *Lucina* the last helpe did make,
As if some ugly monster had beene borne,
A Minotaure, a Centaure, or a Snake,
The peoples terrour, and the Mothers scorne;
The Grand-childes birth, which justly should impart
To grand-fathers the greatest cause of joyes,
Did (long ere wounded, making him to smart)
Involve him in a maze of sad annoyes;
And to prevent what did him fondly fright,
By giving cause of a deserved hate,
He sought by robbing you the new-found light,
To make your birth and buriall of one date.
Soone after this he sent for me in haste,
Whom at that time (and not in vaine) he lov'd,

2194 DE. T'a powrelesse stranger, but of base degree 2196 DE. And for his barb'rous Countries cause the rather 2198 DE. And further then before affright her Father 2199 DE. Thus tyrannie by feeble sprites begun 2201 DE. A dastard to attempt, prowd hauing wonne 2202 DE. Which being feard of all, doth still feare all 2205 DE. This Monarch, whom scarce Armies could surprise 2206 DE. Whom gallant Guards and stately Courts delighted 2207 DE. Who triumphd o're th'Earth, threatned the Skies 2208 DE. borne, come of himselfe, affrighted 2212 DE. The worlds terror 2213 DE. The Nephews birth, that would haue seemd t'impart 2214 DE. Vnto the Grandfather great cause of ioyes 2215 DE. As if the [I. It as a] naked hand had pierc'd his hart 2216 DE. Did winde 2217 DE. And to preuent a but suspected spight 2218 DE. By giuing an occasion of iust hate

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And told the summe of all things that were past,
By which his marble-minde seem'd nothing mov'd;
Yet in the same, as he would let me know,
Though pitty none, some horrour did remaine,
Whil'st damn'd in substance, to seeme cleere in show,
Your bloud his heart, but not his hand should staine.
" Thus having lull'd asleepe their judgement still,
" The wicked would extenuate their crimes,
" Not knowing those who but allow of ill,
" As actors guilty, differ but in times.
With his vile fault he would have burden'd me,
Whom straight he charg'd an Innocent to slay;
I promis'd to performe his rash decree,
Well weighing whom, not what I should obey;
When I had parted from his Highnesse face,
And carried you (then swadled) with me too,
Whil'st horrour did congeale my bloud, a space
I stood perplex'd, not knowing what to doe,
And (as to purge my part) even shedding teares,
By troupes of passions griefe, my soule assail'd,
Thus (when distress'd for easing others feares,)
Th'intended death of you, your murd'rers wail'd;
For him I sent a servant of mine owne,
Who for the time was heards-man to the King,
To whom I made all my Commission knowne,
But as enjoyn'd to him, show'd every thing;
Delivering you with an unwilling breath,
Whom of pure gold, a glistring robe array'd,
I threatned him with many a cruell death,

2223 DE. Then shewd me all the circumstances past I. Then told each point 2225 DE. Out of the which 2226 DE. All complements of pittie were not blotted I. All sparkes of pitty, were not quite exyl'd 2227 DE. He would this superficiall fauour show I. Since that he would this fruitlesse fauour show 2228 DE. Not with your blood to haue his owne hands spotted I. That with your blood his hands should not be fyl'd 2233 DE. Are Actors in effect, guiltie all times I. As Actors differ but in guilty times 2233 DE. Yet with his fault 2234 DE. And willd that I an Innocent should slay 2236 DE. but not wherein t'obay 2239 DE. Through th'apprehended horror of my case 2241 DE. Necessitie tooke place, I waild with teares 2242 DE. Th'vntimely funeralle (as I thought) of you 2243 DE. My soule confounded with a swarme of feares 2244 DE. Did with sad sighes my message disallow 2250 DE. Then with a mantle of pure gold array'd

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If that your death were any way delay'd;
Straight then to execute the Tyrants doome,
He from my sight did all astonish'd goe,
Too great a charge for such a simple Groome,
The shew of Majestie amaz'd him so,
What man (not wondring) can by deeds behold
The providence of all-commanding *Iove*,
Whose brazen edicts cannot be contrould:
" Firme are the Statutes of the States above:
" That mortall whom a Deities favour shields,
" No worldly force is able to confound,
" He may securely walke through dangers fields,
" Times and occasions are to serve him bound:
For loe, before the heards-man was come home,
His wife had chanc'd a breath-lesse childe to beare,
Who wondred so to see her husband come,
While by his conscience crush'd, he quak'd for feare;
And straight she curious grew to know the forme,
How he a babe so beautifull obtain'd;
Who her of all did suddenly informe,
And to what cruelty he was constrain'd;
She quickly then th'occasion to embrace,
(No doubt inspir'd by some celestiall pow'r)
Pray'd that her infant might supply your place,
Yet where no beasts his body might devoure,
So shall we have (saith she) a double gaine,
Since our owne childe shall get a stately tombe,
And we a Princely brood, which may remaine,
Still nurst with us as th'issue of my wombe.
The husband lik't so well his wives designe,
That he perform'd all what she did require,
And when I had directed one of mine,
This Tragedies last act, who might enquire:

2257 DE. O what a wonder is't for to behold 2258 DE. Th'vnfailing prouidence of powerfull *Ioue* 2266 DE. His wife of a dead burden was deliuered 2268 DE. That with a secret terrour faintlie shiuered 2275 DE. Prayd him t'expose her dead child in your place 2276 DE. beasts repair'd him to deuoure 2278 DE. Our off-spring shall receiue a stately tombe 2279 DE. And we a princely infant, to remaine 2281 intent 2282 DE. That all what she affected he effected 2283 DE. And soone I had one of my houshold sent 2284 DE. To try if all were done as t'was directed

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My man who spy'd a babe there breathlesse lye,
With that rich funerall furniture array'd,
Told what the fellow told, (a generous lye)
So that thus try'd, I trusted what they said.
In end, Time (posting with houre-feather'd wings)
Had given you strength, with others of your yeares
You haunted games, not nephewes unto Kings,
But for that time admitted for your Peeres,
They faile call fortune blinde, she sight bewray'd,
And your authority by lot enlarg'd,
In pastorall sports, who still the Scepter sway'd,
And as but borne for that, that best discharg'd:
With other children then, as once it chanc'd,
A Noble-man of *Medeas* Sonne remain'd,
Who swolne with envy to see you advanc'd,
Your childish charge with scornfull words disdain'd;
You raging at that proud attempt of his,
Did punish him, as it became a Prince,
I doubt now (Sir) if that you thinke of this:
The rest of rashnesse did your deed convince.
Cyr. Though now my breast doth greater thoughts embrace,
Of youthfull sports, yet do not spare to speake;
" Let cares alternatly give pleasure place:
" That which is bended still, must sometime breake.
Harp. The childes great Father did inform the King,
How that so base a boy his Sonne abus'd,
And of the guard one hasted you to bring,
As for an odious crime to be accus'd;
But when the King (expostulating long)
By terrours striv'd to cast your courage downe:

2285 DE. He seeing the babe dead, dead in that weed 2286 DE. furniture about him 2287 DE. told, and I indeed 2288 DE. Reposd on his report, for who could doubt him 2291 DE. You past the time 2297 DE. Then with the other children as it chanc'd 2301 DE. You spighting at 2305 DE. More mightie matters now to muse vpon 2306 DE. My memorie with the remembrance cloy 2307 DE. That those are all forgot, and yet tell on 2308 DE. For I delight to heare the childish toy 2309 DE. The father of the child inform'd the King 2310 DE. How such a base-borne boy abusd his sonne 2311 DE. And causd an Esquire straightway you to bring 2312 DE. To suffer for the fault that you had done 2313 DE. And when the King accusd you in his sight 2314 DE. As the presumptuous brat of a base clowne

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You boldly said, that you had done no wrong,
To punish one who had contemn'd your Crowne;
You so magnanimous amaz'd to finde,
Whil'st pausing long with an attentive Eye,
That speech imperious told the King your kinde:
Whose brood but th'Eagles durst have soar'd so high?
The fained Father to the King was brought,
Who (fear'd for torture) telling truth in time,
Where he reward deserv'd, but pardon sought,
As if the saving you had beene a crime.
Then (as it seem'd) delighted with the rest,
The King did cause a sumptuous feast prepare,
And me desir'd as his most speciall guest,
That with my Sonne I would to Court repaire;
When I was come, the King great joy disclos'd,
And sooth'd my words which did his chance applaud,
But for another end then I suppos'd:
" What fairer cloke then courtesie for fraud?
When th'absence of the Sunne did darknesse breed,
The Candles light inheriting his place,
On my Sonnes flesh they caus'd my selfe to feed,
Then did upbraid me with his bloudlesse face;
What anguish, or what rage o're-flow'd my soule,
A loving Father may imagine best,
Yet at that time I did my rage controull,
But laid it high up in a stormie brest.
Cyr. Some of the wise-men then I heard remain'd,
Who from their former sentence did recoyle,
And said, no danger was, since I had raign'd,

2315 DE. You boldlie did maintain that you had right 2316 DE. To scourge one that rebeld against the crowne 2317 DE. The King astonish'd at th' imperious words 2318 DE. Of one so magnanimous, and so yong 2319 DE. Doth pawse awhile, and straightway he records 2320 DE. That you were you, and I had done him wrong. 2321 DE. The tortour to the Net-heard was presented 2322 DE. Who soone for fear confest (O suddaine change) 2323 DE. The King as seem'd exceedinglie contented 2324 DE. Sent one for me to heare the tidings strange 2325 DE. And, as he had good cause, in shew delighted 2326 DE. Did for a solemne Sacrifice prepare 2327 DE. And me as his most speciall guest invited 2328 DE. Who with my sonne did straight to Court repaire 2329-2332 *are omitted in* D *and* E 2333 DE. When light was banis'd by nights shaddowie sable 2334 DE. The candles by his forfait taking place 2335 DE. They seru'd me with my sonnes flesh at the table

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Then did dismisse me for my native soile,
Where when I had my blooming season spent,
To weakened wrath your lines did strength afford,
Informing us that many *Medes* were bent
For his great cruelty to leave their Lord;
And wish'd (if to their Scepter I aspir'd)
That I should move the *Persians* to rebell,
Which did succeed even as my soule desir'd:
For they disdain'd in bondage base to dwell;
When my encourag'd troups all arm'd did stand,
Ere they from Strangers could attend releefe,
I quickly march'd, encountring with that band,
Of which the King had chanc'd to make you chiefe.
Harp. "Loe how those wretches whom the heavens would wrack,
"(To plagues expos'd) of judgement are unarm'd:
"The King of me his Captaine straight did make,
"And look't for help of him whom he had harm'd;
"Yet was th'old wrong so rooted in my heart,
"My Countries thraldome, and mine owne disgrace,
"That all the horrours mischiefe could impart
"Seem'd nought to me, so my disdaine took place.
Cyr. "On those whom they have wrong'd, none should relye:
"Iust rancour unreveng'd, can never dye.
Harp. This enterprise at first so well did speed,
That since, your Greatnesse still began to rise,
Which may by time so brave a story breed,
As may be pretious in all Princes eyes.
Cyr. Behold how *Crœsus* with his riches blinde,

2346 DE. Your Letter came to giue my fire new fuell 2347 DE. And told how many of the *Medes* 2348 DE. T'abandon their owne Lord that prou'd so cruell 2353 DE. in seruitude to dwell 2353 DE. I plac'd my gallant troupes in warlike ordour 2354 DE. And lest th'occasion should haue slipt away 2355 DE. March'd with my armie to my enemyes bordour 2356 DE. Whereas you had the conduct for that day 2358 DE. Are spoild of iudgement: that proud Tirant offred 2359 DE. The charge to me not thinking I would take 2360 DE. A high reuenge for th'iniurie I suffred 2361 DE. Which was so deepelie rooted in my hart 2363 DE. that death could impart 2365 DE. T'is dangerous trusting one that's wrong'd we see 2367 DE. That was the first beginning of your glorie 2368 DE. Which since hath been augmented by degrees 2369 DE. And which by time may breed so braue a storie 2371 DE. blinded

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Durst even encounter with my warre-like band;
And whil'st a prosp'rous course betray'd his minde,
Did not suspect what pow'r was in my hand;
But he and his confederates have seene
How victory doth still my troupes attend,
And *Persia* must be once all *Asia's* Queene,
On whom for servants Princes shall depend;
Now *Cræsus* is o'recome, this Towne surpris'd,
And *Lydia* charg'd with gold, doth yeeld rich spoyles;
The League unprosp'rous, *Ægypt* hath despis'd,
This is the happy end of all our toiles.
But ah! one sowre unseasons all my sweets,
That gallant man who was my Mate in armes,
Whose praise through all the peopled circuit fleets,
And with his love each generous courage warmes;
Then when (though weake in troups) in courage strong,
Th'*Ægyptian* Chariots desperately he charg'd,
There (whil'st he fought infortunately long)
Mars from terrestriall bands his soule enlarg'd.
Harp. No doubt that Dame this trouble hardly beares,
Who onely seem'd for him to like of life,
I heard him (whil'st she bath'd his breast with teares)
Oft wish by proofe to merit such a wife.
When their farewell was seal'd, last speeches spent,
She kiss'd the Coach that did containe her trust,
And with eyes bigge with pearle, gaz'd where he went,
Still till her sight was choak'd with clouds of dust.
Cyr. And have you then not heard, his death but prov'd
The black beginning of a bloudy Scene?
His wife *Panthea* at the first not mov'd,
Seem'd as she had some marble image beene;

2373 DE. Durst come t'encounter with my warlike bands 2373 DE. And through a long prosperitie high-minded 2374 DE. Was not affrayd to fall before my hands 2378 DEI. Or we shall warre vnto the worlds end 2379 DE. rich *Sardis* taken 2380 DE. And *Lidia* fraught with gold is made our spoyle 2381 DE. Th'*Egiptians* have th'vnprospr'ous league forsaken 2384 DE. Braue *Abradatus* my brother in armes 2387 DE. Whilst but ouer-bold for to be backt so badlie 2389 DE. There with euill-fortun'd valour fighting madlie 2390 DE. His soule out of th'earths prison was enlarg'd 2396 DE. Wish to proue worthie of so rare a wife 2399 DE. I heare you haue not heard how his death prou'd

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The body that had oft her fancies fir'd,
She caus'd beare out of sight, still deare, though dead;
But where the River ranne, when once retir'd,
She 'twixt her bosomes Rounds entomb'd his head;
And then from Rage she borrowed some reliefe:
For sorrow by degrees, a passage seeks,
Vapouring forth sighs, which made a cloud of griefe,
A mighty storme of teares rain'd downe her cheeks;
Then, whil'st her Eyes the wonted object miss'd,
With heavy looks resolving fatall haste,
Pale senselesse lips she prodigally kiss'd,
With as great ardour then as in times past.
I posted thither, bent to have releev'd
This Lady of a portion of her woes.
Heaven beare me witnesse! I was greatly griev'd,
Who would to save one friend, spare hosts of foes;
She first a space me passionately ey'd,
Then with those words, her lips did slowly move,
My husband, loe, hath valorously dy'd,
As of your friendship, worthy of my love.
" My comming but encreas'd griefes starving store:
" For, till that passion of it selfe expire,
" All kinde of comfort but augments it more,
" Like drops of oyle thrown on a mighty fire.
A constant count'nance though I striv'd to make,
And what her woes diminish might, did tell;
That comfort which I gave, I could not take,
And scarcely could throw forth my last farewell;
When I had left her but a little space,
She did discharge the Eunuchs from her sight,

2405 DE. But being to *Pactolus* banks retir'd 2406 DE. She in her bosome did entombe his head 2407 DE. And then from rage she did some respit borrow 2409 DE. a cloude of sorrow 2410 DE. A tempest then of teares 2412 DE. She many a languishing looke doth cast 2413 DE. And on the senselesse lips still lauish'd kisses 2414 DE. As affectionedlie as 2415 DE. for to haue releeu'd 2422 DE. Well worthie of your friendship, and my loue 2423 2426 *are omitted in* D *and in* E 2427 DE. When I had all the flowres of comfort vsde 2428 DE. That a sad soule o'recharg'd with griefe could show 2429 DE. I went away with words that were confusde 2430 DE. And scarcely could my last farewell forth throw 2431 DE. I was not well departed from her face 2432 DE. When as she char'gd the Eunuchs out of sight

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Then pray'd her Nurse to bury in one place
Her and her Lord, as they deserv'd of right;
Last, looking on his corps, she drew a sword,
And even as if her soule had flown in him,
(Pure snows in Crimson dy'd) imbrac'd her Lord,
Whil'st beauties blubbred Starres were waxing dim;
Then bent to fall, when her they could not raise,
(As scorning to survive their prosp'rous state)
In emulation of their Ladies praise,
The *Eunuchs* did precipitate their fate.
O sweet *Panthea*, rich in rarest parts,
I must admire thy ghost though thou be gone!
Who might'st have made a Monarchy of hearts,
Yet loath'd unlawfull loves, and lov'd but one;
O wond'rous wonders, wonders wond'rous rare!
A woman constant, such a beauty chast,
A minde so pure, joyn'd with a face so faire,
With vertue beauty in one person plac't;
Both were well match'd as any could devise,
Whose death confirmes the union of their life;
He valorous, she vertuous, both wise,
She worthy such a Mate, he such a wife.
And *Harpagus*, lest that it should be thought,
That of brave mindes the memory may dye,
Cause build a stately Tombe with Statues wrought,
Where both their bodies with respect may lye.
Harp. I'le raise a Pyramide of *Crœsus* spoils,
Where of their worth each part shall be compris'd,
But how to do in these tumultuous broils,
Now time requires that you were well advis'd:
Your adversary doth attend your will;
This hauty Towne for feare to fall doth bow,
And therefore pardon, ransome, quite, or kill,

2435 DE. Then looking 2437 DE. She stabd her selfe, then falling on her Lord 2438 DE. Her beauties 2439 DE. The faithfull Eunuchs for their Sou'raigne sorie 2440 DE. And scorning to suruiue so rare a date 2441 DE. In emulation of their mistresse glorie 2442 DE. Dide violentlie partners of her fate 2452 DE. Whose vndiuided end their choyce allowes 2454 DE. such a spouse 2464 DE. This hautie citie humbled hath her crest 2465 DE. And therefore go to pardon, or to kill

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Do what you please, none can controll us now.
Cyr. As for old *Crœsus*, I am else resolv'd,
He with some captives whom I keep in store
Shall have their bodies by the fire dissolv'd,
As offerings to the Gods whom I adore.
My Souldiers paines this City shall defray,
Since by their meanes it hath beene gain'd for us,
I yeeld it unto them, as their just prey,
Who taste the sweetnesse of their travels thus;
Of other things we shall so well dispose
That our renowne through all the world shall shine,
Till *Cyrus* name give terror to all those,
Who dare against his Soveraignty repine.

Act 5. Scene 2.

Nuntius. Chorus.

Nuntius. Ah! to what part shall I my steps addresse,
Of bondage base the burden to eschue?
Loe, desolation, ruine, and distresse
With horrour do my native home pursue;
And now poore Countrey, take my last farewell,
Farewell all joy, all comfort, all delight.
Chor. What heavy tydings hast thou now to tell,
Who tear'st thy garments thus? what forc'd thy flight?
Nunt. I tell the wracke of us, and all who live
Within the circuit of this wretched soile.
Chor. A hideous shout we heard the Citie give,
Have foes prevail'd, do they her beauty spoile?
Nunt. They may it spoile. *Chor.* And is our Soveraigne slaine?
Nunt. No, but scarce scap't doth live in danger still.
Chor. Then let our mindes no more in doubt remaine,

2466 DE. To saue, or sack, euen as you shall thinke best 2470 DE. As offrands 2472 DE. Since by their force [I. meanes] it hath been brought to bow 2474 DE. trauels now 2482 DE. With horrour doth 2485 DE. for to tell 2486 DE. thus, tell thy sad plight 2490 DE. Is't in th'enemies hands, is't made his spoyle 2491 DE. It's made his spoyle. *Cho.* And is our Sou'raigne kild 2492 DE. No, but yet neerely scapt doth live in danger 2493 DE. Then let our eares be with disasters fild

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Some rag'd, some groan'd, some sigh'd, roar'd, promis'd, pray'd,
As blows, falls, faintnesse, paine, hope, anguish mov'd.
Those who then scap'd (like beasts unto a den)
A fortresse took where valour none renownes,
"Walls are for women, and the fields for men,
"No Towne can keep a man, but men keep Townes;
And we were scarcely entred at the Ports,
When straight the Enemies did the Towne enclose,
And quickly rear'd huge artificiall Forts,
Which did to the besieg'd more paine impose:
All martiall Engines were for battery found,
At like encounters, which had ear'st prevail'd,
Whil'st both they us'd the vantage of the ground,
And borrow'd help from Art, where Nature fail'd;
They alwayes compassing our Trench about,
Still where the walls were weake, did make a breach,
Which (straight repairing) darts were hurled out,
To kill all those who came where we might reach;
There all the bolts of death, edg'd by disdaine,
Which many curious wits enclin'd to ill,
Whil'st kindled by revenge, or hope of gaine,
Had skill to make, were put in practice still;
Yet as we see it oft-times hath occurr'd,
Where least we did suspect, we were surpris'd,
Whil'st Fortune and the Fates in one concurr'd,
That in Fames rolls our fall might be compris'd:
That side of *Sardis*, farre from all regard,
Which doth next *Tmolus* lye, thought most secure,

2557 DE. wept & prayd 2558 DE. Fighting, fainting, falling, desp'rate, maymde,
rendred 2559 DE. Those that escapt 2560 DE. Fled to a Fortresse, which true
valour drownes 2562 DE. For Townes cannot keepe men 2564 DE. When as the
enemies 2565 DE. And rearing many artificiall Fortes 2566 DE. To the Defenders
did huge paines impose 2567 DE. There all the military slights were found 2568 DE.
Which at the like encounters had preuaild 2569 DE. Both for to vse th'aduantage DE.
of the ground 2570 DE. Or for to helpe with Arte where Nature faild 2571 DE.
They euer 2572 DE. were weakest, made a breach 2573 DE. Which being straight
repaird, we threw tooles out 2574 And killd all those that came within our reach
2577 DE. Helpt by th'occasion, and the hope of gaine 2578 DE. Had powre t'inuent
2580 DE. Where we suspected least, we were surpride 2582 DE. To haue our ruine
their rolles compriade 2583 DE. The side of *Sardis* that was least regarded 2584 DE.
which lyes t'wards *Tmolus*, and was thought most sure

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Through this presumption, whil'st without a guard,
All *Lydia's* o'rethrow did with speed procure:
As one of ours (unhappily it chanc'd,)
To reach his helmet, that had scap't his hand,
Alongst that steepie part his steps advanc'd,
And was returning back unto his band;
He was well mark'd by one, who had not spar'd
To tempt all dangers which might make us thralls:
For *Cyrus* had proclaim'd a great reward
To him whose steps first trod the conquer'd walls;
And this companion seeing without stay
One in his sight that craggie passage clime,
Straight on his foot-steps followed all the way,
And many a thousand hasted after him;
Then all that durst resist, were quickly kill'd,
The rest who fled, no where secure could be:
For every street was with confusion fill'd;
There was no corner from some mischiefe free.
O what a piteous clamour did arise
Of ravish'd virgins, and of widow'd wives!
Who pierc'd the heavens with lamentable cryes,
And having lost all comfort, loath'd their lives.
Whil'st those proud Victors would themselves have stain'd
With all the wrongs that Pride, or power could use,
They by a charge from *Cyrus* were restrain'd,
And durst no more their captives thus abuse.
Chor. No doubt but high mishaps did then abound,
Whil'st with disdaine the Conqu'rours bosome boyld,
As some the sword, disgrace did some confound,
Not onely houses, Temples too were spoyld.
" What misery more great can be devis'd,
" Then is a Cities when by force surpris'd?

2585 DE. whilst t'was weakely guarded 2586 DE. The orethrow of all *Lidia* did procure 2594 DE. To any one that first could scale our walles 2599 DE. By whom all those that durst resist were killd 2600 DE. The rest were forc'd, and knew not where to flee 2607 DE. Victors did insist t'haue staind 2608 DE. Themselues with all the wrongs that such like vse 2611 DE. No doubt but desolation then abounded 2613 DE. Some with the sword, some with disgrace confounded 2614 DE. Sacred Temples, priuate houses, all were spoylde 2615 DE. None can imagine greater miserie 2616 DE. Then all the suffrings of a captiu'd Citie

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And must we yeeld to that proud Strangers will ?
Nunt. You know how *Crœsus* at advantage lay,
Still seeking meanes to curbe the *Persians* pride,
And how th'*Assyrians* had assign'd a day
When led by him, they battell would abide ;
But *Cyrus* having heard how that they would
Against his State so great an armie bring,
Straight raising forces, providently bold,
Prevents, invades, o're-comes, and takes our King.
Chor. " This shews a Captaine both expert and brave,
" Who wisely doth advise, performe with speed,
No circumstance (friend) unrelated leave,
Which with our Kings did our confusion breed.
Nunt. When *Crœsus* saw that *Cyrus* came so soone,
He stood a while with a distracted minde,
Yet what time would permit, left nought undone,
But made his musters, march'd his foe to finde.
Our stately troups that for rich armes excell'd,
And with umbragious feathers fann'd the aire,
With insolency, not with courage swell'd,
A triumph dream'd, scarce how to fight took care.
The *Lydian* horse-men never stain'd, but true,
And for their worth, through all the world renown'd,
Them chiefly *Cyrus* labour'd to subdue,
And this device for that effect was found :
Untrussing all their baggage by the way
Each of the Camels for his charge did beare
A grim-fac'd Groome, who did himselfe array
With what in *Persia* horsemen use to weare ;
To them th'infantery did follow next,
A solid squadron like a brasen wall ;

2494 DE. And must we beare the yoke of that prowd stranger 2496 DE. t'abate the *Persians* pride 2497 DE. And his confederates had 2498 DE. When they should for th'intended warre prouide 2499 DE. they should 2501 DE. Straight raising all the forces that he could 2506 DE. First well t'aduise, then t'execute with speede 2511 DEI. that glistered all with gold 2513 DE. They with vnwarie insolence growne bold I. They insolent, vncircumspectly bold 2514 DE. More how to triumph, then to o'recome, tooke care I. (The battell scorn'd) how to triumph tooke care 2515 DE. The *Lidian* Horsemen are of great account 2517 DE. labourd to surmount 2520 DE. Of the disburthen'd Camels each did beare

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But those in whom all confidence was fix'd,
The brave Cavallery came last of all,
Then *Cyrus* by the raines his Courser tooke,
And bravely mounted, holding out his hands
With an assured, and imperious look
Went kindling courage through the flaming bands;
He them desir'd, who at deaths game would strive
To spare none of their foes in any forme;
But as for *Crœsus* to take him alive,
And keep him captive for a greater storme.
Where famous *Hellus* doth to *Hermus* post,
To give another both his strength, and name;
Our army ranne against a greater host,
To grace it likewise with our force and fame.
Each troupe a time with equall valour stood,
Till giving place at length we took the chace,
While as the River ranne to hide our bloud,
But still his borders blush'd at our disgrace;
For when the Camels to the field were come,
Our horses all affrighted at their sight,
Ranne raging backe againe, and of them some
Disordering ranks, put many to the flight;
Yet some who had beene us'd with martiall traines
The stratagem (though out of time) perceiv'd,
And lighting downe (red heights rais'd from green plains)
Did vengeance urge of those who them deceiv'd;
There whil'st the world prov'd prodigall of breath,
The headlesse tronks lay prostrated in heaps;
This field of funerals sacred unto death,
Did paint out horrour in most hideous shapes:
Whil'st men unhors'd, horses unmastred, stray'd,
Some call'd on those whom they most dearly lov'd,

2530 DE. Went breathing valour through th'vnconquer'd bandes 2536 DE. In his broad waues t'entombe his 2543 DE. For so soone as the Camels once were come 2544 DE. Our Horses loathing to indure their sight 2547 DE. Yet others that were of more martiall mindes 2548 DE. Perceiu'd the Stratagem that did deride them 2549 DE. And lighting on their feet, like mighty windes 2550 DE. Bare downe before them all that durst abide them 2553 DE. proper vnto death 2555 DE. There men 2556 DE. Some calld on them whom they most dearely tendred

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As blows, falls, faintnesse, paine, hope, anguish mov'd.
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Some rag'd, some groan'd, some sigh'd, roar'd, promis'd, pray'd,
As blows, falls, faintnesse, paine, hope, anguish mov'd.
Those who then scap'd (like beasts unto a den)
A fortresse took where valour none renownes,
" Walls are for women, and the fields for men,
" No Towne can keep a man, but men keep Townes;
And we were scarcely entred at the Ports,
When straight the Enemies did the Towne enclose,
And quickly rear'd huge artificiall Forts,
Which did to the besieg'd more paine impose:
All martiall Engines were for battery found,
At like encounters, which had ear'st prevail'd,
Whil'st both they us'd the vantage of the ground,
And borrow'd help from Art, where Nature fail'd;
They alwayes compassing our Trench about,
Still where the walls were weake, did make a breach,
Which (straight repairing) darts were hurled out,
To kill all those who came where we might reach;
There all the bolts of death, edg'd by disdaine,
Which many curious wits enclin'd to ill,
Whil'st kindled by revenge, or hope of gaine,
Had skill to make, were put in practice still;
Yet as we see it oft-times hath occurr'd,
Where least we did suspect, we were surpris'd,
Whil'st Fortune and the Fates in one concurr'd,
That in Fames rolls our fall might be compris'd:
That side of *Sardis*, farre from all regard,
Which doth next *Tmolus* lye, thought most secure,

2557 DE. wept & prayd 2558 DE. Fighting, fainting, falling, desp'rate, maymde, rendred 2559 DE. Those that escapt 2560 DE. Fled to a Fortresse, which true valour drownes 2562 DE. For Townes cannot keepe men 2564 DE. When as the enemies 2565 DE. And rearing many artificiall Fortes 2566 DE. To the Defenders did huge paines impose 2567 DE. There all the military slights were found 2568 DE. Which at the like encounters had preuaild 2569 DE. Both for to vse th'aduantage of the ground 2570 DE. Or for to helpe with Arte where Nature faild 2571 DE. They euer 2572 DE. were weakest, made a breach 2573 DE. Which being straight re threw tooles out 2574 And killd all those that came within our reach by th'occasion, and the hope of gaine 2578 DE. Had powre t'inuent we suspected least, we were surpriside 2582 DE. To haue our ruine risde 2583 DE. The side of *Sardis* that was least regarded 2584 DE. ds *Tmolus*, and was thought most sure

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Through this presumption, whil'st without a guard,
All *Lydia's* o'rethrow did with speed procure:
As one of ours (unhappily it chanc'd,)
To reach his helmet, that had scap't his hand,
Alongst that steepie part his steps advanc'd,
And was returning back unto his band;
He was well mark'd by one, who had not spar'd
To tempt all dangers which might make us thralls:
For *Cyrus* had proclaim'd a great reward
To him whose steps first trod the conquer'd walls;
And this companion seeing without stay
One in his sight that craggie passage clime,
Straight on his foot-steps followed all the way,
And many a thousand hasted after him;
Then all that durst resist, were quickly kill'd,
The rest who fled, no where secure could be:
For every street was with confusion fill'd;
There was no corner from some mischiefe free.
O what a piteous clamour did arise
Of ravish'd virgins, and of widow'd wives!
Who pierc'd the heavens with lamentable cryes,
And having lost all comfort, loath'd their lives.
Whil'st those proud Victors would themselves have stain'd
With all the wrongs that Pride, or power could use,
They by a charge from *Cyrus* were restrain'd,
And durst no more their captives thus abuse.
Chor. No doubt but high mishaps did then abound,
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But whil'st that stately Towne was thus distress'd,
What did become of our unhappy King?
Nunt. Then when the Enemy had his state possest,
And that confusion seaz'd on every thing:
He scarcely first could trust his troubled sight,
(The Fortune past transported had him so)
Yet having eyes who can deny the light?
He saw himselfe inferiour to his foe;
And apprehending there whil'st left alone,
How that his judgement long had beene betray'd,
(As metamorphos'd in a marble stone)
His ravish'd thoughts in admiration stray'd;
But such a weight of woes not us'd to beare,
He first was griev'd, then rag'd, and last despair'd,
Till through excessive feare, quite freed from feare,
He for his safetie then no further car'd;
And never wishd he so to have long life,
But death farre further was affected now,
Still seeking danger in the bounds of strife,
So he were sure to dye, he car'd not how;
Whilst furies thus were fostred in his brest,
Him suddenly a Souldier chanc'd to meet,
As insolent as any of the rest,
Who drunk with bloud, ran raging through the street;
And wanting but an object to his ire,
He sought to him, and he to him againe;
I know not which of them did most desire,

[2617] DE. But whilst this famous Citie was distressed [2618] DE. What could become of the hard-fortun'd King [2619] DE. He seeing th'enemie of his State possessed [2621] DE. Stood first amazd, scarce trusting his owne sight [2622] DE. His former fortune had him so transported [2623] DE. Yet it is hard for to deny the light [2624] DE. He saw a stranger that his wealth extorted [2625] DE. And when that he had deepely apprehended [2626] DE. Th'vnbounded horrors that o'reflow'd his soule [2627] DE. As one whose Ioyes had long before been ended [2628] DE. He could no more the signes of griefe controule [2629] DE. But bursting out in bitter sighs and teares [2630] DE. Plungde in the deepest depth of blacke despaire [2631] DE. Through o're great feare, leauing all kind of feares [2632] DE. Did of his safetie take no further care [2633] DE. he so for a long life [2634] DE. But he o're-wisht it, wishing for death now [2636] DE. Prouiding that he dyde [2637] DE. Whilst thus he fostred furies in his breast [2638] DE. A certaine souldier by the way him meetes [2640] DE. That drunke with blood, ran raging through the streetes [2641] DE. And seeking [2642] DE. He made to him [2643] DE. I wot

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The one to slay, the other to be slaine;
But whil'st so base a hand towring aloft,
Did to so great a Monarch threaten death,
His eldest Sonne, who (as you have heard oft)
Was barr'd from making benefit of breath:
I cannot tell you well, nor in what forme,
If that the destinies had so ordain'd,
Or if of passions an impetuous storme
Did raze the strings that had his tongue restrain'd;
But when he saw his Syre in danger stand,
He with those words a mighty shout did give:
Thou furious Stranger stay, hold, hold thy hand,
Kill not King *Crœsus*, let my Father live;
The other hearing this, his hand retyr'd,
And call'd his Kings commandement to minde;
High were those aymes to which his thoughts aspir'd,
Whom for great fortunes this rare chance design'd;
Now when that *Crœsus*, who for death long long'd,
Was quite undone, by being thus preserv'd,
As both by life, and death, then doubly wrong'd,
Whil'st but by fates for further harme reserv'd;
He with sad sighs those accents did accord:
Now let the heavens do all the ill they can,
Which would not unto me the grace afford,
That I might perish like a private man,
Ah, must I live to sigh that I was borne,
Charactring shame in a dejected face?
Ah, must I live, to my perpetual scorne,
The abject object, pointed for disgrace?
Yet this unto his soule more sorrow bred,
He (scorne pretending state) as King array'd,

2644 DE. Th'one for to slay, or th'other to be slaine 2648 DE. from the right function of his breath 2649 DE. in what fashion 2651 DE. Or if the vehemence of his passion 2652 DE. Did break the strings 2653 DE. in such a danger 2654 DE. He burst forth into these words the rather 2655 DE. Hold hold thy hand in haste thou furious stranger 2656 DE. murther not my father 2659 DE. And to no smal preferment he aspyrd 2660 DE. To whom this desert did his sov'raigne bind 2661 DE. death did languish 2662 DE. Was of this fair occasion disappointed 2663 DE. O'rechargd with griefe and surfeiting of anguish 2664 DE. To see him selfe for further euils appointed 2666 DE. Now cruel destinie doe what thou can 2672 DE. The finger-pointed obiect of disgrace 2674 DE. The King lyke as in former tymes arrayde

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Was with great shouts ridiculously led
Backe to the Tent, whereas their Emp'rour stay'd:
Then that he might his misery conceive,
Those robes so rich, were all exchang'd with chains,
And prisons strictnesse bragg'd him with the grave,
So soone as death could make a choice of paines;
They caus'd in haste a pile of wood to make,
And in the mid'st where all men might him spie,
Caus'd binde the captive King unto a stake,
With fourteene others of the *Lydians* by;
There (as if offerings fit to purge the state)
Foes sought with flames their ruine to procure,
Though *Iove* prepostrous piety doth hate:
" No sacrifice is sweet, which is not pure.
Now whil'st the fire was kindling round about,
As to some pow'rfull God, who pray'd, or vow'd,
With eyes bent up, and with his hands stretch'd out:
O ! *Solon*, *Solon*, *Crœsus* cry'd aloud;
Some hearing him to utter such a voice,
Who said that *Cyrus* curious was to know
(When dying now) what deity was his choice,
Did him request his last intent to show:
His exclamation was (said he) on one,
With whom he wish'd (their frailty so to see)
That all who ever trusted in a Throne,
Had but conferr'd a space as well as he;
Then there he told what *Solon* had him showne,
Whil'st at his Court (which flourish'd then) arriv'd,

2675 DE. Was with a mightie acclamation led 2677 DE. So soon as *Cyrus* got him in his power 2678 DE. He causd bring bands of yron, burd'nous chains 2679 DE. And clogd him hand and foot at that same hour 2680 DE. As one that was designd for griveous paines 2682 DE. espy him 2684 DE. *Lydians* by him 2685 DE. There as th'oblation for his victorie 2686 DE. With sacred flames their bodies to combure 2687 DE. Although *Iove* hates prepost'rous pietie 2688 DE. And doth delight in offrings that are pure 2689 DE. Now whilst the fyres were kindling round about 2690 DE. As one that to some powerful god hade vowd 2694 DE. And seing *Cyrus* curious for to know 2695 DE. Now of what dietie dying he made choice 2696 DE. Did pray him liberaly his mynd to show 2697 DE. He answered; upon one in wit profound 2698 DE. He calld, with whom he wisht, if it might be 2699 DE. That all the rulers of th'inferiour round 2700 DE. Hade hade some conference as well as he 2701 DE. For he told him, whilst his fortune lasted 2702 DE. As one expert in good advyces giving

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How worldly blisse might quickly be o're-throwne,
And not accomplish'd was, while as one liv'd;
Whil'st forth salt flouds attending troupes did powre,
He shew how much the wise-man did disdaine
Those who presum'd of wealth, or worldly pow'r,
By which none could a perfect blisse obtaine;
This speech did *Cyrus* move to ponder much
The great uncertainty of worldly things,
As thinking that himselfe might once be such,
Since thrall'd to Fortunes throne, like other Kings;
Then such a patterne standing him before,
Whom envy once, then pitie did attend,
He to our King did liberty restore,
And with his life did *Solons* fame extend;
Yet him the fire still threatned to devoure,
Which (rising high) could hardly be controll'd,
But O devotion! then appear'd thy pow'r,
Which to subdue the heavens makes worldlings bold!
To quench the flames, whil'st divers toild in vaine,
(*Iove* mov'd by prayer) as *Crœsus* did require,
The azure Cisterns open'd did remaine,
And clouds fell downe in flouds to quench the fire.
Then whil'st the Souldiers did the Citie sack,
To save the same (as to his Countrey kinde)
The hopelesse *Crœsus* thus to *Cyrus* spake,

2703 DE. That all his flowers of blisse might soon be blasted 2704 DE. And could not be accomplisht he being living 2705 DE. Then he proceeded for to shew at length 2706 DE. The dialogue 'twixt *Solon* and 'twixt him 2707 DE. Who prayd him not to trust in worldly strength 2708 DE. By which unto true blisse no man could clim 2709 DE. This speech mov'd *Cyrus* deeply for to ponder 2711 DE. might be brought under 2712 DE. Who hade no priveledge more than other kings 2713 DE. Then having such a pattern plac'd befor him 2714 DE. Whose farr-changed fortune throughly was reuolu'd 2715 DE. He freelie did his libertie restore him 2716 DE. And willd him from the fyre to be absolu'd 2717 DE. O now devotion well appeard thy force 2718 DE. Which binds the earth, and opens vp to heaun 2719 DE. In the celestial breasts a deep remorse 2720 DE. Was strangly wrought whilst *Croesus* prayd, for euen 2721 DE. While as the flashing flammes in vaine to quench 2722 DE. All men did labour, but could doe no good 2723 DE. The clouds were opned and a showre did drench 2724 DE. The fyrie ashes of the flamming wood 2725 DE. Now whilst that *Croesus* coming from the fyre 2726 DE. Saw ruthles souldiers sacking all the citie 2727 DE. To saue the same he hade a great desyre

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With words which pitie melted from his minde:
Great Prince, to whom all Nations now succumbe,
And do thy yoke so willingly embrace,
That it some comfort gives to be o're-come
By one whose glory graces our disgrace;
Since now I am constrain'd your thrall to be,
I must conforme my selfe unto my fate,
And cannot hold my peace, whereas I see,
That which may wrong the greatnesse of your state;
Your state is spoil'd by not suspected pow'rs,
If this rich Citie thus do rest ore-throwne,
Which now no more is mine, but is made yours:
And therefore (Sir) have pittie of your owne;
Yea, though the losse of such a populous Towne,
Both rich, and yours, your minde could nothing move,
Yet thinke of this, which may import your Crowne,
A peece of policy which time will prove:
The haughty *Persians* borne with stubborne mindes,
Who but for poverty first followed you,
Their matchlesse worth in armes large *Asia* findes,
Their feare is falne upon all Nations now;
But if you suffer them in such a sort
To be made rich with plenteous *Lydia's* spoiles,
Not able then their conquest to support,
The vanquish't by their fall the victor foils;
Let not vaine pleasures entertaine their sights:
" Rest wealth, wealth pride, pride warre, warre ruine breeds,
Whil'st (faint through pleasures, weakened with delights)
No thought of honour from base breasts proceeds.

[2728] DE. And spake to *Cyrus* melting all in pitie [2729] DE. Great prince for famous victories renownd [2730] DE. Who doest in armes all others so surmount [2731] DE. That it contents me much to be vncrownd [2732] DE. By one so worthie, and in such account [2736] DE. Ought to preiudge the greatnes of your state [2737] DE. Which ah is wounded now with your own powers [2738] DE. Whilst this rich citie is sackt and o'rethrown [2739] DE. It is not mine no more, no it is yours I. no, it is yours [2742] DE. That's rich, that's yours, your mynd could no thing moue [2747] DE. all Asia finds [2750] DE. T' enrich them selves with [2752] DE. The victor of the vanquisht gets the foile [2753] DE. For this will make them wealthie out of mesure [2754] DE. Wealth to confusion many a countrie leads [2755] DE. Whilst feebled with delights, in-wilde with pleasure [2756] DE. No thought of honour harbours in their heads

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Then *Cyrus* straight approving what he spake,
His souldiers were from pretious spoyls restrain'd,
Whil'st he the tenth part did pretend to take,
A fatall off'ring for the Gods ordain'd;
This is the summe of our disastrous state,
We must a Stranger serve, as thrall'd long since;
With losse of all which he possest of late
Our king bought breath, a poore thing for a Prince.
Cho. O wretched people! O unhappy King!
Our joyes are spoyl'd, his happinesse expir'd,
And no new chance can any comfort bring,
Where destinies to ruine have conspir'd,
Go wofull messenger, hold on thy course,
For, to have heard too much, it irks our eares;
And we shall note of this thy sad discourse,
With sighs each accent, and each point with teares.

Crœsus.

Loe! I who late did thunder from a Throne,
Am now a wretch whom every one disdaines,
My treasure, honour, state, and freedome gone;
No kinde of comfort, no, nor hope remaines,
And after me, let none whom greatnesse shrouds,
Trust tumid titles, nor ostentive shows:
"Sailes swolne with windes, whil'st emulating clouds,
That which puffes up, oft at the last o're-throws.
O! had this pretious wit enrich'd my minde,
Which by experience I have dearly bought,

2758 DE. His souldiers from their pillage were restraind 2759 DE. Pretending first the tenth part for to take 2760 DE. As a rich offring 2761 DE. Of our distresse this is the ruthful storie 2762 DE. A stranger is possest of this province 2763 DE. Our king hath with the loss of all his glorie 2764 DE. Bought death a while, a poor thing for a prince 2765 DE. O woeful people! 2768 DE. To ether now, whose fall the fates conspyrd 2771 DE. We ever must bewaile thy 2772 DE. With sighs accented and pointed with tears 2773 DE. What needs me more of my mishap to pause 2774 DE. Though I have tasted of afflictions cup I. Am now a wretch on whom Confusion raines 2775 DE. Yet it may be the gods for a good cause 2776 DE. Have cast me down to raise a thousand up 2777 DE. And never let a monarch after me 2778 DE. Trust in betraying titles glorious bates 2779 DE. Who with such borrow'd feathers rashly flee 2780 DE. Fall melted with the wrath of greater states

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Whil'st fortune was within my Court confin'd,
And that I could not thinke a bitter thought;
Then satisfi'd with Soveraignty ear'st prov'd,
I had disdain'd new dangers to embrace,
And cloath'd with majestie, admir'd, and lov'd,
Had liv'd with pleasure, and had dy'd in peace
" But what more wonderfull in any State,
" Then power (when courted) that is free from pride?
" But chiefly those who live securely great,
" They oft may erre, since Fortune is their guide,
What could the world afford, or man affect,
Which did not smooth my soule, whil'st I was such?
Whom now the changing world doth quite neglect,
By prospr'ing plagu'd, starv'd onely with too much;
Long lull'd asleep with scornfull Fortunes lyes,
A slave to pleasure, drown'd in base delights,
I made a covenant with my wandring eyes,
To entertaine them still with pleasant sights;
My heart enjoy'd all that was wish'd of late,
Whil'st it the height of happinesse did cloy,
Still serv'd with dainty, but suspected meat,
My soule with pleasure sicke, was faint for joy;
All, with much care what might procure mine ease:
(My will divin'd) obsequiously devis'd,
And who my fancy any way could please,
As prais'd by me, was by all others pris'd.
Save serving me none else could have deserv'd,
Of whom what ever came, was held of weight,
My words and looks were carefully observ'd,

2787 DE. maiestie, admird, beloud 2790 DE. To see a worldling prosper, and not prowd I. Then to see one haue power, yet free from pride 2791 DE. But chiefly we whose fortunes growe so great 2792 DE. It's hard for vs to haue our high thoughts bowd 2795 DEI. Who now am past the compasse of respect 2796 DE. Plagu'd with prosperitie, clog'd with too much 2801 DE. I held not from my heart none of her wishes 2802 DE. But wallowing in vaine-glorie this worlds toy 2803 DE. but suspicious dishes 2805 DE. There wanted no thing that might help to ease me 2806 DEI. All did diuine my will, aime at my thought 2807 DE. And striue to doe that which they trowd to please me I. And striue to doe what might my fancies please 2808 DEI. Which if I but allowd, no more was sought 2809 DE. Whateuer came of me, was held of weight 2810 DEI. My words were ballanced, and my looks were markd 2811 DE. Those whom I gracd were hade in honour straight

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And whom I grac'd, were had in honour straight;
For pompe and pow'r, farre passing other Kings,
Whil'st too secure with drowsie thoughts I slumbred,
My coffers still were full of pretious things,
Of which (as wealth least weigh'd) gold scarce was numbred;
I rear'd rare buildings, all embost with gold;
Made ponds for fishes, forrests for wilde beasts;
And with vain thoughts which could not be controll'd,
Oft spent the day in sport, the night in feasts.
I toss'd the Elements with power like *Ioves*,
Driv'd water up, aire downe, a pleasant change;
For, stately fountains, artificiall groves,
As common things were not accounted strange.
With me (what more could any Monarch crave?)
In all the parts of pompe, none could compare:
My Minions gallant, Counsellours were grave,
My guards were strong, my Concubines were faire;
Yea, whil'st light Fortune my defects supply'd,
I had all that could breed (as now I finde)
In others wonder, in the owner pride,
So puffing up the flesh to spoyle the minde.
Thus with delight (long pressing pleasures grapes)
With Fortune I carrows'd what men deare hold,
But ah! from misery none alwayes scapes,
" One must be wretched once, or yong, or old;
Then weary to be well, and tyr'd of rest,
To waken trouble, I th'occasion sought;
And yet to cloake the passions of my brest,

2813 DE. All speeches in my praises were imbarked 2813 DE. I in magnificence excelld all kings 2814 DE. Whilst drowsie in securitie I slumbred 2816 DE. My treasure infinit could not be numbred 2819 DE. And with transported fancies uncontrold 2821 DE. I seemd t'usurpe the power that earst was *Joves* 2822 DE. And of the elements the course would change 2824 DE. Thes were so comon, they were not thought strange 2829 DE. Yea ere my state was cast upon this shelf I. Yea, whilst my State did fortunat abide 2830 DE. I wanted nought that could with seeming merits 2831 DE. Breed wonder in the world, pryd in ones self 2832 DE. For to puffe up the flesh and spoile the spirits 2833 DE. Thus pressing with delight the grapes of pleasure 2834 DE. I quaft with fortune still sense-pleasing wines 2835 DE. Till drunk with wealth and riotous out of measure 2836 DE. I car'd not to consume all *Tmolus* mines 2838 DE. T'engender discord 2839 DE. Yet for to cloake th'ambition of my breast

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Did with devotion long cloud what I thought :
Of all the Oracles I did enquire
What was to come of this intended warre,
Who said (as seem'd to second my desire)
That I a mightie Monarchie should marre.
Those doubtfull words I wresting to my will,
In hope to breake the hauty *Persians* pow'rs,
Did ruine quite (whil'st all succeeded ill)
What many a age had gain'd, even in few houres ;
And this may be admir'd as more then strange,
I who disdain'd an equall of before,
(What cannot Fortune do, when bent to change ?)
Then servants lesse, must dreame content no more ;
What eye not bigge with scorne my state surveyes,
Whom all do pittie now ; or worse, do blame,
And bound even to my foe for some few dayes,
Which borrowed are with th'intrest of my fame.
Though this sweet gale of life-bestowing windes
Would seeme a favour (so it seemes to some)
Who by the basenesse of their muddie mindes
Show from what vulgar stock their kinde doth come ;
I scorne unlike my selfe thus to be seene,
Though to my comfort this appear'd to tend,
As if misfortunes past had onely beene
A Tragick entry to a Comick end.
Of all that plague my State, what greater pest
Then servile life, which faints from th'earth to part ?
And hath in one united all the rest
To make me dye each day, yet live to smart ;
Life in my brest no comfort can infuse :
" An En'mies gift could never come for good,
It but gives time of misery to muse,
And bathe my sorrows in a bitter flood :
Ah ! had my breath straight vanish'd with my blisse,

2840 DEI. long disguise my thought 2841 DE. I send of all the oracles to enquire 2852 DE. Must a superior now serue and adore 2854 DE. Whom fates haue forc'd for to o'reliue [I. thus to suruiue] my shame 2855 DE. And in my enemies danger for some dayes 2860 DE. Shew of th'ignoble multitude they come 2866 DE. It is base life that faints from th'earth to seuer 2868 DE. To make die each day and yet die neuer

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And clos'd the windows that gave light to life,
I had not borne (to misery submisse)
The height of those mishaps, which now are rife :
Whil'st with a thousand sighs I call to minde
The death of *Atis*, and mine owne disgrace,
In such an agony my soule I finde,
That life to death would willingly give place ;
But since I see reserv'd for further spight,
I with sad thoughts must burden yet my soule,
My memory to my distracted spright
Of all my troubles shall present a scroule,
Of which, while as th'accounts I go to cast,
When numbring my misfortunes all of late,
I will looke backe upon my pleasures past,
And by them ballance my (now) haplesse state.

CHORUS.

" *Is't not a wonder thus to see*
" *How by experience each man reeds*
" *In practis'd volumes penn'd by deeds,*
" *How things below inconstant be ;*
" *Yet whil'st our selves continue free,*
" *We ponder oft, but not apply*
" *That pretious oyle, which we might buy,*
" *Best with the price of others paines,*
" *Which (as what not to us pertaines)*
" *To use we will not condescend,*
" *As if we might the fates defie,*
" *Still whilst untouch'd our state remaines ;*
" *But soon the heavens a change may send :*
" *No perfect blisse before the end.*

When first we fill with fruitfull seed,
The apt conceiving wombe of th'earth,

2875 DE. I haue not apprehended as it is 2876 DE. The hight of my mishaps that 2878 DE. own decay 2879 DE. My sprit in such perplexitie I find 2880 DE. That to lifes passage I would faine make way 2883 DE. t'a melancholious spright 2886 DE. Th'enormities still numbring of my fate · I. The many crosses numbring of my Fate 2887 DE. Ile whiles look back 2892 DE. *Th'inconstant courses that there be* I. What courses still inconstant be 2900 DE. *While as untouchd*

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And seeme to banish feare of dearth,
With that which it by time may breed,
Still dangers doe our hopes exceed:
The frosts may first with cold confound
The tender greenes which decke the ground,
Whose wrath though Aprils smiles asswage,
It must abide th'Eolian rage,
Which too o're-com'd, whilst we attend
All Ceres *wandring tresses bound,*
The reines let from their cloudy cage
May spoile what we expect to spend:
No perfect blisse before the end.

Loe, whil'st the Vine-tree great with Grapes,
With nectar'd liquor strives to kisse
Embracing Elmes not lov'd amisse,
Those clusters lose their comely shapes,
Whilst by the thunder burn'd, in heapes
All Bacchus *hopes fall downe and perish:*
Thus many things doe fairely flourish,
Which no perfection can attaine,
And yet we worldlings are so vaine,
That our conceits too high we bend,
If fortune but our Spring-time cherish,
Though divers stormes we must sustaine,
To harvest ere our yeares ascend:
No perfect blisse before the end.

By all who in this world have place,
There is a course which must be runne,
And let none thinke that he hath wonne,
Till first he finish'd hath his race;
The Forrests through the which we trace,
Breed ravenous beasts, which doe abhorre us,
And lye in wait still to devoure us,
Whils't brambles doe our steppes beguile,
The feare of which though we exile,

2906 DE. *With the increase that it may breede* 2918 DE. *Though we haue stormes for to sustaine*

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And to our marke with gladnesse tend,
Then balles of gold are laid before us,
To entertaine our thoughts a while,
And our good meaning to suspend:
No perfect blisse before the end.

Behold how Crœsus *long hath liv'd,*
Throughout this spatious world admir'd,
And having all that he desir'd,
A thousand meanes of joy contriv'd;
Yet suddenly is now depriv'd
Of all that wealth; and strangely falles:
For every thing his sprite appalles,
His sonnes decease, his countryes losse,
And his own state, which stormes doe tosse:
Thus he who could not apprehend,
Then whil'st he slept in marble walles,
No, nor imagine any crosse,
To beare all those his brest must lend:
No perfect blisse before the end.

And we the Lydians who design'd
To raigne over all who were about us,
Behold how fortune too doth flout us,
And utterly hath us resign'd;
For, to our selves we that assign'd
A Monarchie, but knew not how,
Yet thought to make the world to bow,
Which at our forces stood afraid,
We, we by whom these plots were laid,
To thinke of bondage must descend,
And beare the yoke of others now,
O, it is true that Solon *said!*
While as he yet doth breath extend,
No man is blest; behold the end.

FINIS.

2953 DE. *which huge stormes tosse* 2955 DE. *Whilst as he slept* 2963 DE. *For we that had t'our selues assign'd*

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The Tragedy of Darius.

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DARIVS, *the fourteenth from* Cyrus *King of* Persia, *being after the death of* Occhus, *for his singular valour, from the government of* Armenia, *advanc'd to the* Persian *Empire, became so arrogant (a good successe as it were, setting him forward to confusion) as he sent to demand tribute of* Philip *then King of* Macedonia : *who being of a hauty nature (and inferiour to none of that age in courage, or for military discipline) requited this contumelious message, with as disdainefull an answer ; threatning that he would come and deliver it in* Persepolis. *But being prevented by death, he left the execution of his designe to his sonne* Alexander, *who for the great victories which thereafter he obtained, was surnamed the great. He inheriting the hatred of his Father towards* Darius, *and farre surmounting him in ambition, past in person to* Asia, *with an army of thirty thousand men onely.*

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Yet for all these misfortunes, being of an invincible courage, and despairing of peace, he re-assembled all his forces, which were augmented by the comming of the Bactrians, *and was comming forward, with intention at last either to dye, or prevaile. But in the meane time, two traiterous subjects of his owne,* Bessus, *whom he had preferred to be governour of* Bactria, *and* Nabarzanes, *one in speciall credit with him, conspired his death. Which danger, though it was revealed to him by* Patron, *Captaine of the Greekes, yet he could not, or rather would not eschew. At length, those two Traitours tooke,*

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and bound him with golden chaines, and cast him in an old Chariot, with purpose to present him to Alexander. *But they hearing how he would not accept their Present, and how he was comming to invade them, threw their darts at* Darius, *and left him for dead. In this estate he was found by* Polystratus, *and after the delivery of some few words dyed.* Alexander *having exceedingly lamented his miserable and undeserved end, directed his body to his mother* Sisigambis, *to be honourably buried.*

The Persons Names that speake.

DARIUS.
SISIGAMBIS, *his Mother.*
STATIRA, *his Wife.*
STATIRA, *his Daughter.*
TIRIOTES, *their Eunuch.*
NABARZANES, BESSUS, } *two Traitors.*
PATRON, *Captaine of the mercenary Greekes.*
NUNTIUS.
ALEXANDER.
PARMENIO, *his Lieutenant.*
HEPHESTION, *his Minion.*
POLYSTRATUS, *a Souldier.*
ARTABAZUS, *a Nobleman of Persia.*
CHORUS, *all Persians.*

The Scene supposed in Babylon.

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THE TRAGEDY OF DARIUS.

Act 1.

Darius.

WHAT thund'ring pow'r grown jealous of my state,
Which (having daunted th'earth) perchance heaven fears
Thus arm'd with lightning, breathing flames of hate,
Big with disdaine, high indignation beares ?
Long smooth'd of all, whilst I (pale cares despis'd)
In fortunes lap asleep, of greatnesse dream'd,
Even in that calme, my state a storme surpris'd,
And ere I wak't, my ruine was proclam'd ;
Thus I, whose onely name did terrour give

[2] I. hauing wonne the Earth [9] I. amaz'd my foes

As the text of the 1603 edition of *Darius* differs in almost every line from that of the final version printed above, the best course appeared to be to print the text of the 1603 edition in full, together with the variants of the other earlier editions, those of 1604 and 1607, which follow closely the version of 1603.

Actus Primus.

Darius.

WHAT thundering power grow'n jealous of my state
With such hostilitie my troupes o're-throwes,
& arm'd with lightning, breathing flames of hate,
Big with disdaine, high indignation showes.
Whil'st sooth'd with self-conceites asham'd to doubt,
In greatnesse shadowe I securelie slept,
Lo, change-affecting fortune wheeles about,
And ruines all that we from ruine kept.
Thus I, whose onlie name amaz'd my foes,

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(As Idoll of the world,) ador'd over all,
(With crosses compass'd,) such a wretch doe live,
That who admir'd my might, admire my fall;
Ah, then indeed I fell, when gallants stood,
And Phœnix-like renew'd their lives by death;
Who having seal'd their force, and faith, with bloud,
Would rather dye, then draw a borrowed breath;
Yet I, not I, did view, not venge (though neare)
Those monstrous mountaines of my Subjects slaine,
Though even my enemies must my courage cleare,
Which flames of fury lightned forth in vaine;
Through greatest dangers, death I did pursue,
Till heapes of slaughtred bodies barr'd my way,
And chang'd my Chariot to a scarlet hue,
Ere wounded honour could be drawne away;
O how I envy yet their happy Ghosts!
Who dy'd whilst hope of victory remain'd,
And in the presence of two famous hosts,
To praise their valour, even their foes constrain'd:
Shall I survive that memorable shame,

[11] I. Am so inuolu'd in Euils, orewhelm'd with woes [17] I. Yet I, but then not I, did view, not venge [19] I. courage cleanse [28] I. Left bloodie recordes that they died vnstain'd

---

Whome th'earth ador'd, as Monarche, once ouer all,
Am so degraded nowe, and sunke in woes,
That who admir'd my might, admire my fall.
Ah then indeede I fell, when gallants stood,
And *Phœnix*-like renew'd their liues by death,
Who hauing seald their force and faith with blood,
Woulde rather die, then drawe a borrowed breath.
Yet I, but then not I, view'd, not aveng'd,
Those monstrous mountaines of my subjectes slaine,
Although my conscience hath my courage cleng'd,
And knowes what valour was employ'd in vaine.
Through greatest dangers death I did pursew,
Till heapes of slaughtred bodies bar'd my way,
And chang'd my Chariot to a scarlet hew,
Ere wounded honour could be drawne away.
O how I enuy yet their happie Ghostes,
Who died whil'st hope of victorie remain'd,
And in the presence of two famous hostes
Left bloodie records that they died vnstain'd?
Shall I suruiue that soule-ouerwhelming shame,

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Which Persia's glory with disgrace confin'd ?
No, rather let me dye, and let my name
As vaine, quite vanish, raz'd from every minde.
Starre-boasting *Babylon*, all *Asia's* Queene,
Blush to behold thy King in such a state,
That by the gazing world he now is seene,
(A scorned suter) humbly to entreate ;
But not turn'd vassall, as by pow'r appall'd ;
Though all my Empire to a period come,
Yet none shall vaunt that ever I was thrall'd ;
" Hearts holding courage, are not quite o're-come.
Should I whose Soveraignty so oft was sworne,
Be seene submisse to scape a minutes paines,
No, let them bow, who but to bow were borne :
For *Darius* this indignity disdaines.
Since I was once judg'd worthy to command,
Shall I descend a Subjects state to try ?
No, whilst a sword yeelds homage to this hand,
I scorne to grant a greater man then I.

[33] I. *Babilon* blush to behold [34] I. The King ou'r-com'd, and in an abiect state [35] I. How may thy Towrs but tremble, when it's told [36] I. Thy Prince entreats, whom Princes did entreate [37] I. But yet not vasall-like by pow'r appall'd [40] I. are not all o're-come

---

To be the eternall staine of *Persians* praise ?
No rather let me die and let my name,
Be quite exstinguish'd with my hatefull daies.
Starre-bosting *Babilon* blush to behold
One cald thy king surmounted and abated :
How may thy Towrs but tremble, when it's told,
Thy Prince entreats, whome Princes earst entreated ?
Not vassall-like ; I will not yeeld to this :
Were all my Empire to a period come,
Yet none shall vaunt that euer I was his :
Hartes holding courage are not all o're-come.
This tongue inur'd still to command doth scorne
To breath base wordes, to scape a minutes paines.
Let them obey, who to obey were borne :
For *Darius* this indignitie disdaines.
Since I was once iudg'd worthie to command,
Shall I returne to be a base entreater ?
No, whil'st a sword yeelds homage to this hand,
Ile not acknowledge in the world a greater.

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Brave sprites, who now possesse the pleasant bow'rs,
And glorious Gardens of th'Elysian Plaines,
(For, (if deserts may move th'infernall pow'rs,)
That happy shade your shadowes now containes)
Those fatall fields where I did leade you forth,
Your bodies bury, but enlarge your fames,
Men shall adore the relickes of your worth,
And Trophees reare to your immortall names ;
I'le sacrifice as Incense to your soules,
His dying sighes, and sorrowing Parents teares,
Who now, whilst none his prospering pride controules,
Our conquer'd Ensignes in his triumph beares :
For, it may ease your Ghosts to heare his grones,
Whilst burden'd earth rebounding backe doth send
A wailing eccho (rais'd from woods and stones,)
With wounded words to shew that Armies end.
Why spend I speeches to disturbe your rest,
As but with words (an idle speaker) pleas'd ?
A mighty fury hath enflamed my brest,
And I will rage, till by revenge appeas'd.

[53] I. Those fatall fields, which spred your praises forth [54] I. But burie bodies, haue enlarg'd your fames [62] I. Whil'st th'earth ouer-burdend sends rebounding back [63] I. A wailing Echo stor'd from [64] I. to sound that armies wracke

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Braue spirites, who now possesse the pleasant bowers,
And glorious gardens of *th'Elisian* plaine,
(For if deserts may moue th'infernall powers,
That happie shade your shadowes must containe)
Those fieldes where-as your praises are set forth
Do burie but your bodies, not your fame :
Men shall adore the relickes of your worth,
And reare immortall Trophees to your name.
Ile sacrifize as incense to your soules,
His dying sighes, and sorrowing parents teares,
Who now, while none his insolence controules,
Our conquer'd ensignes in his triumphe beares.
For it may ease your Ghostes to heare his grones,
Whil'st th'earth ouer-burdend sends rebounding back
A plaintife *Echo* from the woods and stones,
To sound through all the aire his armies wrack.
Why spend I speaches to disturbe your rest ?
What idle disputations do I hold ?
A mightie furour hath enflam'd my brest,
And burnes me, till I be aueng'd seuen-fold.

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Did I that strong Cadusian first afront,
Who durst advance himselfe to brave our bands,
Then turn'd applauded, and in high account,
Charg'd with his spoiles, the honour of my hands ?
What, could I then (all kinde of doubt remov'd)
Alone adventure to an Armies shame ?
And should I now (that ancient praise disprov'd)
With squadrons compass'd, lose that glorious name ?
Blinde fortune, O ! thy stratagems are strange !
Which spoile my pow'r, and staine my honour too,
And (having made my state the stage of change)
Hast acted all was in thy power to doe ;
Loe, I, who late of swarming troups did boast,
Neere left alone, have fortunes fraud disclos'd ;
And those made captives whom I fancy most,
To vaunting Victors are by fates expos'd :
O torment but to thinke, death to beleeve,
That any may my dearest part annoy,
And I, wretch'd I, not able to releeve
Mine eyes chiefe jewell, and my hearts chiefe joy,

[74] I. Aduenter only to [75] I. improu'd [80] I. Hast acted all inconstancie could do [86] I. may command my deerest part [88] I. The Iewell of mine eye, ioy of my hart

---

Did I that strong *Cadusian* first affront,
Who durst aduance himselfe to braue our bandes,
Then turn'd applauded, and in high account,
Charg'd with his spoiles the honour of my handes ?
And could I then all kinde of doubt remoouing,
Aduenter only to an Armies shame ?
And should I now that auncient praise disprouing,
With squadrons compast loose that glorious name ?
Blinde fortune, O, thy stratagems are strange :
Thou wrak'st my greatnes, wound'st mine honour to,
And hauing made my state the stage of change,
Hast acted all inconstancie could do.
Lo I, who late of swarming troupes did bost,
Am spoil'd of all in whome I then repos'd,
And those imprison'd, whome I fancie most,
Are to th'insulting victours pride expos'd.
O torment but to think, death to beleeue,
That any may command my deerest part,
And wretched I not able to releeue
The Iewell of mine eye, ioy of my hart.

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Deare object of my thoughts, my life, my love,
Sweet Spring of my delights, my one, my all,
Bright image of th'excellencies above,
What? do'st thou breath, and com'st not when I call?
And can I be, and not be where thou art?
Hath heaven the force me from thy face to barre?
Or are my hands growne traitours to my heart?
That they should shrinke from doing what it dare:
O! could my minde but distribute a space
Those emulating thoughts which tosse my brest,
To pointlesse ciphers, who but spend a place,
Then I alone might animate the rest;
Since in this great disgrace, I chanc'd to fall,
Now nothing rests to raise my fame forlorne,
But by some desperate course to hazard all;
I'le live with praise, or by my death flye scorne;
Some prosp'rous issue afterward may purge
This crime which fortune hath impos'd on me,
This crime that carryes with it selfe a scourge:
No greater torment then the want of thee;

[106] I. This crime with which Mischance would burthen me

Deere obiect of my thoughtes, my life, my loue,
Sweet source of my delights, my one, my all,
Bright Image of excellencies aboue,
What? do'st thou breath, and com'st not when *I* call?
And can I be, and not be where thou art?
Hath heauen the force me from thy face to barre?
Or are my handes growne traitors to my hart,
That they should shrink from doing what it dare?
O could my minde but distribute a space
These emulating thoughtes that tosse my brest,
Among those pointles Cyphers that spend place:
Then I alone might animate the rest.
Since in this great disgrace I chanc'd to fall,
Nowe nothing rests to raise my fame forlorne,
But to doe desperatly, and hazard all.
Ile liue with praise, or by my death flie scorne.
Some prosperous issue afterward may purge
This crime, with which th'euent would burthen me,
This crime, that carries with it selfe a scourge:
No greater torment then the want of thee.

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" But fortunes course, what mortall can restraine,
" Who Diadems through dust for sport doth roule ?
A stranger now o're my delights doth raigne,
And may extort the treasures of my soule ;
Now, not till now, I apprehend my harmes,
When I imagine how my best belov'd
Must entertaine mine enemy in her armes,
And I so farre from offering ayde remov'd ;
A host of furies in my brest I finde,
Which doe my soule with dreadfull horrours fill,
Whilst Melancholy musters in my minde
Strange apprehensions that affright me still ;
And this surmiz'd disgrace, grown throughly strong,
Reades hourely in mine eares a hatefull scroule
Of an imagin'd, yet a helpelesse wrong,
Such poison'd thoughts like Serpents sting my soule ;
Blinde love beguiles me not, sharpe sighted feares
With reason fed, doe make suspition live :
Would God that I had neither eyes nor eares,
Which to the heart intelligence might give ;

[126] I. Thee to suspect, too great appearance giue [128] I. Which thy vnkindnesse must conceaue, yet liue

---

But what hope rests to re-obtaine that treasure,
Which auaritious tirants once possesse ?
Another now disposes at his pleasure
Of all my wealth : how can I looke for lesse ?
Now, not till now, I deeme my state in danger,
When I imagine how my best belou'd
Must entertaine my enemie a stranger,
I being far from offering aide remou'd.
A host of furies in my breast I finde,
Which do my soule with dreadfull horrours fill,
And foster in my melancholious minde
Strange apprehensions that affright me still.
And this surmiz'd disgrace, growne throughly strong,
Reades hourly in my eares a hatefull scroule
Of an imagin'd, yet recureles wrong,
Such poison'd thoughtes like serpents sting my soule.
Blind loue beguiles me not, sharpe-sighted feares
Finde great apparances for to suspect thee :
Would God I had no harte, nor eyes, nor eares,
To thinke, to see or heare thou shouldst neglect me.

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This aggravates the weight of my despaire,
When doubt objects to breake loves last defence,
How he is yong and fierce, she yong and faire,
He to offend, the subject to offence ;
From wronging me, both cannot long abstaine :
Her beauty is sufficient to allure,
His bravery is sufficient to obtaine.
" Captaines will force, and Captives must endure.
O *Alexander*, tender my renowne,
Though thus thou travell to usurpe my throne,
" I rage to have a rivall in my Crowne,
" But in my love I can comport with none ;
That boundlesse flame which in thy bosome boyles,
If quench'd with ought save bloud (as base) I blame :
My fortunes take, but spare her honours spoiles,
Which not thy glory, yet must breed our shame.
But pardon deare that which griev'd thoughts burst forth,
More bright thy fame, that darkened is my state,
" By many meanes men may approve their worth :
" A woman onely with a wretched mate :
" Chast mindes still pure, doe then most firmely stand,

This aggrauats the weight of my dispaire,
When doubt obiects, t'annull loues last defence,
How he is young and feirce, she young, and faire,
He bent t'offend, and she exposd t'offence.
From which I feare both can not long abstaine :
Her beautie is sufficient to allure :
His brauerie is sufficient to obtaine.
Captaines will force, and captiues must endure.
O *Alexander*, tender my renowne,
Although thou trauell to vsurpe my throne.
I rage to haue a riuall in my Crowne :
But in my loue I can comport with none.
Lode her not with disgrace, and me with greefe,
Least so thou rob her honour, and my life :
Spare in this point t'ouercharge me with mischeefe :
In all thinges els let armes decide our strife.
But where doth furie thus transport my spirites,
With light beleefe my best half to mistrust ?
Deere, pardon, I trespasse to wrong thy merits,
Whome I haue still found faithfull louing, iust.
Pure chastitie doth then most firmelie stand,

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" When fortifi'd with wedlockes sacred band.
Yet let me doubt, or let me leave to love,
" To feare the worst it is affections part :
I doubt not of thy truth ; yet it may prove
Thy face betray thy faith, thy hap thy heart ;
But on thy worth my confidence relyes,
This doth dissolve suspitions power againe ;
I will repell reports as sland'rous lyes,
Which would my judgement, or thy vertue staine.
Though fortune now my ruine doth designe,
Yet, with that traitresse scorne to be conjur'd,
She soone may helpe her fault, thou never thine :
" No helpe for honours wounds, all else are cur'd.

CHORUS.

" *O more then miserable minde,*
" *Which of all things it selfe worst knowes !*
" *And through presumption made quite blinde,*
" *Is puffed up with every winde,*
" *Which fortune in derision blowes.*

153 I. I'le not mistrust thy 155 I. But on thy faith

When fortified it is with wedlockes band.
Yet let me doubt, or let me leaue to loue :
To feare the worst it is affectiones part.
I'l not mistrust thy truth : yet it may proue,
Thy face betray thy faith, thy hap thy hart.
But on thy loue approou'd my hope relyes,
This doth dissolue suspitions power to nought.
I will repell reports, as slandrous lyes,
Which second not thy vertue, and my thought.
Though vertues foe, and worth-enuying fortune,
Hath wrong'd my valour with an euill successe ;
Life of my life, yet must I thee importune,
Ioyne not with her to double my distresse.

CHORUS.

O more then miserable minde,
That of all thinges it selfe worst knowes,
And being through presumption blinde
Is puffed vp with euerie winde,
Which Fortune in derision blowes.

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" *The man no stable blisse can finde,*
" *Whose heart is guided by his eye,*
" *And trusts too much betraying showes,*
" *Which make a cunning lye ;*
" *Oft short prosperity*
" *Breeds long adversity :*
" *For, who abuse the first, the last o'rethrowes.*
" *What thing so good which not some harme may bring ?*
" *Even to be happy is a dangerous thing.*

" *Who on himselfe too much depends,*
" *And makes an Idoll of his wit :*
" *For every favour fortune sends,*
" *Selfe-flatterer still himselfe commends,*
" *And will no sound advice admit,*
" *But at himselfe beginnes and ends,*
" *And never takes a moments leisure*
" *To try what fault he may commit :*
" *But, drunke with frothes of pleasure,*
" *Thirsts for praise above measure,*

168 I. Such one no 171 I. Which seeme not as they bee 175 I. A dead security all care exiles 176 I. Tis no small danger to be happie whiles

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Such one no stable blisse can finde,
Whose harte is guided by his eye,
And trustes vnto betraying showes,
Which seeme not as they bee.
Oft short prosperitie,
Breedes long aduersitie :
For who abuse the first, the last o're-throwes.
A dead security all care exiles :
Tis no small danger to be happie whiles.

Who on himselfe too much depends,
And makes an Idole of his witt,
For euerie fauour fortune sends
Self-flatterer himselfe commends,
And will no sound aduise admitt,
But at himselfe beginnes, and ends,
And neuer takes a moments leasure,
To trie what fault he may committ,
But drunk with frothes of pleasure
Thirstes for praise aboue measure,

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" Imaginary treasure,
" Which slowly comes, and flyes at every fit ;
" And what is most commended at this time,
" Succeeding ages may account a crime.

A mighty man who is respected,
And by his Subjects thought a God,
Thinkes as his name on high erected,
Hath what he list at home effected,
It may like wonders worke abroad,
O how this folly is detected !
For, though he sit in Royall seate,
And as he list his vassals lode,
Yet others who are great,
Live not by his conceit,
Nor weigh what he doth threat,
But plague his pride oft ere he feare the rod ;
There are rare qualities requir'd in Kings,
" A naked name can never worke great things.

They who themselves too much esteeme,
And vainely vilipend their foe,

188 I. and soone away doth flitt 191 I. A Potentate who

Imaginarie treasure,
Which slowly commes, and soone away doth flitt :
And what is most affected at this time,
Succeding ages may account a crime.

A Potentate that is respected,
And by his subiects thought a God,
Thinkes, as his name on high erected
Hath what he list at home effected,
It may like wonders work abrod.
O how his follie is detected !
For though he sitt in Royall seate,
And as he litt his vassalls lod ;
Yet others that are greate
Liue not by his conceate,
Nor ponders what he threat,
But plague his pride oft ere he feare the rod.
There are rare qualities required in Kings :
A naked name can neuer work great thinges.

They who themselues too much esteeme,
And vainly vilipend their foe,

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Oft finde not fortune as they deeme,
And with their treasure would redeeme
Their errour past ; behold even so
Our King of blame doth worthy seeme,
His adversary who did scorne
And thought who in his name did goe,
The laurell should have worne,
His triumphs to adorne,
But he with shame hath shorne
The fruits of folly ever ripe with woe :
" An enemy (if it be well advis'd)
(" Though seeming weake,) should never be despis'd.

But what ? the Minions of our Kings
Who speake at large, and are beleev'd,
Dare brag of many mighty things,
As they could flye, though wanting wings,
And deeds by words might be atchiev'd ;
But time at length their lies to light,
Their Soveraigne to confusion brings :

211 I. Who his aduersarie to scorne 212 I. Thought he who 218 I. Though he seeme

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Oft finde not fortune, as they deeme,
And with their treasure would redeeme
Their errour past : Behold euen so
From blame who can our King exeeme,
Who his aduersarie to scorne,
Thought he who in his name did goe
The laurell should haue worne,
His triumphe to adorne ?
But he with shame hath shorne
The fruites of follie euer ripe with woe.
An enemie (if it be well aduis'd)
Though he seeme weake, should neuer be despis'd.

But what ? the Minions of our Kinges,
Who speak at large, and are beleeued,
Dare boast of many mightie things,
As they could flie, though wanting wings,
And deeds by wordes might be atcheeued,
But time at length their lies to light,
Their soueraigne to confusion brings.

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Yet so they gaine, they are not griev'd,
But charme their Princes sight,
And make what's wrong seeme right,
Thus ruine they his might:
That when he would, he cannot be reliev'd,
" Moe Kings in chambers fall by flatteries charms,
" Then in the field by th'adversaries Armes.

Loe, though the successe hath approv'd
What Charidemus *had fore-showne,*
Yet with his words no man was mov'd,
" For good men first must be remov'd,
" Before their worth can well be known;
The King would heare but what he lov'd,
And what him pleas'd not, did despise,
So were the better sort o'rethrowne;
And Sycophants unwise,
Who could the truth disguise,
Were suffered high to rise,
That him who rais'd them up, they might cast downe:

233 I. What the successe hath since approu'd 234 I. By *Charidemus* was

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Yet so they gaine, they are not greeue'd,
But charme their Princes sight,
And make what's wrong seeme right.
Thus ruine they his might,
That when he would, he cannot be releeued.
Moe Kings in chambers fall by flatterers charmes,
Then in the field by th'aduersaries armes.

All that the successe hath approoued
By Charidemus *was foreshowne:*
Yet with his wordes no man was mooued:
For good men first must be remooued,
Before their worth can well be knowne.
The King would heare but what he looued,
And what him pleasd not did dispise.
So were the better sorte o'er-throwne,
And Sycophants vnwise,
Who could the trueth disguise,
Were suffered for to rise,
That him, who rais'd them vp, they might cast down.

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" *Thus Princes will not heare, though some deceive them,*
" *Things as they are, but as themselves conceive them.*

Act 2.

Alexander. Parmenio.

Alexander. Behold, the heavens with a benigne aspect,
To prosper this brave enterprise intend,
And with propitious Starres seeme to direct
This great beginning to a glorious end.
" Who would be famous, must of force aspire,
All those (astonish'd) who my Troupes doe view,
Doubt of these two, which most they should admire,
My comming, or my conquering with so few ;
" So mighty mindes whilst for great actions bent,
" Force fortune oft to favour them in all,
" Where brests more base divining bad event,
" Through superstitious feares procure their fall.
O how I wonder, when I call to minde
That monstrous campe, which not so much as doubted,

245 I. though such

Thus Princes will not heare, though such deceaue them,
Things as they are, but as themselues conceaue them.

Actus Secundus.

Alexander. Parmenio.

Alex. Beholde, the heauens with a benigne aspect,
To prosper this braue enterprise intend,
And with propitious starres seeme to direct
This great beginning to a glorious end.
Who would be famous must of force aspire :
All those astonish'd, who my troupes do view,
Doubt of those two which most they should admire ;
My comming, or my conquering with so fewe.
So mightie mindes t'atchieue great actions bent
Force Fortune oft to favour them in all :
Where baser breastes deuining euill euent,
Through superstitious feares procure their fall.
O howe I wonder, when I call to minde
That monstrous camp, which not so much as doubted !

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Dimme seem'd the sunne, while as their armour shin'd,
Men had not heard the thunder, whilst they shouted.
Avant-couroures advanced to examine,
When they so meane my numbers had perceiv'd,
Did thinke them small to satisfie the famine
That their huge host of slaughter had conceiv'd ;
And yet in end this prov'd a poyson'd food,
Which of their owne to their confusion yeelds,
Huge mounts of murthered corpes, and seas of bloud :
Unburied bodies buried all the fields.
So now, that few whom they contemn'd so farre,
(See how mortality it selfe deceives)
Have quite o're-match'd their multitudes in warre ;
And made the world neere waste to people graves.
Then, deare *Parmenio*, since the fates afford
So faire an entry to our first designes,
Let us goe follow (lantern'd by the sword,)
That fortune which the heavens our hopes assignes.
Parm. This high attempt, as we would wish succeeds,
What hosts have we o'rethrown, what Cities raz'd ?
Loe, populous *Asia* trembles at our deeds,

---

* Dimme seem'd the Sunne, while-as their armour shynd ;
Men had not heard the thunder, whil'st they shouted.
Th'auant-courours, that came for to examine,
When they so meane my nombers had perceau'd,
Did thinke them small to satisfie the famine,
That their huge hoste of slaughter had conceau'd.
And yet in end this prou'd a poyson'd foode,
Which of their owne to their confusion yeeldes
Mountaines of murthered corps, and seas of blood :
Vn-buried bodies buried all the fieldes,
So nowe that fewe, whome they contemn'd so farre,
(See howe mortalitie it selfe deceaues)
Haue farre ouer-match'd their multitudes in warre,
And made the worlde waste to people the graues.
Then, deere *Parmenio*, since the fates afforde
So faire an entrie to our firste designes,
Let vs goe prosecute with dint of sworde
That fortune, which the heauens our hopes assignes.
Parm. This high attempt, as we would wish succeedes.
What hostes haue we ouerthrow'n ? what citties raz'd ?
Loe, populous *Asia* trembles at our deedes,

Digitized by Google

And martiall *Europe* doth remaine amaz'd ;
Greece, (which both *Mars* and *Pallas* did defend :)
A humble supplicant before thee falles,
Rebellious *Thebes*, which durst with thee contend,
Lyes now entomb'd within her broken walles ;
That Sea-commanding *Tyre*, reposing much
In liquid Towers that *Neptune* rear'd in vaine,
Hath now confirm'd thy forces to be such,
That nothing can resist thy just disdaine.
No doubt the ancient Grecians Ghosts are glad
To see the fierce Barbarians brought so low,
Yet are for envy of thy fortune sad,
And though un-bodied blush at this o're-throw :
Miltiades by all men was admir'd,
Who once in *Greece* their flying troupes pursu'd,
And he who with a stratagem retir'd,
And *Salamina's* straits with bloud imbru'd ;
But yet for all the Captaines of that age,
The easterne Monarches Empire was enlarg'd,
Who in their Country (flaming all with rage,)

284 I. A prostrate supplicant 288 I. In liquide Castels, and a wauing maine

---

And martiall *Europe* doth remaine amaz'd.
Proud *Greece*, whose spirits oft preast to skorne the skyes,
A prostrate supplicant before thee falles :
Rebellious *Thebes*, that durst thy power dispyse,
Lyes nowe entombed in her broken walles.
That sea-impyring *Tyre*, reposing much
In liquide Castels, and a wauing maine,
Hath ratified thy forces to be such,
That nothing can resist thy iust disdaine.
No doubt the auncient *Græcians* ghosts are glad
To see the fierce *Barbarians* brought so lowe ;
Yet are for enuy of thy fortune sad,
And though vn-bodied blushe at this ouerthrowe.
Miltiades by all men was admir'd,
Who once in *Greece* their flying-troupes pursued :
And he that with a stratageme retir'd,
And *Salaminaes* straites with blood imbrued.
But yet for all the Captaines of that age
The Easterne Monarckes empire was enlarg'd,
Who comming to their countrie, warres to wage,

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The Sea with shippes, the land with Armies charg'd ;
He with moe swarmes of men then Autumnes clusters,
Dranke Rivers dry, and march'd on *Neptunes* backe,
By measure, not by number, made his musters,
Did scourge the windes, striv'd mountaines plaines to make ;
All *Europe* fear'd then to be forc'd to bow,
Whilst th'earth did groane to beare so great an host ;
But thou hast come, seene, and over-com'd them now,
Even in the bounds wherein their pow'r was most.
That haughty foe, who vilipended oft
Our predecessors force, and scorn'd our owne,
Now laid as low, as he was once aloft,
With his disgrace, must make thy valour knowne ;
He doth by this acknowledge his distresse,
In labouring thus to have his friends restor'd,
This message (mighty Prince) imports no lesse,
By his request thy conquest is decor'd ;
For the recovery of his captiv'd Queene,
He offred hath innumerable gold ;
A masse so great, that such was never seene,

310 I. their might 315 I. In labouring first

The sea with shippes, the land with armies charg'd.
He with moe swarmes of men, then th'Autumns clusters,
Dry'd riuers vp, and march'd on *Neptunes* backe ;
By measure, not by nomber made his musters,
And did attempt the mountaines plaine to make.
Then *Europe* fear'd for to be forc'd to bowe,
Whil'st th'earth did groane to beare so great an host :
But thou hast come, seene, and ouercom'd them nowe
Euen in the boundes wherein their might was most.
That hautie foe, who vilipended oft
Our predecessours armies, and our owne,
Nowe laide as lowe, as he was once aloft,
With his disgrace must make thy valour knowne.
He cannot but acknowledge his distresse
In labouring first to haue his friends restor'd :
This message, potent Prince, imports no lesse :
By his request thy conquest is decor'd.
For the recouerie of his captiu'd Queene
He offred hath innumerable golde ;
And would present a treasure to be seene

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More (as they bragge) then *Macedon* can hold :
My counsell is, that you accept his offers,
And with his daughters render her againe,
" Who would make warre, must not have empty coffers,
" Where one for glory, thousands fight for gaine,
And if those Ladies guarded Captives stay,
It cost and trouble breeds to fit their state ;
Thus more to charge, or charges to defray,
To vexe or ease, advise, and not too late.
Alex. If come to trafficke in a servile sort,
And like a Merchant bent but to embrace
(All else despis'd) that which might gaines import,
Then your opinion purchase might a place :
But soone I surfet of such melting things,
And famish but for fame, and Crownes of Kings.
Parm. If *Alexander*, I, so would I doe.
Alex. If I *Parmenio* were, so would I too.
Parm. So you binde Souldiers, let them Dames redeeme.
Alex. Save thankes, or praise, no treasure I esteeme.
Parm. Even good proves ill when done unto a foe.
Alex. What greater glory then to conquer so ?

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My counsell is that you accept those offers,
And render her, as th'auncient custome bindes :
Who would make warre must not haue empty coffers :
For hope of gaine moues mercenarie mindes.
And further, if those Princesses doe tarrie,
It sumptuous is to entertaine their state.
Wemen, and babes are cumbersome to carrie ;
Th'one young in yeares, and th'other in conceat.
Alex. If I were come to traffick in this land,
And like a greedie merchant to embrace
Before all hope of glorie gaine in hand,
This your inuild opinion might haue place.
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Parm. So, were I *Alexander*, would I do.
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Parm. Their ransome would defray your souldiers fee.
Alex. I'll rather without ransome set them free.
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Parm. " Gold is the God that conquers in all parts.
Alex. " True magnanimity doth ravish hearts.
Parm. " Warrs sinewes treasures are which most not faile.
Alex. " Stout brests, strong hands (not basely given) prevaile.
Parm. " The want of wages makes a mutinous band.
Alex. But who dare disobey when I command ?
Parm. " Those are thought fooles, who riches do disdain.
Alex. " A gallant minde likes glory more then gaine.
Parm. But who delights in such an aiery store ?
Alex. If I be singular, I seeke no more.
Parm. " The truth by Princes is not understood :
But yet I heare your Souldiers oft exclaime,
That your ambition but exhausts their bloud,
Who perish all to purchase you a name ;
Yet carelesse what they lose, so you may winne,
That like your minde, your kingdome may want bounds,
One battels end, another doth beginne,
Whilst you the glory gaine, they nought but wounds ;
Such rash reports oft blowne in every eare,
Doe breed base grudge, and loftie tumults too,
" When leaving reverence, duty, love, and feare,
" What dare not mutinous troupes attempt to doe ?

345 I. Riche treasures serue for sinewes of the warre 346 I. No, but courageous harts which all things darre

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Parm. Golde is the God that conquers in all parts.
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Parm. Riche treasures serue for th'arters of the warre.
Alex. No, but courageous harts that all things darre.
Parm. The want of wages makes a mutinous band.
Alex. But who dare disobey, when I command ?
Parm. Why should you, Sir, contemne so rich a treasure
Alex. A noble spirit with praise no gaine doth measure.
Parm. But who delites in such an airie store ?
Alex. If I be singular, I aske no more.
Parm. Although that you conceaue no such suspition,
Yet I heare howe your souldiers oft exclame,
They sacrifize their bloods for your ambition,
And perish to perpetuate your name.
And yet, without regarde what they indure,
You compasse all the empire of the East,
And more within your minde : this may procure
Some suddaine tumult, when you feare it least.

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Retire in time while as the heavens are cleare ;
You have perform'd, perform'd, and that even soone,
More then your own could hope, your foes could feare,
Yea (yet more strange) then some can trust, though done ;
Your worth in warre (as bright as glory) showne,
Which even by envy never could be stain'd,
Your skill in peace would likewise now be knowne :
Calme vertue guiding, what sterne valour gain'd :
" A State well rul'd, the fame of Kings doth raise,
" No lesse then foughten fields, or batter'd Townes.
" More hard it is, and doth deserve more praise
" To guide, then get, to keep, then conquer Crownes :
In Fortunes spheares chiefe height your glory plac'd,
Can now not move unlesse it be more low,
And if it once descend, then quite disgrac'd,
Each Artizan your Statues will o're-throw ;
For in the warre as you may well perceive,
There doth no little part depend on Fame ;
If we but once the least small check receive,
The world will gather to procure our shame ;
Then tempt not Fortune further then you need,

372 I. Calme Vertue ruling

Retire in time, while as the heauens are cleare :
You haue perform'd, perform'd, and that right sone,
More thē your own could hope, your foes could feare,
Or then the world can credite, when 'tis done.
Your worth in warre is wonderfullie showne,
And to the terrour of all *Asia* tryde :
Nowe let your skill in peace be like-wise knowne,
And for the maint'nance of your state prouyde.
Good gouernment the fame of Kings doth raise
No lesse then conquest made of Realmes and townes :
'Tis harder farre, and doth deserue more praise
To guide, then get : to keepe, then conquere crownes.
Your glorie in her hiest spheare is plac'd,
And may not moue except it be more lowe :
And if it once discend to be disgrac'd,
Each artizan your statutes will o're-throwe.
For in the warre, as you may well perceaue,
No little part dependeth vpon fame :
If we but once the least affront receaue,
The world will gather to exstirpe our name.
Then tempt not Fortune further then you neede,

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Your rashly mounting thoughts let reason raine,
Lest whil'st your hopes with Trophees fain'd you feed,
A moment lose what many dayes did gaine.
Let *Darius* prove all Monarchs patterne now
(What wandring Starre doth sway the course of Crownes)
That Prince to whom the Orient once did bow,
Him onely now his misery renownes,
Scarce mov'd to call you King, though twise o're-throwne,
At last to match with you he doth agree,
And with his daughter hath for dowry showne
That great *Euphrates* shall your border be ;
Or otherwise he condescends to give
Great store of gold, or what your selfe desires,
If that his mother, wife, and children live,
To have them rendred, as he oft requires :
And let not loftie thoughts cloud Reasons eyes,
Remember what strange Realmes will him embrace,
Which scarce he knows, by name, nor never tryes,
Where if he fled, your troups would tyre to chace.
Alex. Peace, peace *Parmenio*, now thou mak'st me rage,

[403] I. or neuer sees

Let reason bridle this aspyring thought :
Least, whil'st your hopes with fain'd trophees you feed,
A moment turne your trauels all to nought.
Let *Darius* be a liuelie patrone nowe
Of the vn-stablenesse of states and crownes :
Him vnto whome the Orient once did bowe,
His desolation onlie nowe renounes.
He hardlie now at length become content
To call you King, though twise put in dis-order :
In dowrie with his daughter doth present
The famous *Euphrates*, to be your border.
Or otherwise he condiscends to giue
Great store of golde, or what your selfe desires,
If that his mother, wife, and children liue,
To haue them rend'red, as he oft requyres.
And let not vaine ambition blind your eies :
Remember what strange nations will embrace him,
Whome scarce he knowes by name, or neuer sees,
Where if he fled, your troups would tyre to chace him.
Alex. Peace, peace *Parmenio*, now thou makest me rage,

[386] DE. Of th'euer-changing course of states and crownes [387] DE. That Prince to whom the Orient once did bow [389] DE. He scarcelie lo at length become content

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All what I spake, proceeded of cleare zeale,
And not of cowardice, or feare of ought ;
Nor match I vile repose with honest paines,
My courage (oft-times try'd) is not grown cold,
Nor yet that vigour hath not left my veines,
Which spurr'd my sprite in youth, though I be old.
Alex. 'Tis not enough, that you your selfe be so,
To be the same you should the rest exhort ;
Is he return'd, who was ordain'd to go
And view the captives ? what doth he report ?
Parm. As we have heard of him who thither went,
While they as yet not of support despair'd,
And courteously were led unto a Tent
Which we of purpose caus'd to be prepar'd :
Even in the way one fortun'd there to spie
The Diademe which *Darius* ear'st had borne,
(Though glorious once) which low on th'earth did lye,
As earst for pompe, then wondred at with scorne.
Straight they imagin'd from his Royall head,
Whose dignity it sometime did decore,

447 I. All that I spake, proceeded of a zeale 450 I. My courage is not yet become so colde 451 I. That wounted vigour

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All that I spake, proceeded of a zeale
And not of cowardice, or feare of ought.
Nor matche I vile repose with honest paines :
My courage is not yet become so colde :
That wounted vigour hath not left my vaines,
Which spurd my spirit in youth, though I be olde.
Alex. 'Tis not ynough that you your selfe be so :
To be the same you should the rest exhort.
Is he return'd, who was ordain'd to go
And viewe the Captiues, what doth he report ?
Parm. As we were since by some of them instructed,
While they as yet not of support dispair'd,
And to a tent were courteslie conducted,
Which we of purpose caus'd to be prepar'd ;
Euen in the way one fortun'd to espy
The Diademe that *Darius* earst had borne,
Which on the earth so abiectlie did ly,
As each thing his calamitie would scorne.
Then they imagin'd, from his royall head,
Whose dignitie it some-time did decore,

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Where none but hideous Gyants had retreat,
Such as at *Phlegra* field in strife did stand
Against the gods for the etheriall seat :
These could encourage martiall mindes to strike,
Who when subdu'd, would yeeld eternall praise.
I conquer men, but many did the like,
And after-ages may my equall raise :
But since none such my triumphs are to grace,
Such as there are, Ile to subjection bring,
And as a pest, I vow to flie all peace,
Till all the world adore me for their King :
Let them retyre in time who danger dread,
Yet thinke on this (whil'st glory bent to wed)
That ye abandon'd me in time of need,
And that I stay'd to fight when as ye fled ;
Passe home in darknesse, servile rest to finde,
I measure not my courage by my numbers.
Parm. Your majestie doth much mistake my minde,
You know what I endur'd, what cares, what cumbers ;
And for my part, I to your eyes appeale,
Which well can witnesse what my hands have wrought,

Where none but hideous giants had retreat,
Such as at *Phlegra* fielde in strife did stand
Against the Gods for the Etheriall seate.
These could encourage martiall mindes to strike,
Who being wonne would yeelde eternall praise :
I conquere men ; but many did the like :
And after-ages may my equall raise.
But since none such my triumphes are to grace,
Such as there are I'le to subiection bring :
And heere I sweare no kinde of ease t'embrace,
Till all the world adore me for their King.
If you or any else that liue in dreede
With-drawe your selues, your Princes part despysing ;
Remember alwaies in his greatest neede
Ye flee to stop his honour in the rysing.
Passe home, and liue like men in prison pent :
I measure not my courage by my numbers.
Parm. Your Maiestie misconsters my intent :
You know what I haue thold, what cares, what cumbers,
And all for you : I to your eies appeale,
Which well can witnes what my hands haue wrought.

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" *Thus Princes will not heare, though some deceive them,*
" *Things as they are, but as themselves conceive them.*

Act 2.

Alexander. Parmenio.

Alexander. Behold, the heavens with a benigne aspect,
To prosper this brave enterprise intend,
And with propitious Starres seeme to direct
This great beginning to a glorious end.
" Who would be famous, must of force aspire,
All those (astonish'd) who my Troupes doe view,
Doubt of these two, which most they should admire,
My comming, or my conquering with so few ;
" So mighty mindes whilst for great actions bent,
" Force fortune oft to favour them in all,
" Where brests more base divining bad event,
" Through superstitious feares procure their fall.
O how I wonder, when I call to minde
That monstrous campe, which not so much as doubted,

245 I. though such

Thus Princes will not heare, though such deceaue them,
Things as they are, but as themselues conceaue them.

Actus Secundus.

Alexander. Parmenio.

Alex. Beholde, the heauens with a benigne aspect,
To prosper this braue enterprise intend,
And with propitious starres seeme to direct
This great beginning to a glorious end.
Who would be famous must of force aspire :
All those astonish'd, who my troupes do view,
Doubt of those two which most they should admire ;
My comming, or my conquering with so fewe.
So mightie mindes t'atchieue great actions bent
Force Fortune oft to favour them in all :
Where baser breastes deuining euill euent,
Through superstitious feares procure their fall.
O howe I wonder, when I call to minde
That monstrous camp, which not so much as doubted !

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Dimme seem'd the sunne, while as their armour shin'd,
Men had not heard the thunder, whilst they shouted.
Avant-couroures advanced to examine,
When they so meane my numbers had perceiv'd,
Did thinke them small to satisfie the famine
That their huge host of slaughter had conceiv'd ;
And yet in end this prov'd a poyson'd food,
Which of their owne to their confusion yeelds,
Huge mounts of murthered corpes, and seas of bloud :
Unburied bodies buried all the fields.
So now, that few whom they contemn'd so farre,
(See how mortality it selfe deceives)
Have quite o're-match'd their multitudes in warre ;
And made the world neere waste to people graves.
Then, deare *Parmenio*, since the fates afford
So faire an entry to our first designes,
Let us goe follow (lantern'd by the sword,)
That fortune which the heavens our hopes assignes.
Parm. This high attempt, as we would wish succeeds,
What hosts have we o'rethrown, what Cities raz'd ?
Loe, populous *Asia* trembles at our deeds,

---

* Dimme seem'd the Sunne, while-as their armour shynd ;
Men had not heard the thunder, whil'st they shouted.
Th'auant-courours, that came for to examine,
When they so meane my nombers had perceau'd,
Did thinke them small to satisfie the famine,
That their huge hoste of slaughter had conceau'd.
And yet in end this prou'd a poyson'd foode,
Which of their owne to their confusion yeeldes
Mountaines of murthered corps, and seas of blood :
Vn-buried bodies buried all the fieldes,
So nowe that fewe, whome they contemn'd so farre,
(See howe mortalitie it selfe deceaues)
Haue farre ouer-match'd their multitudes in warre,
And made the worlde waste to people the graues.
Then, deere *Parmenio*, since the fates afforde
So faire an entrie to our firste designes,
Let vs goe prosecute with dint of sworde
That fortune, which the heauens our hopes assignes.
Parm. This high attempt, as we would wish succeedes.
What hostes haue we ouerthrow'n ? what citties raz'd ?
Loe, populous *Asia* trembles at our deedes,

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And martiall *Europe* doth remaine amaz'd ;
Greece, (which both *Mars* and *Pallas* did defend :)
A humble supplicant before thee falles,
Rebellious *Thebes*, which durst with thee contend,
Lyes now entomb'd within her broken walles ;
That Sea-commanding *Tyre*, reposing much
In liquid Towers that *Neptune* rear'd in vaine,
Hath now confirm'd thy forces to be such,
That nothing can resist thy just disdaine.
No doubt the ancient Grecians Ghosts are glad
To see the fierce Barbarians brought so low,
Yet are for envy of thy fortune sad,
And though un-bodied blush at this o're-throw :
Miltiades by all men was admir'd,
Who once in *Greece* their flying troupes pursu'd,
And he who with a stratagem retir'd,
And *Salamina's* straits with bloud imbru'd ;
But yet for all the Captaines of that age,
The easterne Monarches Empire was enlarg'd,
Who in their Country (flaming all with rage,)

284 I. A prostrate supplicant 288 I. In liquide Castels, and a wauing maine

---

And martiall *Europe* doth remaine amaz'd.
Proud *Greece*, whose spirits oft preast to skorne the skyes,
A prostrate supplicant before thee falles :
Rebellious *Thebes*, that durst thy power dispyse,
Lyes nowe entombed in her broken walles.
That sea-impyring *Tyre*, reposing much
In liquide Castels, and a wauing maine,
Hath ratified thy forces to be such,
That nothing can resist thy iust disdaine.
No doubt the auncient *Græcians* ghosts are glad
To see the fierce *Barbarians* brought so lowe ;
Yet are for enuy of thy fortune sad,
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The Sea with shippes, the land with Armies charg'd ;
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Dranke Rivers dry, and march'd on *Neptunes* backe,
By measure, not by number, made his musters,
Did scourge the windes, striv'd mountaines plaines to make ;
All *Europe* fear'd then to be forc'd to bow,
Whilst th'earth did groane to beare so great an host ;
But thou hast come, seene, and over-com'd them now,
Even in the bounds wherein their pow'r was most.
That haughty foe, who vilipended oft
Our predecessors force, and scorn'd our owne,
Now laid as low, as he was once aloft,
With his disgrace, must make thy valour knowne ;
He doth by this acknowledge his distresse,
In labouring thus to have his friends restor'd,
This message (mighty Prince) imports no lesse,
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He offred hath innumerable gold ;
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Dry'd riuers vp, and march'd on *Neptunes* backe ;
By measure, not by nomber made his musters,
And did attempt the mountaines plaine to make.
Then *Europe* fear'd for to be forc'd to bowe,
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But thou hast come, seene, and ouercom'd them nowe
Euen in the boundes wherein their might was most.
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They sacrifize their bloods for your ambition,
And perish to perpetuate your name.
And yet, without regarde what they indure,
You compasse all the empire of the East,
And more within your minde : this may procure
Some suddaine tumult, when you feare it least.

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Retire in time while as the heavens are cleare ;
You have perform'd, perform'd, and that even soone,
More then your own could hope, your foes could feare,
Yea (yet more strange) then some can trust, though done ;
Your worth in warre (as bright as glory) showne,
Which even by envy never could be stain'd,
Your skill in peace would likewise now be knowne :
Calme vertue guiding, what sterne valour gain'd :
" A State well rul'd, the fame of Kings doth raise,
" No lesse then foughten fields, or batter'd Townes.
" More hard it is, and doth deserve more praise
" To guide, then get, to keep, then conquer Crownes :
In Fortunes spheares chiefe height your glory plac'd,
Can now not move unlesse it be more low,
And if it once descend, then quite disgrac'd,
Each Artizan your Statues will o're-throw ;
For in the warre as you may well perceive,
There doth no little part depend on Fame ;
If we but once the least small check receive,
The world will gather to procure our shame ;
Then tempt not Fortune further then you need,

372 I. Calme Vertue ruling

Retire in time, while as the heauens are cleare :
You haue perform'd, perform'd, and that right sone,
More thē your own could hope, your foes could feare,
Or then the world can credite, when 'tis done.
Your worth in warre is wonderfullie showne,
And to the terrour of all *Asia* tryde :
Nowe let your skill in peace be like-wise knowne,
And for the maint'nance of your state prouyde.
Good gouernment the fame of Kings doth raise
No lesse then conquest made of Realmes and townes :
'Tis harder farre, and doth deserue more praise
To guide, then get : to keepe, then conquere crownes.
Your glorie in her hiest spheare is plac'd,
And may not moue except it be more lowe :
And if it once discend to be disgrac'd,
Each artizan your statutes will o're-throwe.
For in the warre, as you may well perceaue,
No little part dependeth vpon fame :
If we but once the least affront receaue,
The world will gather to exstirpe our name.
Then tempt not Fortune further then you neede,

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Your rashly mounting thoughts let reason raine,
Lest whil'st your hopes with Trophees fain'd you feed,
A moment lose what many dayes did gaine.
Let *Darius* prove all Monarchs patterne now
(What wandring Starre doth sway the course of Crownes)
That Prince to whom the Orient once did bow,
Him onely now his misery renownes,
Scarce mov'd to call you King, though twise o're-throwne,
At last to match with you he doth agree,
And with his daughter hath for dowry showne
That great *Euphrates* shall your border be ;
Or otherwise he condescends to give
Great store of gold, or what your selfe desires,
If that his mother, wife, and children live,
To have them rendred, as he oft requires :
And let not loftie thoughts cloud Reasons eyes,
Remember what strange Realmes will him embrace,
Which scarce he knows, by name, nor never tryes,
Where if he fled, your troups would tyre to chace.
Alex. Peace, peace *Parmenio*, now thou mak'st me rage,

[403] I. or neuer sees

Let reason bridle this aspyring thought :
Least, whil'st your hopes with fain'd trophees you feed,
A moment turne your trauels all to nought.
Let *Darius* be a liuelie patrone nowe
Of the vn-stablenesse of states and crownes :
Him vnto whome the Orient once did bowe,
His desolation onlie nowe renounes.
He hardlie now at length become content
To call you King, though twise put in dis-order :
In dowrie with his daughter doth present
The famous *Euphrates*, to be your border.
Or otherwise he condiscends to giue
Great store of golde, or what your selfe desires,
If that his mother, wife, and children liue,
To haue them rend'red, as he oft requyres.
And let not vaine ambition blind your eies :
Remember what strange nations will embrace him,
Whome scarce he knowes by name, or neuer sees,
Where if he fled, your troups would tyre to chace him.
Alex. Peace, peace *Parmenio*, now thou makest me rage,

[386] DE. Of th'euer-changing course of states and crownes [387] DE. That Prince to whom the Orient once did bow [389] DE. He scarcelie lo at length become content

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All what I spake, proceeded of cleare zeale,
And not of cowardice, or feare of ought;
Nor match I vile repose with honest paines,
My courage (oft-times try'd) is not grown cold,
Nor yet that vigour hath not left my veines,
Which spurr'd my sprite in youth, though I be old.
Alex. 'Tis not enough, that you your selfe be so,
To be the same you should the rest exhort;
Is he return'd, who was ordain'd to go
And view the captives? what doth he report?
Parm. As we have heard of him who thither went,
While they as yet not of support despair'd,
And courteously were led unto a Tent
Which we of purpose caus'd to be prepar'd:
Even in the way one fortun'd there to spie
The Diademe which *Darius* ear'st had borne,
(Though glorious once) which low on th'earth did lye,
As earst for pompe, then wondred at with scorne.
Straight they imagin'd from his Royall head,
Whose dignity it sometime did decore,

447 I. All that I spake, proceeded of a zeale 450 I. My courage is not yet become so colde 451 I. That wounted vigour

---

All that I spake, proceeded of a zeale
And not of cowardice, or feare of ought.
Nor matche I vile repose with honest paines:
My courage is not yet become so colde:
That wounted vigour hath not left my vaines,
Which spurd my spirit in youth, though I be olde.
Alex. 'Tis not ynough that you your selfe be so:
To be the same you should the rest exhort.
Is he return'd, who was ordain'd to go
And viewe the Captiues, what doth he report?
Parm. As we were since by some of them instructed,
While they as yet not of support dispair'd,
And to a tent were courteslie conducted,
Which we of purpose caus'd to be prepar'd;
Euen in the way one fortun'd to espy
The Diademe that *Darius* earst had borne,
Which on the earth so abiectlie did ly,
As each thing his calamitie would scorne.
Then they imagin'd, from his royall head,
Whose dignitie it some-time did decore,

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None could it cast except himselfe were dead,
And if so were, they wish'd to live no more :
When they had entred in the Tent to weep,
Your Servant came, and at the entry knock'd,
Who (finding them so quiet) thought a sleep
Had clos'd their eyes, or else that he was mock'd,
At length by force he made a patent way,
And was advanc'd them lovingly to greet,
When (loe) the Ladies prostrated all lay,
And with a floud of teares be-dew'd his feet.
Then said (by death expecting to be free)
Let us entombe great *Darius* like a King ;
Then when we first his funerall honour see,
Death must to us a great contentment bring ;
This oft they urg'd, though he attested there
That *Darius* was not dead (as they suppos'd)
But liv'd with hope, his ruines to repaire,
And in the pow'r of other Realmes repos'd.
Then did he urge what comfort and reliefe
They might attend, depending on your Grace ;

468 I. they long'd to liue 471 I. They stood so still, he thought an yornie sleepe

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None could it cast, except himselfe were dead :
And if so were, they long'd to liue no more.
When they had entred in the tent to weepe,
Leonatus came, and at the entrie knocked :
They stood so still, he thought an yornie sleepe
Had lock'd their eies, or else that he was mocked.
At length by force he made a patent way,
And was aduanc'd them louinglie to greet ;
When loe, these dolorous Ladies prostrate lay,
And with a flood of teares bedew'd his feete.
Then sobbing saide, we not refuse to die :
Let vs entombe first *Darius* like a king :
Then when that we his latter honour see,
Death cannot but a great contentment bring.
This so they vrg'd, as he could scarce perswade
That *Darius* was not dead as they suppos'd,
But liu'd, and sought to haue his hoste re-made,
And in the pow'r of other Realmes repos'd.
And further he protested on your part,
That they might looke for clemencie and grace.

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Thus having toil'd to mitigate their griefe,
It seem'd they long'd to see my Soveraignes face.
Alex. I pitie still, and not insult o're such,
(Though once mine Enemies) who are humbled so ;
And lest weake feare oppresse their mindes too much,
To comfort them, straight to their Tent I'le go.

Exeunt.

CHORUS.

" *Of all the passions which possesse the soule,*
" *None so disturbes vaine Mortals mindes,*
" *As vaine Ambition which so blindes*
" *The light of them, that nothing can controll,*
" *Nor curb their thoughts who will aspire ;*
" *This raging vehement desire*
" *Of Soveraignty no satisfaction findes,*
" *But in the breasts of men doth ever roule*
" *The restlesse stone of* Sisyph *to torment them,*
" *And as his heart who stole the heavenly fire,*

495 I. As this Ambition which 502 I. who steal'd

Thus after that I had asswag'd their smart,
They all desir'd to see my Soueranes face.
Alex. Of my good-will they may them selues assure :
I neuer war'd with such as were subiected :
And if my presence may their ease procure,
Straight to their tent my steppes shall be directed.

Exeunt.

CHORUS.

Of all the passions that possesse the soule,
None so disturbes vaine mortals mindes
As this Ambition, that so blindes
The sense of man, that nothing can controule,
Nor curb their thoughts who will aspyre.
This raging vehement desire
Of soueraigntie no satisfaction findes,
But in the breastes of men doth euer roule
The restlesse stone of Sisiph to torment them.
And as his hart, who steal'd the heu'nlie fire,

483 DE. But liu'd, in hope through dangers Seas to wade 484 DE. It seem'd they long'd to see

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" The Vulture gnaws, so doth that monster rent them :
" Had they the world, the world would not content them.

This race of Ixion *to embrace the clouds,*
Contemne the state wherein they stand,
And save themselves, would all command ;
" As one desire is quench'd, another buds ;
When they have travell'd all their time,
Heapt bloud on bloud, and crime on crime,
There is an higher power that guides their hand :
More happie he whom a poore Cottage shrouds
Against the tempest of the threatning heaven ;
He stands in feare of none, none envies him ;
His heart is upright, and his wayes are even,
Where others states are still twixt six and seven.

That damned wretch up with Ambition blowne,
Then whil'st he turnes the wheele about,
Throwne high, and low, within, without,
In striving for the top is tumbling downe.

519 I. Whyles throwne within, whyles throwne without

The vulture gnawes, so doth Ambition rent them :
Had they the world, the world would not content them.

This race of Ixion *to embrace the cloudes,*
Contemne the state wherein they stand,
And would all saue themselues command,
As one desire is quench'd, another buds.
When they trauel'd all their time,
Heapt blood on blood, and crime on crime,
There is a hier power that guides their hand.
More happie he whome a poore cottage shroudes
Against the tempest of the threatning heu'n,
He standes in feare of none, none enuy him :
His hart is vpright, and his waies are eauen,
Where others states are still twixt sixe and seauen.

That damned wretche vp with Ambition blow'n,
While-as he turnes the wheele about,
Whyles cast within, whyles cast without,
In stryuing for the top is still throwne downe.

508 DE. *When they haue travell'd*

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" *Those who delight in climbing high,*
" *Oft by a precipice do dye,*
So do the Starres skie-climbing worldlings flout;
But this disease is fatall to a Crowne:
Kings, who have most, would most augment their bounds,
And if they be not all, they cannot be,
Which to their damage commonly redounds,
" *The weight of too great states themselves confounds.*

" *The mighty toyling to enlarge their state,*
" *Themselves exceedingly deceive,*
" *In hazarding the thing they have*
" *For a felicity which they conceive;*
" *Though their Dominions they encrease,*
" *Yet their desires grow never lesse,*
" *For though they conquer much, yet more they crave,*
" *Which fatall Fortune doth attend the great,*
" *And all the outward pompe that they assume,*
" *Doth but with shows disguise the Minds distresse;*

527 I. domage 528 I. Too great a state her proper waight confounds 527 I. Whose eye-beguyling pompe is all but fume 528 I. Such glorious showes

---

Those that delight in climbing hie
Oft with a precepice doe die:
So doe the starres sky-climbing worldlings flout.
But this disease is fatall to a croune:
Kings, who haue most, striue most t'augment their bounds;
And if they be not all, they can not be:
Which to their domage commonly redounds.
Too great a state her proper waight confounds.

Th'ambitious toyling to enlarge their state
Themselues exceedingly deceaue,
In hazarding the hap they haue
For a felicitie that they conceaue.
Though their dominions they increas,
Yet their desires growe neuer les:
For though they cõquere Climats, more they craue.
This is the miserie of being great.
Such eye-beguyling pompe is all but fume;
Such glorious showes disguise the minds distres;

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" *And who to conquer all the earth presume,*
" *A little earth shall them at last consume.*

And if it fortune that they dye in peace,
(A wonder wondrous rarely seene)
Who conquer first, heavens finde a meane
To raze their Empire, and oft-times their race,
Who comming to the Crowne with rest,
And having all in peace possest,
Do straight forget what bloudy broyles have beene,
Ere first their Fathers could attaine that place ;
" *As Seas do flow and ebbe, States rise and fall,*
" *And Princes when their actions prosper best,*
" *For feare their greatnesse should oppresse the small,*
" *As of some hated, envied are of all.*

We know what end the mighty Cyrus *made,*
Whom whil'st he striv'd to conquer still,
A woman (justly griev'd) did kill,
And in a bloudy vessell roll'd his head,

543 I. Who conquer first ; their empyre last 544 I. Is ruin'd by some persons of their race 547 I. haue past 555 I. A Woman did with rigour kill

535 *And who to conquere all the earth presume,*
A little earth shall them at last consume.

And if it fortune that they die in peace
(A wonder wondrous rarelie seene)
Who conquere first ; their empyre cleene
540 *Is ruin'd by some persons of their race :*
Who comming to the crowne with rest,
And hauing all in peace possest,
Do straight forget what bloody broils haue bene
Before their Fathers could attaine that place.
545 *As th'Ocean flowes, and ebbes, states rise and fall ;*
And Princes, when their actions prosper best,
For feare their greatnesse should oppresse the small,
Are of some hated, and envy'd of all.

We knowe what end the mightie Cyrus *made,*
550 *Whome, whill he stryu'd to conquere still,*
A woman did most vildlie kill,
And in a bloodie vessell rold his head ;

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" Those who delight in climbing high,
" Oft by a precipice do dye,
So do the Starres skie-climbing worldlings flout ;
But this disease is fatall to a Crowne :
Kings, who have most, would most augment their bounds,
And if they be not all, they cannot be,
Which to their damage commonly redounds,
" The weight of too great states themselves confounds.

" The mighty toyling to enlarge their state,
" Themselves exceedingly deceive,
" In hazarding the thing they have
" For a felicity which they conceive ;
" Though their Dominions they encrease,
" Yet their desires grow never lesse,
" For though they conquer much, yet more they crave,
" Which fatall Fortune doth attend the great,
" And all the outward pompe that they assume,
" Doth but with shows disguise the Minds distresse ;

527 I. domage 528 I. Too great a state her proper waight confounds 537 I. Whose eye-beguyling pompe is all but fume 538 I. Such glorious showes

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Those that delight in climbing hie
Oft with a precepice doe die :
So doe the starres sky-climbing worldlings flout.
But this disease is fatall to a croune :
Kings, who haue most, striue most t'augment their bounds ;
And if they be not all, they can not be :
Which to their domage commonly redounds.
Too great a state her proper waight confounds.

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Themselues exceedingly deceaue,
In hazarding the hap they haue
For a felicitie that they conceaue.
Though their dominions they incres,
Yet their desires growe neuer les :
For though they cõquere Climats, more they craue.
This is the miserie of being great.
Such eye-beguyling pompe is all but fume ;
Such glorious showes disguise the minds distres ;

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Who conquer first, heavens finde a meane
To raze their Empire, and oft-times their race,
Who comming to the Crowne with rest,
And having all in peace possest,
Do straight forget what bloudy broyles have beene,
Ere first their Fathers could attaine that place ;
" As Seas do flow and ebbe, States rise and fall,
" And Princes when their actions prosper best,
" For feare their greatnesse should oppresse the small,
" As of some hated, envied are of all.

We know what end the mighty Cyrus *made,*
Whom whil'st he striv'd to conquer still,
A woman (justly griev'd) did kill,
And in a bloudy vessell roll'd his head,

[543] I. Who conquer first ; their empyre last [544] I. Is ruin'd by some persons of their race [547] I. haue past [555] I. A Woman did with rigour kill

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And who to conquere all the earth presume,
A little earth shall them at last consume.

And if it fortune that they die in peace
(A wonder wondrous rarelie seene)
Who conquere first ; their empyre cleene
Is ruin'd by some persons of their race :
Who comming to the crowne with rest,
And hauing all in peace possest,
Do straight forget what bloody broils haue bene
Before their Fathers could attaine that place.
As th'Ocean flowes, and ebbes, states rise and fall ;
And Princes, when their actions prosper best,
For feare their greatnesse should oppresse the small,
Are of some hated, and envy'd of all.

We knowe what end the mightie Cyrus *made,*
Whome, whill he stryu'd to conquere still,
A woman did most vildlie kill,
And in a bloodie vessell rold his head ;

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Then said (whil'st many wondring stood)
Since thou didst famish for such food,
Now quench thy thirst of bloud with bloud at will;
Some who succeeded him, since he was dead,
Have raign'd a space with pompe, and yet with paine,
Whose glory now can do to us no good;
And what so long they labour'd to obtaine,
All in an instant must be lost againe.

Loe, Darius *once so magnified by fame,*
By one whom he contemn'd o're-come,
For all his bravery now made dombe,
With down-cast eyes must signifie his shame;
Who puft up with ostentive pride,
Thinke Fortune bound to serve their side,
Can never scape, to be the prey of some;
Such spend their prosp'rous dayes, as in a dreame,
And as it were in Fortunes bosome sleeping,
Then in a dull security abide,
And of their doubtfull state neglect the keeping,
Whil'st fearfull ruine comes upon them creeping.

[569] I. pernitious pryde [571] I. They cannot scape to be a pray to some

---

Then saide, Content thy self with blood:
Thou still did'st famishe for such food:
Now quench thy thirst of blood with blood at wil.
Some of his successors, since he was dead
Haue raign'd a space with pompe, and yet with paine.
Nowe all their glorie cannot doe vs good.
What they so long haue laboured to obtaine,
All in an instant must be lost againe.

Loe, Darius *once so magnified by fame,*
By one whome he contemn'd o're-come,
For all his brauerie now made dombe,
With downe-cast eyes must signifie his shame.
Who puft vp with pernitious pryde
Thinke still t' haue fortune on their syde,
They cannot scape to be a pray to some.
They spend their prosperus dayes as in a dreame,
And as it were in fortunes bosome sleeping,
They in this dull securitie abyde,
And of their doubtfull state neglect the keeping,
Whill gaistlie ruine coms vpon them creeping.

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Thus the vicissitude of worldly things
Doth oft to us it selfe detect,
When heavenly pow'rs exalt, deject,
Confirme, confound, erect, and ruine Kings.
So Alexander *mighty now,*
To whom the vanquish'd world doth bow,
With all submission, homage, and respect,
Doth flie a borrow'd flight with Fortunes wings;
Nor enters he his dangerous course to ponder;
Yet if once Fortune bend her cloudy brow,
All those who at his sudden successe wonder,
May gaze as much to see himselfe brought under.

Act 3. Scene 1.

Sisigambis. Statira Regina. Statira Virgo.

Sisigambis. O dismall day detested be thy light,
And would the Gods (but Gods neglect our case)
The world were wrapt in a Cymmerian Night,
That no proud eye might gaze on our disgrace.
Why did the Heavens reserve my feeble age

586 I. Yet, if that Fortune 590 I. And would to God

Thus the vicissitude of worldly things
Doth to our eyes it selfe detect,
When heauenly powers exalt, deiect,
Confirme, confound, erect and ruine Kings.
So Alexander *mightie now,*
To whome the vanquish'd world doth bow,
With all submission, homage and respect
Doth fly a borrow'd flight with Fortunes wings:
Nor enters he his dangerous course to ponder,
Yet, if that Fortune bend her cloudie browe:
All those, who at his suddaine successe wonder,
May gaze as muche to see himself brought vnder.

Actus tertius. Scen. 1.

Sisigambis. Statira Regina. Statira Virgo.

Sis. O dismall day detested by the light,
And would to God (but God neglects our cace)
The world were wrapt in a Cymerian night,
That no proud eye migh
Why did the heauens

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To make my burden more, when strength grows lesse ?
Could nothing but my harmes their wrath asswage,
Thus offred up on th'Altar of distresse ?
Ah ! have I spent my youth in pompe, and pleasure,
And had my spring-time grac'd with pleasant flowres
That th'Autumne which should reape the Sommers treasure
Might be distempred with such stormy showres ?
And did smooth calmes and Sunne-shines for a space,
Make all my voyage through the world a sport,
That I should fall when neere to end my race,
(And toss'd with stormes) even perish at my port ?
Yet for all this, were I expos'd alone,
The wretched object of *Ioves* thund'ring armes,
I should not thinke I had just cause to mone,
When I but wail'd mine owne, not others harmes ;
Ah me ! on those whom more then life I love
The state-disturbing blasts of Fortune fall,
Yet each of them some severall losse doth move,
But I in anguish beare a part with all :
I suffred when I saw *Oxatres* slaine,

595 I. but my shame

To goe to graue with infamie and grief ?
Could nothing but my shame their wrath asswage
Thus offred vp on th'altar of mischief ?
Ah, haue I spent my youth in pompe and pleasure,
And had my spring-time grac'd with pleasant flowres,
That th'Autumne, which should reape the Sõmers treasure,
Might be disastred with such stormy showres ?
And did smooth calmes and sun-shines of delight
Make all my voyage through the world a sport ;
That tossed with a tempest of despight
I nowe might perishe entring at my port ?
Yet for all this, were I expos'd alone
Th'accursed obiect of heauens plaguing-armes,
I should not thinke I had iust cause to mone,
When I but waild mine owne, not others harmes.
Ay me, on those, whome more than life I loue
The state-disturbing blastes of Fortune fall :
Yet each of them some seuerall sorrowes moue,
But wretch I suffer ship-wracke in them all.
I suffered, when I sawe *Oxatres* slaine,

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My loving Sonne, and most entirely lov'd ;
I dy'd in *Darius*, when he try'd in vaine
What Fates would do, yet still their hatred prov'd ;
The heavens to plague me more, yet make me breath,
O rigour rare ! what tortures rack my breast ?
Who feel the sowre, but not the sweet of death,
Still cours'd, not kill'd, lest that should breed me rest ;
Yet, *Iove*, if this may dis-enflame thine ire,
Let all thy lightning light upon my head,
To be consum'd with a celestiall fire,
Some comfort were, since that I must be dead.
Stat. Reg. Leave mother those complaints, as fit for me,
Who still must grieve my friends, and grace my foes :
Whose fortune is so wretched still to be,
That all the world may wonder at my woes.
Loe, that deare Lord and treasure of my thought,
Whose presence I my Paradise esteem'd,
To such a precipice is headlong brought,
That he from ruine cannot be redeem'd ;
Ah ! on what prop can I repose my trust,

620 I. for feare to breed my rest 627 I. is unfortunate to be 628 I. Euen hell it selfe may borrow of my woes 632 I. That with the world his glory dead is deem'd

---

My louing sonne, and most entirelie lou'd :
I dy'd in *Darius*, when he try'd in vaine,
What fates would doe, yet still their hatred prou'd.
Ah, doe the destinies extend my breath
For further euill ? O extreame crueltie,
To vse so many instruments of death,
Against one burthend with calamitie.
Yet *Ioue*, if this may dis-en-flambe thine ire,
Let all thy lightning light vpon mine head :
To be consum'd with a celestiall fire
Some comfort were, since that I must be dead.
Stat. Reg. Leaue mother these immoderate laments
To me the very source, and seate of sorrowe,
Whose dayes are burthen'd with so sad euents,
That hell herselfe may of my torments borrowe.
Loe, the deere Lord and treasure of my thought,
Whose presence I my Paradice esteem'd,
To such a headlong præcipice is brought,
That with the world his glory dead is deem'd.
Ah, on what prop can I repose my trust,

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When of his state I first the greatnesse ponder ?
Next, how his Diademe (drencht in the dust)
Was Fortunes Trophee, and all *Asia's* wonder ?
He whose imperious speech the world respected,
And as an Oracle had in regard,
He vanquish'd now, and with contempt neglected,
(Even as a supplicant) can scarce be heard ;
And yet I know this more doth grieve his soule
Then all the harme which happen'd to his state,
His pow'r ov'r me that any can controull,
Who (as his Idoll) was ador'd of late ;
Shall he (pure quintessence of my best part)
Then onely testifie the love he beares ?
No, by mine eyes I will distill my heart,
And for his sake dissolve myselfe in teares ;
Would God my breast might still transparant be,
That as through Crystall all might marke my minde,
And of my loyall thoughts the secrets see,
Whose great affection cannot be confin'd.
This prisons worst hath bounded but mine eyes,
And banish'd them the object of their joy,

When first the greatnesse of his state I ponder ;
Next how his Diademe drencht in the dust
Was Fortunes Trophee, and all *Asias* wonder ?
He whose imperious speach the world respected,
And as an oracle had in regarde,
Nowe vanquish't and contemptiblie neglected
Can scarcelie as a supplicant be heard.
And yet I knowe this more his minde afflicts,
Then doth the ruine of his regall state,
That him my sight another interdicts,
Who am the soueraigne of his soules conceat.
Shall he, pure quintessence of my best part,
Then onlie testifie the loue he beares ?
No, by mine eyes I will distill my hart,
And for his sake dissolue my selfe in teares.
Would God my breast like Cristall were transparent,
That all the world might see my sinceare minde ;
And that my loyall thoughts were all apparent,
Whose great affection cannot be confinde.
They haue imprison'd onlie my poore eies,
And banish'd them from th' obiect of their ioy :

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My fiery heart well wing'd with fancies flyes,
And where thou go'st dost still thy steps convoy ;
Deare, whil'st thou dost enjoy this common ayre,
Those who me captive thinke, do grosly erre :
For whil'st thou liv'st, how can thy Queene despaire,
Whom thou to soule, and Scepter, dost preferre ;
Yet flatter I my selfe who am accurst ?
Of those mishaps which make my thoughts to stray,
The memory may serve to make me burst,
Ah, ah, I faint, I feele my sprits decay.
Sis. Help, help, alas, alas the Empresse falls.
Stat. Vir. O day of darknesse ! what a world of woes ?
Sis. This heavy sight my panting heart appals :
Heaven, earth, and all, are now become our foes.
Stat. Vir. No creature hath more cause to mone then I,
Whose Fathers Fortune oft afflicts mine eares,
Whil'st I my mothers misery must spie,
So that of both my breast the burden beares.
Stat. Reg. What inhumane humanity is this,
With such a cruell pitie to oppresse,
To bring pale ghosts back from the fields of blisse,

[658] I. they doe but erre [667] I. This sight so sad

My firie hart with winged fancies flyes,
And where thou goest doth still thy steps conuoy.
Thy Queene is such, as whill thou draw'st this aire,
In counting captiues men may still except her :
For whill thou liust, how can thy spouse dispaire,
Whome thou prefer'st euen to thy soule & scepter ?
Yet flatter I my selfe that am accurst :
The apprehension, which with greefe I cherish,
Of thy mishap, may serue to make me burst.
Ah, ah I faint, I feele my spirites perishe.
Sis. Help, help, allace, allace, the Empresse falles.
Stat. Virg. O dolefull day of darknesse ; world of woes.
Sis. This greeuous spectacle my spirite appalles :
Heauen, earth, and all are nowe become our foes.
Stat. Virg. I may more iustlie mone then any other,
Whose eares haue heard the hard-hap of my father ;
Whose eies beholde the anguishe of my mother,
Whome both doe loade with all the woes of either.
Stat. Reg. What inhumaine humanity is this,
With such a cruell pittie to oppresse ;
To bring pale ghostes back from the fields of blis,

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Yet to be plung'd in th'ocean of distresse ?
O unkinde kindnesse that by saving slayes,
And would with lovelesse love, my love controull :
Ah ! of this braving Sunne the loathsome rayes
Do cleare mine eyes, but to confound my soule.
Sis. Deare daughter, strive your passions to restraine,
Lest that the torrent of your griefe grow such,
That both it carry you where horrours raigne ;
And him o're-whelme for whom you mourn so much ;
No doubt but he, if we rest captives thus
Disdaining those indignities of ours,
To venge himselfe in reobtaining us,
Will hazard all his orientall pow'rs ;
But ah, what comfort can a wretch afford,
Whose care-worne breast the worst of woe containes ?
Yet though my heart would faine impugne my word,
I hopelesse speake of hope, to ease her paines.
Stat. Reg. Plagu'd with what is, what may be never pause,
Since we must hold our griefe our greatest good,
And do not feed false hopes, for we have cause
Even to sigh out our souls, and weep our bloud.

Yet to be plung'd in th'Ocean of distresse ?
O vnkinde kindenesse that by sauing slayes,
And would with louelie loue my loue controule.
Ah, of this odious Sunne th'unhappie rayes
Doe cleere mine eyes but to confounde my soule.
Sis. Deare daughter, stryue your passions to restrain,
Least that the torrent of your greefe growe such,
That it both carrie you to a groundlesse maine,
And him o'rewhelme for whome ye mourne so much.
No doubt but he, if we rest captiues thus,
Disdayning these indignities of ours,
T' avenge him selfe in re-obtayning vs
Will hazard all his Orientall pow'rs.
But ah, what comfort can a wretch afforde,
Whose care-worne breast the worst of woe containes ?
Yet though my hart would faine impugne my worde,
I hope-lesse speake of hope, t'appease her paines.
Stat. Reg. Such consolations nowe come not in season,
Since we must holde our greefe our greatest good :
Dissemble not your sorrowe, we haue reason
Yea to sigh out our spirites and weepe our blood.

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Sis. I waile my Sonne. *Stat. Reg.* And I my husbands fall.
Stat. Vir. I waile my Father, and in him us all.
Sis. No woe like mine, mine cannot be releev'd,
I waile his woe who should my woe asswage,
Who lives by me, by whom I should have liv'd,
Sport of my youth, and pillar of mine age.
Stat. Reg. No woe like mine, who for my Mate mourne here,
For love of whom, I had all others left ;
But what a Mate ? my selfe, or one more deare,
Yet from my selfe, my selfe by force am reft.
Stat. Vir. No woe like mine, who born a Monarchs childe,
Hop'd by my birth of Fortunes best to boast,
Yet are my hopes even at the height beguil'd,
And what I hop'd in most, hath harm'd me most.
Sis. I mourne for him who in my wombe was form'd.
Stat. Reg. I mourn for him in whom love me transform'd.
Stat. Vir. I mourn for him who did give forme to me.
Sis. Shall I no more in him my Image see ?
Stat. Reg. Ah ! shall I never in his joy rejoice ?
Stat. Vir. Ah ! shall I never heare his chearfull voyce ?

[708] I. who faithfull to my pheere [704] I. Had for the loue of him all [705] I. But what a pheere

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Sis. I waile my sonne. *Stat. Reg.* And I my husbandes fall.
Stat. Virg. I waile my father, and in him vs all.
Sis. No woe like mine, mine cannot be releeu'd.
I waile his woe, who should my woe asswage,
Who liues by me, by whome I should haue liu'd,
Sport of my youth, and piller of my age.
Stat. Reg. No wo like mine, who faithfull to my pheere
For loue of him all others had forsaken.
But what a pheere ? my selfe, or one more deere :
Yet from my selfe my selfe by force am taken.
Stat. Virg. No wo like mine, who borne a Monarcks childe
Thought that my birth good hap should heap vpon me :
Yet all my expectations are beguil'd,
And what I hop'd in most, hath most vndone me.
Sis. I mourne for him who in my womb was form'd.
Stat. Reg. I mourne for him in whome loue me transform'd.
Stat. Virg. I mourne for him by whome I formed was.
Sis. Shall I not see my selfe in that cleere glasse ?
Stat. Reg. Ah ! shall I neuer in his ioy reioice ?
Stat. Virg. Ah ! shall I neuer heare his cheerfull voice ?

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Sis. Would God my ruine might his ransome be.
Stat. Reg. Would God my life my lifes life might set free.
Stat. Vir. Would God the life he gave him life might give.
Sis. Must those gray haires my Sonnes greene youth survive?
Stat. Reg. Lest twise made dye, I'le first prevent his fall.
Stat. Vir. Shall I live last to suffer for you all?
Sis. But whil'st our wretched state we justly mone,
We may lament this Infant too a space,
Who in mishap inferiour were to none,
If he could apprehend his Tragicke case.
Stat. Reg. O then how can my heart but bursted be,
Whom Nature moves most to bemone his harmes?
I thinke the hosts of heaven I thund'ring see
On me, my husband, and him in my armes:
Deare Image of my selfe, in whom I live,
Thy shape not shames the greatnesse of thy Sire,
But of thy birth cleare evidence doth give,
Thy sowre-sweet sight adds coals to my desire.
Thou who should'st comfort most, torment'st thou me?
Huge hosts of passions now my soule assembles;

730 I. On me, my mate and him here in my armes

Sis. Would God from death my death might him exeeme.
Stat. Reg. Would God my life my liues life might redeeme.
Stat. Virg. Would God the life he gaue him life might giue.
Sis. Must these gray haires my sonnes greene youth suruiue?
Stat. Reg. I will preuent him and not liue to languishe.
Stat. Virg. Can I remaine behinde to liue in anguishe?
Sis. But whiles our wretched state we iustlie mone,
We may lament this infant too a space,
Who in mishap inferiour were to none,
If he could apprehend his tragick cace.
Stat. Reg. O then how can my hart but burst a-sunder,
Whome nature moues most to bewaile his harmes?
I thinke I see the hostes of heau'n all thunder
On me, my spouse, and this babe in my armes.
Deere image of my selfe, in whome I liue,
Thy shape shames not the greatnesse of thy Syre,
But of thy birth cleere euidence doth giue:
Thy soure-sweete sight addes coales to my desire.
Thou that shouldst comfort most, tormẽt'st thou me?
Huge hostes of passions nowe my soule assembles.

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O how I grieve, and yet am glad to see
Thee, though not him, whom thy sweet face resembles !
Go beare this Babe from hence, a wound too deep
Hath pierc'd me with compassion of his part.
Yet let him stay, I joy to heare him weep ;
This mothers passion melts my bursting heart ;
Of many woes this last is not the least,
That unbegun thy glory thus must end :
Thy Fortunes Sunne (my Sonne) set in the East,
Whil'st all the world thy rising did attend ;
Ah ! must this Innocent taste of mishap,
Whose tender age cannot discerne his state,
And thus be plagu'd, yea, in his Nurses lap,
Inherit woe by birth ? ah cruell fate !
If thou could'st hope, what great hopes hast thou lost
Who art defrauded of so high a Throne ?
Ah ! in thy cradle must I see thee crost
Whom I design'd so great when we were gone ?
Yet happie haplesse childe, who can'st not know
From whence the fountaine of our sorrow flows,

[743] I. wounded hart

O how I grieue ! and yet am glade to see
Thee, though not him, whome thy sweet face resembles.
Goe, beare this babe from hence : a wound too deep
Makes in my breast compassion of his part :
Yet let him stay ; I ioy to heare him weepe :
This motherlie affection meltes my hart.
Of many woes this last is not the least,
That vn-begun thy glorie must be ended ;
Thy fortunes Sunne, my Sonne, set in the East,
While thy faire-rysing all the world attended.
Ah ! must this innocent taste of mishap,
Whose tender age cannot discerne his state,
And be thus plagu'd, yea in his nurses lap
Inherite woe by birth ? Ah cruell fate.
If thou could'st hope, what great hopes hast thou lost
That art defrauded of so faire a throne ?
Ah in thy cradle must I see thee crost,
Whome I design'd so great when we were gone ?
Yet happie hap-lesse childe, thou canst not knowe
From whence the fountaine of our sorrowe flowes,

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Nor what it is that men call high, or low,
Nor on what thorne the rose of honour grows.
Yet hast thou felt the pricke before the smell ;
Is this the benefit thy birth-right brings,
A captive here in misery to dwell ?
Then better not be borne nor come of Kings.
O ! what a noise is this that thus affrights ?
I thinke of teares the torrent to restraine,
(Since soules when sad a just complaint delights)
They still would plague, yet stop me to complaine ;
Or is it one who doth lament our case,
And is (a rare thing) in affliction kinde ?
Who would behold how we can death embrace !
Death soveraigne physicke for a troubled minde.
Sis. By many signes we may our selves assure
'Tis *Alexander* whom we long'd not for.
Stat. Reg. What ? ah I die, and must mine eyes endure
That hatefull object which I most abhorre ?
Sis. Spare, spare such speeches now, lest all go wrong,
We are environ'd with outragious hosts ;
Those who are weake must yeeld unto the strong :

774 I. That odious obiect

Nor what it is for to be hie, or lowe,
Nor on what thorne the rose of honour growes.
Yet hast thou felt the pricke before the smell.
Is this the benefite thy birth-right brings
Heere in constrain'd captiuitie to dwell ?
Then better not be borne, then come of Kings.
O what a noise is this that does affright me ?
I trowe to interrupt these teares of mine,
Least that such sad lamentings should delight me,
They will not let me plaine, yet make me pine.
Or is it some that doth condole our cace
And commes with pittie moou'd to see vs pyn'd,
And to beholde howe we can death imbrace,
Death soueraigne salue of a diseased minde ?
Sis. By many signes we may our selues assure,
'Tis *Alexander*, whome we long'd not for.
Stat. Reg. What ? ah I die ! and must my eyes indure
Th'vpbraiding obiect which I most abhorre ?
Sis. Suppresse such speaches now, least all go wrong.
We are enuiron'd with outrageous hostes :
And weaknesse must giue place vnto the strong :

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For, Victors rage when as the vanquish'd bosts ;
I will entreat him too, not for my selfe
(Age bows my body to embrace pale death)
But that you yet may shunne this wrackfull shelfe,
Whose youth and beauty worthy are of breath.

Act 3. Scene 2.

Alexander. Sisigambis. Statira Regina. Hephestion.

Alexander. Rise Mother, rise, and calme those needlesse cares,
I come to cure, not to procure your woe ;
The duty which I owe those silver haires,
Doth grieve my minde to see you humbled so.
Sis. Most gracious Prince, forgive me if I err'd
In taking him for you, who stands you by.
Alex. I finde no fault to see my friend preferr'd,
Even to my selfe ; this is another I.
Sis. My sorrows so confounded have my minde
That scarce I know my selfe, another lesse ;

781 I. may eschewe 782 I. merite yet to breath

For Victours rage, when as the vanquish'd bostes.
I will entreat him to, not for my selfe
(Mine olde-age is become to death a debter)
But that you may eschewe this wrackfull shelfe,
Whose flowre not faded yet deserueth better.
Stat. Reg. No, if you needs will sue, sue for my graue :
I will not be indebted to him liuing :
I rather death should once the maistrie haue,
Then I should die so oft with death still striuing.

Actus tertius. Scen. 2.

Alexander. Sisigambis. Statira Regina. Hephestion.

Alex. Rise mother, rise, remoue those causles feares :
I come t'appease, not to procure your woe :
The honour which I owe those aged heares
Permits me not to see you prostrate so.
Sis. Most gracious Prince, forgiue me if I er'd,
In taking him for you, that standeth by.
Alex. I finde no fault to see my friend prefer'd
Euen to my selfe : this is another I.
Sis. My sorrowes so confounded haue my minde,
That scarce I knowe my selfe, much lesse another :

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My soule in such an agony I finde,
As words, nor teares, nor grones cannot expresse.
Alex. I pray you mother set those plaints apart,
They vex me more then sterne *Bellona's* broils.
Sis. This tender name of Mother wounds my heart,
Whil'st nam'd by him, who of that name me spoils :
I was (woe that I was) a Mother late
Of two faire Sonnes (faire Sunnes) lights of my life,
But one is dead, and in a worse estate,
The other lives, involv'd in woe, and strife ;
Like to the trunke of some disbranched tree
Which *Æolus* hath to confusion brought,
Since spoil'd of those brave Impes which sprung from me
Unprofitable stock, I serve for nought.
Stat. Reg. I serve for nought, since serving him no more,
Who onely may my blasted hopes revive,
Loe (quite confounded) farre from what before,
Who him of me, me of my selfe deprive.
I live without my halfe, without my whole,
Prodigious Monster, whom the world admires,

794 I. As to the Earth a Mountaine did me presse

My soule in such an agonie I finde,
As if some mightie mountaine did me smoother.
Alex. I pray you mother set those plaints apart :
They vexe me more than sterne *Bellonaes* broiles.
Sis. This tender name of mother wounds my hart,
Pronounc'd by him who of that name me spoiles.
I was (woe that I was) a mother late
Of two faire sonnes, faire sunnes, lights of my life :
Now th'one is deade, and in a worse estate ;
And th'other liues involu'd in wo and strife.
Like th'auncient trunk of some dis-branched tree,
Which *Eols* rage hath to confusion brought,
Dis-arm'd of all those impes that sprung from me,
Vn-profitable stock I serue for nought.
Stat. Reg. I serue for nought, since him I cannot serue,
Whose sight may onlie my dead ioyes reuiue.
I with the famine of all comfort sterue,
Since I want him for whome I wish'd to liue.
I liue without my halfe, without my whole,
Prodigious monster, whome the world admires :

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I want the point, the pilot, and the pole
Which drew, addrest, and bounded my desires.
Toss'd by sad sighs in flouds of bitter teares,
I (save from ruine) look for no reliefe,
By what I feele still plagu'd, but worse with feares,
All comfort loath'd, my glory is my griefe :
My soule seemes to presage disastrous chances,
And warring with it selfe hath never peace,
My heart surcharg'd doth faint in deadly trances,
My eyes must grace the ground of my disgrace.
Hell hath assembled all her horrours here ;
Ah ! in the dungeons of this desp'rate brest,
As in the dark *Tartarian* groves, appeare
A thousand shadows to bereave my rest.
Alex. Faire Princesse, spare those passionate complaints,
Which may augment, but not amend your harmes ;
This voice which with your woe the world acquaints,
Doth move me more then all the *Persians* Armes.
Take courage (Madam) be afraid of none ;
That you may hope what help I can afford,
I sweare by *Ioves* inviolable Throne,

I want the point, the Pilote, and the Pole,
That drewe, addrest, and gouern'd my desires.
Nowe toss'd with stormes in th'Ocean of dispaire
By ruine onely I attend releefe,
Threatned aboue with pitchie cloudes of care,
Threatned belowe with swelling gulfes of greefe.
My soule seemes to presage disastrous chances,
And varying with her selfe hath neuer peace :
My hart opprest falles into deadlie trances :
My eyes must grace the ground of my disgrace.
Hell hath assembled all her horrours heer :
Ah, in the concaue of this cursed breast,
As in the darke Tartarian groues, appeer
A thousand shaddowes to bereaue my rest.
Alex. Faire Princesse, spare those passionate complaintes
Which may augment, but not amend your harmes :
This voice, which with your woe the world acquaints,
Doth moue me more, then all the *Persians* armes.
Madame, take courage, be affraide of none :
Ye may expect what helpe I can afforde :
I sweare by Ioves inviolable throne,

832 DE. You may

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And do protest by my Imperiall word ;
Though for a while barr'd from your royall seat,
You compass'd here with troups of strangers stand ;
Yet shall you still be us'd as fits your state,
And may (as earst in your owne Court) command.
Stat. Reg. Ah ! how can I command whil'st I am thrall ?
What can I have, who wanting one, want all ?
Alex. Though brave it seeme in some proud victors sight,
To plague their captives, and triumph in ill :
The larger grow the limits of my might,
The more I labour to restraine my will.
What can be fear'd by them whom I defend ?
Foes have not pow'r, and who with me remaine,
They dare not wrong, nor offer to offend
The least in ranke who doth attend your traine ;
If any would impugne what I appoint,
Or would in ambush for your honour lye,
Or discontent you but in any point,
As *Alexander* lives, that wretch shall dye.
Stat. Reg. O what an host of evils where ere I go

And doe protest by my imperiall worde,
That neither I, nor any wight shall wrong you.
Yea more then this, I lay my faith in paund,
Ye shall be honoured heere as doth belong you :
And, as it were, in your owne Court command.
Stat. Reg. Ah, how can I command, whilst I am thrall ?
What can I haue who wanting one want all ?
Alex. Though it seeme glorious in some victors sight
T'abuse their captiues, and triumph in ill :
The larger growe the confines of my might,
The more I striue for to restraine my will.
The sauegarde of my fauour shall extend
Not only twards you, but twards all your traine.
I shall haue care that who on me attend
From offering wrong to you, or yours refraine.
If any prease t'impugne what I appoint,
Or would in ambushe for your honour lie,
Or discontent you but in any point,
As *Alexander* liues, that wretch shall die.
Stat. Reg. O what a hoste of euils, where ere I goe,

843 DE. the limits

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Are still encroaching to o're-throw my state ?
Ah ! must I be beholding to my foe,
And owe him love, to whom my love owes hate ?
Should he help me who still his ruine plyes ?
Heavens curse my heart, if stain'd with treason thus,
Let death in darknesse first entombe mine eyes,
Ere such a sight accepted be by us.
I (Lord) am thine, and thine I will remaine,
Thy love was planted in a fertile field,
Which gratefull now thee to reward againe
From flourish'd faith chast flames for fruits doth yeeld,
Yet doth misfortune this good fortune bring,
My constancy shall now be clearly knowne ;
Another might have lov'd an happie King :
But I will love thee, though thou be o're-throwne.
Alex. I labour much to comfort in some measure
This grieved Queene, that was a Monarch's choice,
Whose woe doth make my victory no pleasure,
For whil'st she mournes, I cannot well rejoyce.
Sis. Most mighty King thou dost deserve indeed,

868 I. Which now growne great to guerdon thee again 870 I. This mourning Queene, and mitigate her paine 872 I. But hath ensowr'd the sweetnesse of my gaine

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Are still encroaching on my down-cast state ?
And must I be beholden to my foe,
Who doth deuide me from my royall mate ?
Should he helpe me who would extermine him ?
Curst be my hart, if it betray him thus.
Eternall shaddowes mot these eies first dim,
Ere such a sight be gratefull vnto vs.
I holde not of my self ; Lord, I am thine :
Thy loue was sow'ne not in a barren field,
But in a fertile ground : this hart of mine
To thee, my deere, no small increase doth yeelde.
Yet this good fortune doth mis-fortune bring ;
My constancie shall now be clearlie knowne :
Another might haue lou'd a happie King :
But I will loue thee though thou be o're-throwne.
Alex. Faine would I striue to comfort in some measure
This mourning Queene, and mitigate her paine ;
Whose woe doth make my victorie no pleasure,
But hath ensowr'd the sweetnesse of my gaine.
Sis. Most mightie King, thou do'st deserue indeede

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That (as for *Darius*) we should pray for thee,
Who do'st so much in clemency exceed,
That thou bewail'st our losse, no lesse then he ;
Not onely thou surmount'st all other Kings,
In glory rising from thy labours gone ;
And for those benefits which Fortune brings,
But in all vertues worthy of a Throne ;
Thou do'st vouchsafe on me (more then I crave)
The title of a Queene, and Mother still,
But I confesse my selfe thy humble slave,
Whose life hath now no limits but thy will :
The dreamed good, that Greatnesse gave, forgot,
My count'nance shall be free from clouds of cares,
And I'le allow of this my present lot,
As one who for my fate my force prepares ;
Yea, if this wofull woman here were free,
Who hath no heaven except her husbands face,
I could content my selfe (great Prince) to be
The meanest hand-mayd that attends your Grace.
Alex. As if your Sonnes, command all that is mine,
And I will seek to second your desire.

That, as for *Darius*, we should pray for thee,
Who doest so farre in clemencie exceede,
That thou bewailst our losse no lesse then he.
Thou hast not onely by thy worth surmounted
All other Kings in dignitie allone,
And benefites of Fortune most accounted,
But in all vertues worthie of a throne.
Thou do'st vouchsafe on me (more then I craue)
The title of a Queene, and mother still :
But I confesse my selfe thy humble slaue,
Whose life hath now no limites but thy will.
I haue all that imagin'd good forgote,
Which greatnesse gaue : I'le looke no more so sadlie :
But will allowe of this my present lot,
And beare the burthen of my bondage gladlie.
If that this wretched woman heere were free,
Who hath no heauen except her husbands face,
I could content my selfe (great Prince) to be
The meanest handmaide that attends your grace.
Alex. You may command me, as I were your Sonne,
Whose duteous loue shall proue no lesse entire.

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Sis. Heavens recompense this courtesie of thine,
Which in all ages thousands shall admire.
Alex. Those captiv'd Princesses have pierc'd my soul,
Which even amid'st our heaven, have found a hell.
Hep. His passions so what Stoick could controull,
Whom now to weep, their teares would not compell?
What age could earst such stately beauties show,
Which of perfection hold the highest place,
And borne to bring, though now they be brought low,
Do Beauty beautifie, give Griefe a grace?
Sir, such a victory hath not beene seene
As you have gain'd, since conquering (as appeares)
The largest kingdome, and the fairest Queene,
That *Asia* vaunted of, these many yeares.
Durst *Leda's*, or *Agenors* brood compare
With that sweet Queene, the honour of her kinde?
But as she is above all others faire,
As farre her daughters make her go behinde;
It seem'd at first that sorrow had beene sleeping,
Then whil'st those Virgins in their Grand-dames bosome,
With weeping beauty, and with beauteous weeping,

896 I. Vertue shall

Sis. Heauens recompence the court'sy thou hast done
Which all succeeding ages shall admire.
Alex. Those captiu'd Princesses haue pierc'd my soule,
Who eu'n amid'st our heauen haue found a hell.
Hep. What stoick brow his passions could controule,
As not to weepe, if he re-marked well
The teares of these faire Ladies causing wonder,
Who neede not challenge nature of her dutie;
But borne to bring, although they be brought vnder,
Giue greefe a grace for to apparrell beautie.
Sir, such a victorie hath not beene seene
As you haue gain'd, whose greatnesse well appeares;
The largest kingdome, and the fairest Queene,
That *Asia* vaunted of these many yeares.
Durst *Ledaes* or *Agenors* brood compare
With that sweete Queene, the honour of her kinde?
But as she is aboue all other faire,
As farre her daughters make her goe behinde.
It seem'd at first that sorrowe had beene sleeping
While as these Virgines in their Grand-dames bosome
With weeping beautie, and with beauteous weeping

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Did with a haile of pearle, blast Beauties blossome :
So large a pow'r, no Prince on Earth can have,
As hath Loves Empire in their face confin'd.
Alex. What, what, *Hephestion*, what doth thee deceive ?
Dare folly seeke to bragge so brave a minde ?
Dare *Cupid* enter in an armed Camp,
And them who *Mars* have match'd for sport appall ?
Must his soft seale even through hard metall stamp,
And make who conquer men, to women thrall ?
Hep. We dare resist (whil'st many a thousand dyes)
The steely tempests of a world of men,
But if from yvorie orbes two Sunnie eyes
Do charge the soule (I know not how) O then
A secret pow'r (compos'd of hopes and feares)
So charms the minde, that it strange thoughts conceives,
And straight the heart (quaff'd drunke by th'eyes and th'eares),
Doth staggring reele, and full of fancies raves.
Alex. But yet, in my conceit, I scorne all such,
And do disdaine to yeeld my selfe at all ;
Yea, in that sort to bow I loath so much,

Did with a haile of pearle blast beauties blossome.
So large a pow'r is to no Prince alotted,
As to loues Empire in their face confynd.
Alex. O howe is my *Hephestion* thus assotted ?
Dare follie seeke t'assault so braue a minde ?
Dare *Cupide* enter in an armed campe,
And *Mars* owne minions thus presume to danton ?
Must his soft seale steele-wearing stomacks stampe,
And make them tributaries to that wanton ?
Hep. We dare resist (whil'st many a thousand dyes)
Against th'invasion of a world of men :
Yet if in yvorie orbes two Sunnie eyes
Assault the soule at vn-awarres, O then
Some secrete sympathie, some vn-knowne motion
So charmes the minde, that vaine are all defences :
The hart drunk with the eyes contagious potion
Currupts the spirits and poisons all the senses.
Alex. But I in my conceat doe skorne all such
No, I resolue to be a thrall to none :
Yea, ere I but abas'd my self so much,

935 DE. abase

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Let rather *Mars* then *Cupid* make me fall:
Should I be bound with fraile affections chains,
As one oblivious of my former fame?
No, no, this purpose still my soule retaines,
To ballance nothing with a noble name;
O! what a great indignity is this?
To see a Conquerour to his lust a slave!
" Who would the title of true worth were his,
" Must vanquish vice, and no base thoughts conceive:
" The bravest Trophee ever man obtain'd
" Is that, which ov'r himselfe, himselfe hath gain'd.
Hep. I'm glad (my Soveraigne) that as you excell,
Not onely men, but *Mars* himselfe in armes,
That from your minde, you likewise may repell
The flatt'ring pow'r of loves alluring charmes;
That vertue rare, whose rayes shine in your words,
With generous ardour doth enflame my soule,
And o're my selfe to me such pow'r affords,
That some brave deeds must straight this course controule.

947 I. I ioy 950 I. The flattring pow'r of *Cithereas* charmes 952 I. Rests sonken in the center of my Soule 956 I. That straying thoughts I'le trauell to controule

---

I'le rather die ten thousand deathes in one.
Should I be bound with vile affections chaines,
As one oblivious of my former fame?
This resolution still my soule retaines,
To ballance nothing with a noble name.
O what a great indignitie is this
To see a Conquerour to his lust a slaue!
Who would the title of true worth were his
A minde surmounting euerie vice must haue.
The brauest trophee euer man obtain'd
Is that, which ou'r himselfe himself hath gain'd.
Hep. I ioy, my soueraigne, that as you excell
Not onely men, but *Mars* himselfe in armes:
So you by vertues might the power repell
Of beautie, loue, and *Cithereas* charmes.
Your vertue bright, whose rayes shine in your words
And thence to my harts center are reflected;
Now ouer my selfe such pow'r to me affordes,
That with fond loue I loth to be infected.

Exeunt.

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Act 3. Scene 3.

Bessus. Narbazanes.

Bessus. *Narbazanes*, now ere the time be gone,
Let us accomplish that which we intend,
And joyne our wit, our force, and all in one,
(Ere known begun) that it may quickly end :
You see th'occasion (if our course we keepe)
To raise rare fortunes, points us out the way,
Yea, blames our sluggishnesse that as a sleepe,
So great a purpose doe so long delay.
Loe, angry *Iove* our Princes part disproves :
For, Fortunes worst what ever he attempt
From following him, the peoples minde removes :
" Distresse is still attended by contempt,
A ground for so great hopes who ere did see,
As heavens so happily breed in our mind,
For, since our King confounded is to be,
We by his fall, a meanes to rise may finde.

964 I. For, the successe what euer 967 I. What bounds so large which should our thoughts confine 968 I. Whose hearts to hatch high Hopes, the Heauens entise 969 I. Our Kings confusion since they do designe 970 I. finde a meanes to rise

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Actus tertius. Scen. 3.

Bessus. Narbazanes.

Bes. Now since, *Narbazanes*, we are come hither,
Let vs accomplish what we haue intended :
And ioyne our wit, our force, and all together,
That it may be no sooner knowne then ended.
You see occasion calls vs, whil'st we sleepe,
And points vs out the way to be advanc'd ;
Yea blames our sluggishnesse that cannot keepe
The course of things which for our weale haue chanc'd.
The heauens abhorre our King, and striue t'vndo him :
Nothing doth prosper that he enterprises :
Some newe disaster daylie falles vnto him :
Some crosse o'erthwarts all things that he deuises.
In no strict limites shuld our thoughts be bounded,
Whome so great happinesse seemes to importune :
For since our King is like to be confounded,
Vpon his fall we both may builde our fortune.

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Nar. I will most willingly performe my part,
For, I the same exceedingly allow :
Deare wealth and honour, Idols of my heart,
If you I may enjoy, I care not how ;
Yet that this course may best be kept obscure,
Our care must seeme all for our Country bent ;
" When mask'd with zeale, crimes are reputed pure ;
" A shew of good doth vulgar mindes content :
" In dangerous plots where courage joynes with Art,
" Let slow advice, a quicke dispatch be us'd :
" What can (save successe) justifie our part,
" Who must command, or come to be accus'd ?
Bes. To *Alexander* one was sent of late,
To speake of peace, whose speech was spent in vaine,
So that (thus toss'd) most desp'rate is his state,
Who peace cannot obtaine, nor warre maintaine ;
To cleare his thoughts which many doubts doe sway,
He now craves each mans minde who squadrons leads ;
This for our purpose must prepare the way :
" Those who would compasse Kings, need crafty heads :

978 I. most willingly allow 978 I. Our thoughts 981 I. Nought (saue successe) can iustifie

---

Na. I shall not faill for to performe my part :
I of your words exceedinglie allowe :
Honour, and wealth are th'idoles of my hart,
Which if I may obtaine, I care not how.
And yet I would we had some faire pretence.
Our countries care must seeme our soules to comber :
This seeming zeale must shaddowe our offence :
For such a showe will satisfie a nomber.
Let us be well aduis'd, ere we resolue :
And then endevour t'execute it soone.
If we our selues once in this worke involue,
And then not finishe it, we are vndone.
Bes. He hath sent one to *Alexander* late
To speake of peace, but this he did in vaine :
And nowe involu'd in a despair'd estate,
Bar'd from accorde, he cannot warre sustaine.
His purpose is his Captaines to convene,
To aske of them some counsell for his saftie :
A time more fitte for vs could not haue bene.
Who minde to compasse Kings must needs be craftie.

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And that to gaine which we so much esteeme,
We can upon no meanes more safe conclude,
Then crooked counsels that doe upright seeme
To maske our selves, and others to delude ;
He must (advis'd by some) renounce a space
The shew of pow'r, and from affaires retire,
That for a fashion one may use his place,
Not as usurp'd, but at his owne desire :
So may he try if others can bring backe
That which his fortunes ebbe hath borne away,
Then he againe his Diadem shall take,
And (as before) the regall Scepter sway.
Nar. Well, then amongst our selves to flye debate,
Which such great actions oft-times under-mines,
I yeeld that you possesse the highest seat,
And will my faction frame for our designes.
Bes. All that is one, which of us two receive it,
Since every thing doth equally belong us,
I'le take it for the forme, 'tis one who have it,

[991] I. And to achieue that which we thinke to doe [992] I. A course more fit we by no meanes could finde [998] I. Then crooked counsell seeming vpright, to [994] I. Disguise our practises, and maske our minde [1009] I. forme, not that I craue it

---

For to atchieue that which we thinke to doe,
A vaile more fit we by no meanes could finde,
Then crooked seeming-vpright counsell to
Disguise our practises, and maske our minde.
We will aduise him to renounce a space
His state to some one, whome he may desire
But for the fashion to accept his place,
And as himselfe a certaine time impyre.
Whose better fortune may perchance bring back
That which his euer ebbing beares away :
Then he againe his Diademe shall take,
And as before the regall scepter sway.
Na. Well then amongst our selues, t'avoide debate
Which vndermines so many a mightie action.
I will preferre you to the Imperiall seate,
And to approue the same will frame my faction.
Bes. All that is one, which of vs two receaue it,
Since euery thing doth equallie belong vs :
I'le take it for the forme, not that I craue it,

[992] DE. A course more fit

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For we will part his kingdomes all among us.
But if he condescend to this we crave,
To judgements rash, which would at first seeme good,
Let him not thinke us two such fooles to leave,
That which so many else have bought with bloud ;
" Who once advanc'd, would willingly goe downe,
" And (prop'd with pow'r,) not love in state to stand ?
" This not the custome is to quite a Crowne,
" When one hath knowne how sweet it's to command ;
" This name of faith but to get credit fain'd,
" Is (weigh'd with kingdomes) lighter then a Crowne,
" And even in them whose thoughts are most restrain'd,
" A Scepters weight would presse all goodnesse down.
Nar. Yet of my thoughts some doubt new counsell claimes,
And with huge horrour aggravates disgrace :
The staine of treason still attends our names,
And with our errour burdens all our race ;
Our purpose must accomplish'd be with paine,
And we (though pompe a space appease our soules)
Shall finde afflictions to disturbe our raigne,

1022 I. all conscience 1023 I. doubt aduisement

For we will part his Empire all among vs.
But if he condiscend to this we craue,
Which at the first vnfolding would seeme good :
Let him not thinke vs two such fooles to leaue
That which so manie Monarcks buy with blood.
Who once aduanc'd would willingly goe downe,
And not loue in authoritie to stand ?
'Tis not the custome so to quite a Crowne,
When one hath know'n how sweet it's to command.
This name of faith but to get credite faind,
If it were ballanc'd with a kingdome, straight
In them whose consciences are most restrain'd
Would soone succumbe, a scepter hath such waight.
Na. Yet to betray our King we haue no reason :
When I muse on th'attempt it makes me sorrie :
Our name stain'd with this odious stile of treason
Shall leaue our successours more shame, then glorie.
We first must end all our designes with paine,
Then raigne with feare, and liue securelie neuer ;
As in a dreame a space with pompe remaine,

1022 DE. T'would

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And that to gaine which we so much esteeme,
We can upon no meanes more safe conclude,
Then crooked counsels that doe upright seeme
To maske our selves, and others to delude ;
He must (advis'd by some) renounce a space
The shew of pow'r, and from affaires retire,
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Bes. All that is one, which of us two receive it,
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His state to some one, whome he may desire
But for the fashion to accept his place,
And as himselfe a certaine time impyre.
Whose better fortune may perchance bring back
That which his euer ebbing beares away :
Then he againe his Diademe shall take,
And as before the regall scepter sway.
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Which vndermines so many a mightie action.
I will preferre you to the Imperiall seate,
And to approue the same will frame my faction.
Bes. All that is one, which of vs two receaue it,
Since euery thing doth equallie belong vs :
I'le take it for the forme, not that I craue it,

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But if he condescend to this we crave,
To judgements rash, which would at first seeme good,
Let him not thinke us two such fooles to leave,
That which so many else have bought with bloud ;
" Who once advanc'd, would willingly goe downe,
" And (prop'd with pow'r,) not love in state to stand ?
" This not the custome is to quite a Crowne,
" When one hath knowne how sweet it's to command ;
" This name of faith but to get credit fain'd,
" Is (weigh'd with kingdomes) lighter then a Crowne,
" And even in them whose thoughts are most restrain'd,
" A Scepters weight would presse all goodnesse down.
Nar. Yet of my thoughts some doubt new counsell claimes,
And with huge horrour aggravates disgrace :
The staine of treason still attends our names,
And with our errour burdens all our race ;
Our purpose must accomplish'd be with paine,
And we (though pompe a space appease our soules)
Shall finde afflictions to disturbe our raigne,

1022 I. all conscience 1023 I. doubt aduisement

For we will part his Empire all among vs.
But if he condiscend to this we craue,
Which at the first vnfolding would seeme good :
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That which so manie Monarcks buy with blood.
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And not loue in authoritie to stand ?
'Tis not the custome so to quite a Crowne,
When one hath know'n how sweet it's to command.
This name of faith but to get credite faind,
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In them whose consciences are most restrain'd
Would soone succumbe, a scepter hath such waight.
Na. Yet to betray our King we haue no reason :
When I muse on th'attempt it makes me sorrie :
Our name stain'd with this odious stile of treason
Shall leaue our successours more shame, then glorie.
We first must end all our designes with paine,
Then raigne with feare, and liue securelie neuer ;
As in a dreame a space with pompe remaine,

1022 DE. T'would

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And be when dead, defam'd by famous scroules,
The sacred title of a Soveraigne King
Doth worke a terrour more then can be thought,
And Majestie to brave my minde doth bring,
Whose count'nance only strange effects hath wrought.
Bes. To idle sounds and frivolous reports,
Give straight a pasport, for they last not long,
And what thou do'st alledge, not much imports :
" A Crowne may cover any kinde of wrong ;
" What hainous thing so odious is by nature,
" Which for a Kingdome not committed is ?
" To be a King, let me be call'd a traitour,
" Faith (if for ought) may broken be for this.
" Those are but feeble braines which fancies loade,
" With timorous dreams which bare surmising brings ;
" Who feare vaine shadowes, must not walke abroad,
" Too warie wits dare never worke great things.
If our brave project happily succeed,
(As now I doubt not but it shall doe soone)
We straight will numbers finde to praise our deed,
And sooth us up in all that we have done.

1033 I. Doth strike a terrour in my troubled thought 1036 I. Giue thou a

---

Then die disgrac'd, and infamous for euer.
The sacred title of a Soueraigne King
Doth strike a terrour in my troubled thought,
And maiestie, t'amaze my minde, doth bring,
Whose aspect onlie hath great wonders wrought.
Bes. To idle sounds, and frivolous reports
Giue thou a pas-porte, for they last not long :
And all that thou alledgest nought imports.
A Crowne may couer any kinde of wrong.
What hainous thing so odious is by nature,
That for a Kingdome hath not beene committed :
To be a King let me be cal'd a traitour ;
Faith, if for ought, for this may be omitted.
Those are but feeble braines, which fancies lode
With timorous dreames, that bare surmising brings.
Who feare vaine shaddowes must not come abrode.
Too warie-wits dare neuer worke great things.
If our braue proiect happilie succeede,
(As nowe I doubt not but it shall do soone)
We straight will finde enough t'applaud our deede,
And sooth vs vp in all that we haue done.

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Nar. Now that the time and manner may be sure,
The Bactrian bands shall all attend in Armes,
Yet faine a cause that he may live secure,
And be surpris'd not looking for alarmes.
Then through the campe a rumour must be spread,
That hopelesse *Darius* hath despair'dly gone,
By violence to dwell amongst the dead,
Which (as much griev'd) we must appeare to mone :
The Persians may with promises be pleas'd,
So to disarme him of his native pow'rs,
Then taking him, our thoughts may all be eas'd,
For whil'st he is his owne, we are not ours ;
Till strong with titles, we with pow'r command,
His shadow shrouds, while rights are forc'd, or fain'd,
And his to daunt, or strangers to gaine-stand,
To raise our state, his shew must be maintain'd.
To *Alexander* after we will send,
And offer him his foe to bondage brought,
Then crave that us his favour may defend,
As those who all things for his good have wrought ;

1070 I. As those whose course all for his well is wrought

Na. To haue the time and manner then praefixt,
Command the *Bactrians* all themselues to arme,
And to attend till we aduertise next,
Prompt for all perils at the first alarme.
Then through the Campe a rumour we will spread,
That hopelesse *Darius* hath dispairdlie gone
With violence to dwell amongst the dead,
And seeme therefore excessiuelie to mone.
The *Persians* we with promises must feede,
So to disarme him of his natiue pow'rs :
Then we will apprehend himself with speede :
For whill that he is free nothing is ours.
That we may seeme to vse him with respect,
(As to the state of such a Prince pertaines :)
We will not this last ornament neglect ;
He shall be bound, but bound with golden chaines.
To *Alexander* after we will send,
And offer *Darius* in his hands t'appease him ;
Then craue his fauour, that he will defend
Vs as his friends, who haue done all to please him ;

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Then if we thus his grace cannot procure,
But that he us with rigour doe pursue,
With *Darius* death we will our states assure,
Then first our force, and next the warres renue.
Bes. Let us hence-forth for nothing be dismaid,
But strive our selves couragiously to beare.
This dangerous action would not be delay'd,
Least time make him to doubt, and us to feare.

Exeunt.

CHORUS.

Time, through Ioves *judgement just,*
Huge alterations brings:
Those are but fooles who trust
In transitory things,
Whose tailes beare mortall stings,
Which in the end will wound;
And let none thinke it strange,
Though all things earthly change:
In this inferiour round
What is from ruine free?

If his good-will we cannot thus procure,
And he vs with extremitie pursue;
With *Darius* death we will our states assure,
Then raise freshe forces, and the warres renue.
Bes. Let vs henceforth for nothing be dismaide,
But striue our selues courageouslie to beare:
This dangerous action would not be delai'd,
Least time worke his assurance, and our feare.

Exeunt.

CHORUS.

Tyme, through Ioves iudgement iust,
Huge alterations brings:
Those are but fooles that trust
In transitory things,
Whose tailes beare mortall stings,
Which in the end will wound.
And let none thinke it strange,
Though all things earthly change
In this inferiour rounde.
What is from ruine free?

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The Elements which be
At variance (as we see)
Each th'other doth confound:
The Earth and Ayre make warre,
The fire and water are
Still wrestling at debate,
All those through cold and heat,
Through drought and moisture jarre.
What wonder though men change and fade,
Who of those changing Elements are made?

How dare vaine worldlings vaunt
Of fortunes goods not lasting,
Evils which our wits enchant:
Expos'd to losse and wasting!
Loe, we to death are hasting,
Whil'st we those things discusse:
All things from their beginning,
Still to an end are running,
Heaven hath ordain'd it thus;
We heare how it doth thunder,

1091 I. Eache other doe confounde 1098 I. how heauen

The elementes which be
At variance (as we see)
Eache other doe confounde:
The earth and aire make warr:
The fire and water are
Still wrestling at debate:
All those through colde and heate,
Through drouth, and moisture iar:
No wonder though men change and fade,
Who of those changing elemẽts are made.

How dare vaine worldlings vaunt
Of fortunes goodes not lasting,
Euils that our wittes enchaunt,
Expos'd to losse and wasting.
Loe we to death are hasting,
Whilst we these things discusse.
All things from their beginning,
Vnto an end are running:
Heauen hath ordain'd it thus.
We heare how heauen doth thunder:

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We see th'earth burst asunder,
And yet we never ponder
What this imports to us:
Those fearefull signes doe prove,
That th'angry pow'rs above
Are mov'd to indignation
Against this wretched nation,
Which they no longer love:
What are we but a puffe of breath
Who live assur'd of nothing but of death?

Who was so happy yet
As never had some crosse?
Though on a Throne he sit,
And is not us'd with losse,
Yet fortune once will tosse
Him, when that least he would;
If one had all at once
Hydaspes *precious stones,*
And yellow Tagus *gold;*
The Orientall treasure,

We see earth burst a sunder;
And yet we neuer ponder,
What this importes to vs.
Those fearfull signes doe proue,
The angrie pow'rs aboue
Are mou'd to indignation
Against this wretched nation,
Which they no longer loue:
What ar we but a puffe of breath,
Who liue assur'd of nothing but of death?

Who was so happie yet,
As neuer had some crosse:
Though on a Throne he sit,
And is not vs'd with losse,
Yet fortune once will tosse
Him, when that least he would.
If one had all at ones
Hydaspes *pretious stones*
And yellow Tagus *golde,*
The Orientall treasure,

1113 DE. *That th'angry*

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And every earthly pleasure,
Even in the greatest measure,
It should not make him bold:
For while he lives secure,
His state is most unsure;
When it doth least appeare,
Some heavy plague drawes neare,
Destruction to procure.
Worlds glory is but like a flowre,
Which both is bloom'd, and blasted in an houre.

In what we most repose,
We finde our comfort light,
The thing we soonest lose
That's pretious in our sight;
For honour, riches, might,
Our lives in pawne we lay;
Yet all like flying shadowes,
Or flowers enamelling meadowes,
Doe vanish and decay.

1137 I. We may compare the worlds glory to a flowre 1144 I. in gadge 1146 I. enambling

---

And euerie earthly pleasure,
Euen in the greatest measure,
It should not make him bold.
For while he liues secure,
His state is most vnsure.
When it doth least appeere,
Some heauie plague drawes neere,
Destruction to procure.
We may compare th'earths glory to a flowre,
That flourisheth & fadeth in an houre.

In what we most repose
We find our comfort light:
The thing we soonest lose
Is precious in our sight.
For honour, riches, might
Our liues im-paund we lay:
Yet all like flying shaddowes,
Or flowres enambling medowes,
Euanishe and decay.

1142 DE. *That's pretious*

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Long time we toile to finde
Those Idols of the minde,
Which had, we cannot binde
To bide with us one day:
Then why should we presume
On treasures that consume,
Difficult to obtaine,
Difficult to retaine,
A dreame, a breath, a fume?
Which vexe them most, that them possesse,
Who starve with store, and famish with excesse.

Act 4. Scene 1

Darius. Tiriotes.

Tiriotes. Ah! must I poyson now my Princes eares,
With newes the worst that ever burden'd fame?
Had I as many tongues as I have teares,
All would not serve my sorrowes to proclaime.
Dar. Great signes of griefe I in thy face discerne,
And spare not to report this heavie crosse

Long time we toile to finde
Those idoles of the minde,
Which got we cannot binde
T'abide with vs one day.
Then why should we presume
On treasures that consume
Difficile to obtaine,
Difficile to retaine,
A dreame, a breath, a fume;
Which vexe them most who them possesse,
Who starue with store, and famishe with excesse.

Actus quartus. Scen. 1.

Darius. Tiriotes:

Tir. Ah, must I poison nowe my Princes eares
With the worst newes that euer burthē'd fame?
Had I as many tongues, as I haue teares,
All would not serue my sorrowes to proclame.
Dar. Great signes of greefe I in thy face discerne:
Spare not for to report this heauie crosse

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To one (I feare) whome it doth most concerne :
Is't death, disgrace, destruction, treason, losse ?
Tell on the summe of horrour at the first :
With no ambiguous words my paine prolong :
" A wretch for comfort craves to know the worst,
And I have learn'd to be unhappy long ;
What least I speake, and yet suspect too much,
Art thou the Trumpet to proclaime my scorne,
Which must wound me ? (but ah) no torment such
As this to her who that disgrace hath borne.
Tir. She was not wrong'd, as you have wrong conceiv'd ;
The Gods from harme did study to preserve her ;
She from your foe such favour hath receiv'd,
As from her Subjects who were bound to serve her ;
But what a volly doth my voyce prepare
Of woes to charge your eares ? woes full of dread,
Would God ere I my message can declare,
That I may dye in saying she is dead.
And was it not enough (poore wretch alas)
That I beheld her dye, and would have dy'd ?
But that I must (arm'd with sad tidings) passe

To one, I feare, whome it doth most concerne.
Is't of my honour, life, and ioy, the losse ?
Tell on the summe of horrour at the first :
With no ambiguous words my paine prolong :
'Tis comfort to a wretch to know the worst :
And I haue learn'd to be vnhappie long.
What least I speake, and yet suspect too much,
Is't some ludibrious message of my skorne,
Which must wound me ? but ah no torment such,
As this to them who that disgrace haue borne.
Tir. She was not wrong'd, as you haue mis-conceau'd.
The Gods haue had a care for to preserue her :
Such fauour of the victour she receau'd,
As of her subiects that were bound to serue her.
But what a vollie doth my voice prepare
Of woes to charge your eares, woes full of dread ?
Would God ere I the somme thereof declare,
That I might die in saying she is dead.
Curst caitiue, was it not ynough, allas,
That I beheld her die, and would haue died,
But that I must arm'd with sad tidings pas

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To wound all them who heare what I have spy'd ?
See how he stands (mov'd with those words of mine,)
As if by griefe arrested unto death.)
Dar. Yet doth the Sunne on my affliction shine,
And cleare the ayre though tainted by my breath.
And can I live, and looke them in the face,
Who have my o'rethrow (shamefull o'rethrow) seene ?
And how I vanquish'd, vanquish'd with disgrace,
Did lose at once my Kingdome and my Queene ?
Heaven bruise me all to powder with thy thunder,
That I no more may in the world remaine
The object of thy wrath, and fortunes wonder,
Spoil'd of all hope, yet kept for greater paine.
Ah, art thou dead ? and doe I live behinde thee ?
Thy faulty husband, think'st thou so to flye ?
If it be thus, then know I where to finde thee,
This onely grieves me that too late I dye.
O *Alexander*, what such hainous ill
Have I done thee, that thou requit'st me thus ?
Whom of thy friends or kindred did I kill ?

1187 I. stands dash'd

To wound all them that heare what I haue spyed ?
See how he fares shot with these words of mine,
And is become the pray of greefe, and death.
Dar. Yet doth the Sunne on my affliction shine,
And sees the aire infected with my breath.
And can I liue, and looke them in the face,
Who haue my ignominious o'rethrow seene ?
And how I vanquish'd, vanquish'd with disgrace
Engag'd at once my kingdome, and my Queene ?
Heauen bruse me all to powder with thy thunder,
That I no more may in the world remaine
The obiect of thy wrath, and Fortunes wonder ;
Spoil'd of all hope ; yet kept for greater paine.
Ah ! art thou dead, and doe I liue behind thee ?
Thy faultie husband thinkst thou so to flie ?
If it be thus, then I knowe where to finde thee.
This only greeues me that too late I die.
O *Alexander*, what such hainous ill
Haue I done thee, that thou requit'st me thus ?
Whome of thy freindes, or kindred did I kill ?

1188 DE. As one become 1192 DE. That haue

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This cruelty comes undeserv'd of us,
Though justly thou intended had this warre,
Mars from his rage made women alwaies free,
This tyranny shall all thy Trophees marre,
And still to thy reproch reported be.
Tir. Thus of that Prince, you without cause esteeme,
I know her death him grievously displeas'd,
A wondrous thing which few or none would deeme,
He wail'd it long, and could not be appeas'd.
Even as my Soveraigne now, then did he smart,
And when he came to calme your mothers griefe,
As acting not his owne, but even your part,
He seem'd to need, and not to give reliefe.
Dar. If any sparkes of that respect remaine,
Which much with thee should (duely weigh'd) import,
I pray thee (*Tiriotes*) now be plaine,
Or else strange torments shall the truth extort ;
I loath to let this question scape my mouth,
Which both I blush to crave, and long to know,
And can it be, that this transported youth

1220 I. Which should with reason moue thy minde to ruth 1222 I. torments shall exact the truth 1225 I. be so insolent a youth

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This crueltie comes vndeseru'd of vs.
Think that thou hadst iust causes to make warre :
Yet vpon women should thy wrath be wroken ?
This Tirannie shall all thy Triumphe marre,
And euer shall to thy reproach be spoken.
Tir. Sir, without cause ye guiltie him esteeme.
I know her death did grieuouslie displease him :
A wondrous thing, (which few, or none would deeme)
He tooke it so, that no thing could appease him.
Euen as my Soueraine now, so then he smarted ;
And when he come to ease your mothers grief,
As if that his owne mother had departed,
He seem'd to neede, not for to giue relief.
Dar. If any sponkes of that respect remaine,
Which should with reason moue thy minde to ruth,
I pray thee *Tiriotes* now be plaine,
Or els strang torments shall exact the truth :
I loth to let this question scape my mouth,
Which both I blushe to craue, and long to know,
Is't possible so insolent a youth

1216 DE. he came 1219 DE. If any sparkes

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Not urg'd to have that which I onely owe ?
Could this fierce Prince even in his flaming age,
Have such a beauty purchas'd by his toiles,
And yet not seeke (forc'd by affections rage)
Her honours ruine, and my pleasures spoiles ?
Speake frankely now, and tell what fatall shelfe
Hath crush'd my treasures Barke, and me defac'd :
The feare of ill is worse then ill it selfe,
" They twise doe dye, who dye, and dye disgrac'd.
Tir. Let not those love-bred feares abuse your thought ;
By all the world no fable I contrive ;
If partially I speake, or lye in ought,
Earth open wide, and swallow me alive :
He whom your grace so wrongfully suspects,
Hath not in any sort your Queene abus'd,
But as his sister still (in all respects)
As chastly and as honourably us'd ;
When angry *Iove* subverted had our state,
And view'd our thundred troupes disordered flight,
Light fortune then who flattered us of late,

1240 I. No, not in thought, hath once your

Did neuer tempt the treasure which I owe ?
Could this imperious Prince in flowre of age
Haue such a peerelesse beautie in his power,
And yet not seeke to quenche his ardent rage
With the destruction of her honours flowre ?
Spare not to tell vpon what deadlie shelfe
My ioye is perished, and I defac'd.
The feare of euil is worse then th'euill it selfe:
It's to die twice, to die, and die disgrac'd.
Tir. Let not those loue-bred feares abuse your thought:
By all the world no fable I contriue.
If I speake partiallie, or lie in ought,
Earth open vp, and swallowe me aliue.
He whome your Grace so wrongfullie suspects,
No, not in thought, hath once your Queene abus'd,
But as his sister still in all respects,
As chastlie, and as honourable vs'd.
When fortune first our warlike troupes had scattered,
And with great slaughter put them all to flight ;
We, whome she late so louinglie had flattered,

1232 DE. My ioye is perish'd quite, and I

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Did make our state a mirrour of her might,
For, having found a Crowne foil'd on the ground.
Dar. O endlesse shame which never can be cur'd !
Tir. We straight imagin'd that some cruell wound
Had kill'd our Lord, and wail'd it as assur'd.
Dar. Would God I then had dy'd, as I desir'd,
To have prevented those ensuing harmes,
Whil'st ere my honour and my hap expir'd,
A Crowne my head, a Queene enrich'd my armes.
Tir. But *Alexander* having heard our cryes,
Sent one to learne the cause that mov'd our woe ;
Who finding whence our errour did arise,
Gave full assurance that it was not so.
Then he himselfe did to our Tent resort,
And with the mildest words he could conceive,
Your Mother, Wife, and Children did exhort
Such terrours vaine (since but surmiz'd) to leave ;
And he protested that they should expect
No harme of him their courage to appall,
Then all things did with great regard direct,

1260 I. And with as courteous words as one could craue

Were made the patterns of that changelings might.
For hauing found a Crowne tred on the ground.
Dar. O lasting shame that cannot be recur'd.
Tir. We straight conceated that some cruell wound
Had kild my Lord, and wail'd it as assur'd.
Dar. Would God I then had died, as I desir'd,
To haue prevented those ensuing harmes,
Before my honour and my hap expir'd,
With Crowne on head, and with my Queene in armes.
Tir. But *Alexander* hauing heard our cryes
Sent one t'enquire th'occasion of our woe ;
Who finding whence our errour did arise,
Gaue full assurance that it was not so.
Then he himselfe vnto our tent resorted,
And with most courteous speaches full of loue
Your mother, wife, and children he exhorted
Such vaine surmized terrours to remoue.
With protestation that they should expect
No harme of him their courage to appale :
Each thing he did accordinglie direct,

1247 DE. troad 1249 DE. imagin'd

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That no man might endammage them at all.
Thus when they were against all dangers arm'd,
(I thinke, for feare (for who would not have fear'd ?)
Lest such rare graces might his minde have charm'd)
He never more before her face appear'd ;
Else generous vertue, jealous of each thing,
Which (tempting reason) senses might allure,
(What rare restraint in a victorious King)
He fled what fault, or scandall could procure.
He doth his fame above all things preferre,
And will not be where it may blemish finde,
Nor give his eyes commodity to erre,
Lest thoughts impure might strive to staine his minde,
He whil'st that she was sicke, did loath delight,
And (gravely griev'd) all pompe and pleasure left.
Dar. O hatefull heaven ! that with such hellish spight
The worlds chiefe treasure, Natures glory reft.
Tir. When he beheld deaths triumph in that face,
Which had triumph'd o're such a Monarchs heart,
With witness'd woe, even passionate a space,

1266 I. endomage

That no man might endomage them at all.
Thus hauing them against all dangers arm'd
(I thinke for feare, for who would not haue fear'd
Least such an Angels graces had him charm'd)
He neuer more before her face appear'd.
Or was it vertue that would flie the sting
Of trustlesse pleasures that abuse the sense ?
So continent a victour, and a King
Was neuer seene, He fled what caus'd offence.
He doth his fame aboue all things prefer,
And will not be where it may blemishe finde,
Nor giue his eyes commoditie to erre,
Nor suffer impure thoughts to staine his minde.
He stai'd whill that faire face had lost all vigour,
And with the coullours of pale death was painted.
Dar. Iniurious heauen that with such hellish rigour
The purest work that nature made hath tainted.
Tir. When he beheld death triumph in that face,
Which late had triumph'd ou'r a Monarcks hart,
He mon'd no lesse her miserable cace,

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The lookers on did much commend his part ;
And when some time his dolour had o'recome,
His funerall rites solemnly to decore,
He us'd such honour, as might well become
The Persian pompe in prosp'rous times before.
Dar. O pow'r supreame ! that of great states disposest,
And ratifi'st thy will with fearefull thunder,
Who as thou pleasest, placest, and deposest
Vncertaine worldlings, now above, now under :
I pray thy Deitie in my soules distresse,
If that th' inhabitants of heaven can heare
The plaints of them who this low point possesse,
Or that th'immortals can give mortals eare,
This favour last I onely doe require,
Establish first the Scepter in my hand ;
But if through my desert, or thy desire,
The race of *Cyrus* must no more command,
Since angry heaven so high a hate contracts,
That I must needs my Diadem foregoe,
Let him succeed, who proves in all his acts,
So milde a Victor, and so just a foe.

Then ye that loste in her your better part.
And when some dayes his dolour had ou'r-come,
Her funerals solemnelie to decore
He vs'd such honour, as might well become
The *Persian* pompe in prosperous times before.
Dar. O supreame pow'r that of Empires disposest.
And ratifiest thy will with fearfull thunder,
Who, as thou pleasest, placest, and de-posest
Vncertaine worldlings whiles aboue, whiles vnder,
I pray thy Deitie in my soules distresse,
If that th'inhabitants of heauen can heare
The plaints of those who this lowe point possesse,
Or that th'immortall can giue mortals eare,
Vouchsafe this my last sute for to fulfill :
Establishe first this scepter in my hand :
But if through my deseruing, or thy will
The race of *Cyrus* must no more command ;
And if thy heauenly breast such hate contracts,
That I must needes my Diademe forgoe :
Let him succeede who prooues in all his acts
So iust a Victour, and so mylde a foe.

1288 DE. Then you

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That no man might endammage them at all.
Thus when they were against all dangers arm'd,
(I thinke, for feare (for who would not have fear'd ?)
Lest such rare graces might his minde have charm'd)
He never more before her face appear'd ;
Else generous vertue, jealous of each thing,
Which (tempting reason) senses might allure,
(What rare restraint in a victorious King)
He fled what fault, or scandall could procure.
He doth his fame above all things preferre,
And will not be where it may blemish finde,
Nor give his eyes commodity to erre,
Lest thoughts impure might strive to staine his minde,
He whil'st that she was sicke, did loath delight,
And (gravely griev'd) all pompe and pleasure left.
Dar. O hatefull heaven ! that with such hellish spight
The worlds chiefe treasure, Natures glory reft.
Tir. When he beheld deaths triumph in that face,
Which had triumph'd o're such a Monarchs heart,
With witness'd woe, even passionate a space,

1266 I. endomage

That no man might endomage them at all.
Thus hauing them against all dangers arm'd
(I thinke for feare, for who would not haue fear'd
Least such an Angels graces had him charm'd)
He neuer more before her face appear'd.
Or was it vertue that would flie the sting
Of trustlesse pleasures that abuse the sense ?
So continent a victour, and a King
Was neuer seene, He fled what caus'd offence.
He doth his fame aboue all things prefer,
And will not be where it may blemishe finde,
Nor giue his eyes commoditie to erre,
Nor suffer impure thoughts to staine his minde.
He stai'd whill that faire face had lost all vigour,
And with the coullours of pale death was painted.
Dar. Iniurious heauen that with such hellish rigour
The purest work that nature made hath tainted.
Tir. When he beheld death triumph in that face,
Which late had triumph'd ou'r a Monarcks hart,
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The lookers on did much commend his part ;
And when some time his dolour had o'recome,
His funerall rites solemnly to decore,
He us'd such honour, as might well become
The Persian pompe in prosp'rous times before.
Dar. O pow'r supreame ! that of great states disposest,
And ratifi'st thy will with fearefull thunder,
Who as thou pleasest, placest, and deposest
Vncertaine worldlings, now above, now under :
I pray thy Deitie in my soules distresse,
If that th' inhabitants of heaven can heare
The plaints of them who this low point possesse,
Or that th'immortals can give mortals eare,
This favour last I onely doe require,
Establish first the Scepter in my hand ;
But if through my desert, or thy desire,
The race of *Cyrus* must no more command,
Since angry heaven so high a hate contracts,
That I must needs my Diadem foregoe,
Let him succeed, who proves in all his acts,
So milde a Victor, and so just a foe.

Then ye that loste in her your better part.
And when some dayes his dolour had ou'r-come,
Her funerals solemnelie to decore
He vs'd such honour, as might well become
The *Persian* pompe in prosperous times before.
Dar. O supreame pow'r that of Empires disposest.
And ratifiest thy will with fearfull thunder,
Who, as thou pleasest, placest, and de-posest
Vncertaine worldlings whiles aboue, whiles vnder,
I pray thy Deitie in my soules distresse,
If that th'inhabitants of heauen can heare
The plaints of those who this lowe point possesse,
Or that th'immortall can giue mortals eare,
Vouchsafe this my last sute for to fulfill :
Establishe first this scepter in my hand :
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The race of *Cyrus* must no more command ;
And if thy heauenly breast such hate contracts,
That I must needes my Diademe forgoe :
Let him succeede who prooues in all his acts
So iust a Victour, and so mylde a foe.

1286 DE. Then you

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That no man might endammage them at all.
Thus when they were against all dangers arm'd,
(I thinke, for feare (for who would not have fear'd ?)
Lest such rare graces might his minde have charm'd)
He never more before her face appear'd ;
Else generous vertue, jealous of each thing,
Which (tempting reason) senses might allure,
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He fled what fault, or scandall could procure.
He doth his fame above all things preferre,
And will not be where it may blemish finde,
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Lest thoughts impure might strive to staine his minde,
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Was neuer seene, He fled what caus'd offence.
He doth his fame aboue all things prefer,
And will not be where it may blemishe finde,
Nor giue his eyes commoditie to erre,
Nor suffer impure thoughts to staine his minde.
He stai'd whill that faire face had lost all vigour,
And with the coullours of pale death was painted.
Dar. Iniurious heauen that with such hellish rigour
The purest work that nature made hath tainted.
Tir. When he beheld death triumph in that face,
Which late had triumph'd ou'r a Monarcks hart,
He mon'd no lesse her miserable cace,

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The lookers on did much commend his part ;
And when some time his dolour had o'recome,
His funerall rites solemnly to decore,
He us'd such honour, as might well become
The Persian pompe in prosp'rous times before.
Dar. O pow'r supreame ! that of great states disposest,
And ratifi'st thy will with fearefull thunder,
Who as thou pleasest, placest, and deposest
Vncertaine worldlings, now above, now under :
I pray thy Deitie in my soules distresse,
If that th' inhabitants of heaven can heare
The plaints of them who this low point possesse,
Or that th'immortals can give mortals eare,
This favour last I onely doe require,
Establish first the Scepter in my hand ;
But if through my desert, or thy desire,
The race of *Cyrus* must no more command,
Since angry heaven so high a hate contracts,
That I must needs my Diadem foregoe,
Let him succeed, who proves in all his acts,
So milde a Victor, and so just a foe.

Then ye that loste in her your better part.
And when some dayes his dolour had ou'r-come,
Her funerals solemnelie to decore
He vs'd such honour, as might well become
The *Persian* pompe in prosperous times before.
Dar. O supreame pow'r that of Empires disposest.
And ratifiest thy will with fearfull thunder,
Who, as thou pleasest, placest, and de-posest
Vncertaine worldlings whiles aboue, whiles vnder,
I pray thy Deitie in my soules distresse,
If that th'inhabitants of heauen can heare
The plaints of those who this lowe point possesse,
Or that th'immortall can giue mortals eare,
Vouchsafe this my last sute for to fulfill :
Establishe first this scepter in my hand :
But if through my deseruing, or thy will
The race of *Cyrus* must no more command ;
And if thy heauenly breast such hate contracts,
That I must needes my Diademe forgoe :
Let him succeede who prooues in all his acts
So iust a Victour, and so mylde a foe.

1286 DE. Then you

Act 4. Scene 2.

Darius. Artabazus. Narbazanes. Patron. Bessus.

Darius. If joyn'd by fates with men of dastard mindes,
Who to a noble death, base life preferr'd,
I should not waste my words amongst the windes,
But labour would that time might be deferr'd ;
Though still resolv'd, your course confirmes me much,
Whom no disaster could divorce from me,
What man can doubt whom heavens doe backe by such,
When (bragg'd with bondage) fighting to be free ?
My courage swels to see you marching forth,
Whose force and faith, which all the world doth sing,
(Oft clear'd by proofe, though fortune envy worth)
Might serve to make, farre more to keepe a King.
He gives our rebels Townes, not mov'd by love :
" Each Prince (though using them,) all traitours hates.
But that their course to take, this might you move,
His turne once serv'd, so forfeiting your states.
Ye to my fortune have not had regard,

Actus quartus. Scen. 2.

Darius. Artabazus. Narbazanes. Patron. Bessus.

Dar. If Fortune had ioynd me with dastard mindes,
Who to a noble death base life prefer'd,
I should not harrengue heere vnto the windes,
But be content to haue my fate defer'd.
O, I repent I proou'd your worth too much,
Who still haue follow'd me in all estates.
I rather should, then doubt that you are such,
Prease to proue worthie of so valiant mates.
Ye onlie reft of all that I conducted,
Of whose great force and faith, which many sing,
I by two fights, and flights haue bene instructed :
Yet hauing you I thinke my selfe a King.
He hath plac'd traitours in my townes most ample,
Not that he honours them (he hates their humour)
But to seduce you to by their example,
Then bannish all for euery little rumour.
Ye haue not to my Fortune had regarde

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As of my peace, so partners of my warres,
Which, though that I might not, *Iove* would reward,
And all the world extoll you to the starres.
How long shall I a vagabond remaine,
And flye a stranger who my right would reave,
Since by one battell we may re-obtaine
All that we lost, or lose all that we have ?
Like some vile traitors, whom I will arraigne,
To hold me up, shall I goe cast me downe ?
Must *Darius* onely by entreaty raigne ?
No, none hath pow'r to give, or take my Crowne.
I shall not my authority survive,
Nor will I proffer a submissive breath,
My hand shall hold a Scepter while I live,
My head shall beare a Diadem till death ;
If those franke thoughts which doe possesse my soule,
Such flames of courage kindled have in you,
A Macedonian shall not us controule,
Nor with disdainefull smiles brag whil'st we bow :
My state may testifie fraile fortunes change,
May she not him o're-whelme, as well as mee ?

1331 I. Like those

But freelie-follow'd my euill fortun'd warres :
Which, though that I might not, *Ioue* will rewarde,
And all the world extoll you to the starres.
Howe long shall I a vagabond remaine,
And flie a stranger who my right would reaue ?
Since by one battell we may re-obtaine
All that we lost, or loose all that we haue.
Like those vile traitours, whome I will arraigne
To holde me vp, shall I goe cast me downe ?
Must *Darius* onlie by entreatie raigne ?
No, none hath pow'r to take, or giue my Crowne.
I shall not my authoritie sur-viue,
Nor will I proffer a submissiue breath :
My hand shall holde a scepter while I liue :
My heade shall beare a Diademe till death.
If those franke thoughts that doe possesse my soule,
Such flames of vertue kindled haue in you ;
A *Macedonian* neuer shall controule
Our noble actes, nor laugh to see vs bow.
My state may testifie fraile Fortunes change :
May she not him o're-whelme, as well as me ?

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At least our hands beare death, if not revenge,
" Brave mindes when no more rests may still dye free.
Now call your valorous ancestors to minde,
Who from the Grecians tribute still requir'd,
And of whose deeds rare monuments we finde,
Whose merits make their memories admir'd ;
Shall of your deeds, posterity be dumbe,
Which doth your fathers names (though dead) adore ?
I am resolv'd, my triumph, or my tombe,
A Laurell, or a Cypresse shall decore.
Art. What doubtfull silence thus your thoughts detaines ?
We need advise with nought but with our swords ;
He who the Persians wonted worth retaines,
Will answer now with deeds, and not with words.
Let us accompany our King in Armes,
Through bloudy squadrons to this fatall strife :
" No profit can be had without some harmes,
By slaughter onely we must looke for life ;
And when our host (as I hope) doth prevaile,
Our Country shall have peace, we praise of right ;
And if our fortune (not our courage) faile,

At least our hands beare death, if not revenge :
For who can stop a stout hart for to die ?
Thinke of your auncestors, I you exhort,
Who made the *Grecians* tributaries euer ;
And of whose wondrous actes men do report
Great things, the fame whereof shall perishe neuer.
Shall future ages in your praise be domb,
Whil'st they your Fathers memorie adore ?
I am resolu'd, my Triumphe, or my Tomb
A Laurell, or a Cipresse shall decore.
Art. What vain amazement doth disturb our spirits !
Let vs consult no further but goe to.
He, who the *Persians* worth inherites,
Will not rest long aduysing what to doe ?
Come let vs with our best attire and armes
Accompanie our King to this last strife :
Through bloody squadrons, and through hote alarmes
By slaughter onlie we must looke for life.
And when our host, as I hope shall preuaile,
Our countrie shall haue peace, we praise of right :
And if our Fortune, not our courage, faile,

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We dye with honour in our Soveraignes sight ;
Let us (if vanquished) scorne base breath to buy,
A noble death may greater glory give,
Doe to o're-come, and yet not feare to dye :
'Tis needfull that we fight, not that we live.
Nar. My words will first your Majestie displease,
Yet duty makes me speake where silence spilles ;
" The best Physitian cures a sharpe disease,
" With some sowre potion that corruption killes ;
" And skilfull Pilots when they feare a storme,
" To save the ship, will cast out pretious things,
You in some sort may imitate their forme,
For else a tempest totall ruine brings.
Since bent against the Gods, how can we speed ?
To all our actions, fortune is oppos'd,
We must of force some other way proceed,
So have the heavens of our affaires dispos'd :
Give (Sir,) the state, at least your titles place
On some more happy man, not in effect,
But with your shadow cloath him for a space,

1378 I. And spare a part since all in ballance hings 1382 I. Deare Syr, giue ou'r the state, at least the stile 1386 I. But cloth him with your shaddow for a while

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We die with honour in our Soueraignes sight.
Let vs, if vanquish'd, be asham'd to be.
A glorious death may greater honour giue.
Doe to o're-come, and yet not feare to die.
It's needefull that we fight, not that we liue.
Na. My words will first your Maiestie displease :
Yet dutie makes me speake where silence spilles :
The fine Phisician cures a sharpe disease
With some sowre potion that corruption killes.
The skilfull Pilote when he feares a storme,
To saue the ship will cast out precious things :
Yet I perswade you not in any forme
To further, but to stay what ruine brings.
We warre against the Gods, we cannot speede :
To all our actions Fortune is oppos'd.
We must of force some other way proceede :
So haue the heau'ns of our affaires dispos'd.
Deare Sir, giue ou'r the gouernment and stile
To some more happie man, not in effect ;
But cloth him with your shaddow for a while,

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Till he your Realmes from ruine may protect.
This storme once calm'd, that now disturbs your state,
And *Asia* free from any forraigne hoste,
He shall with haste resigne the Soveraigne seat.
These Kingdoms gain'd againe, which you have lost :
All *Bactria* yet abides at your command,
The Indians, loe, would dye to doe you good,
Yea, many thousand thousands armed stand,
Bent for your State to offer up their bloud ;
What ? should we rush like beasts to needlesse strife ?
Be well prepar'd, and then your fortune try,
" Brave mindes should death despise, not loathing life :
" For feare of danger cowards crave to die.
" But vertue first all hopes accounts doth cast,
" And of each meane to helpe maturely thinkes,
" Then, when all else is done, death is the last,
" The which to meet true courage never shrinkes.
Now for the time, let *Bactria* be our seate,
To *Bessus* for the forme your Crowne resigne,
Who, when he once hath re-advanc'd your state,

1394 I. for you well to sacrifize

Till he your Realmes halfe ruind re-erect.
When he hath calm'd this tempest nowe so hote,
And setled *Asia* with a good successe ;
He will your kingdomes lost with what he gote
Restore : appearance promises no lesse.
All *Bactria* yet abyds at your command :
The *Indians*, loe, would die to doe you good :
Yea many thousand thousands armed stand,
Bent for your pleasure to bestowe their blood.
What ? should we rush like beastes to needles strife ?
Be well prepar'd, and then pursue that stranger :
Braue mindes should death despise not lothing life.
Base cowards craue to die for feare of danger.
But vertue, to haue no support ou'r-past,
Will first on all meanes possible be thinking :
And when that all is proou'd, death is the last,
To which it is ynough to goe not shrinking.
Nowe for the time let *Bactria* be our seat,
To *Bessus* for the forme your Crowne resigne :
Who, when he once hath re-advanc'd your state,

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Shall with your foes o'rethrow his charge confine.
Dar. Wretch travell'st thou thy Soveraign to betray?
Such treason dar'st thou to our eares impart?
Such treason under trust? stay traitour stay,
My sword shall search what lurkes within thy heart.
Art. Sir, reyne your rage: this but new trouble breeds;
And weigh well what they are, what is the time;
It may be this from ignorance proceeds,
" In thought, and not in word, consists a crime;
Since that against your enemies you goe,
Be not severe in cens'ring Subjects parts,
But tolerate your owne, to grieve your foe,
Now must we strive to gaine, not lose mens hearts.
It by all meanes shall be exactly try'd,
How first his braine such fancies did embrace,
And if but simply, not puft up with pride,
He must be pardon'd, and restor'd to grace.
Dar. And of my Subjects I would rather have
Then one to punish, them to guerdon all.
Nar. If I have err'd, no pardon (Sir) I crave.

Shall quite all soueraigntie at the first signe.
Dar. Wretch, trauellest thou thy soueraigne to betray?
Such treason darest thou to our eares impart?
Such treason vnder trust? Stay traitour, stay.
Ile sheath my sworde euen in thy traiterous hart.
Art. Sir, ye must striue to haue this passion broken,
Consider what they are, what is the time:
It may be they through ignorance haue spoken:
In thought, and not in word, consists a crime.
Since to affront your enemie ye goe,
You must not sturre for euery little obiect:
But tollerate your owne, t'offend your foe.
For nowe it's time to loue not lose a subiect.
I shall get triall vpon what pretence
This ou'r-sight in aduise hath bene committed.
If through simplicitie, not for offence,
He must be pardon'd, and his speach remitted.
Dar. I wishe that it were so. I take no pleasure
To ruine them that would my fortune cherishe.
Na. Your Grace will grant me mercy in some measure.

1415 DE. you

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First heare, and if I faile, then let me fall ;
I call the Gods to testifie my part,
Who can (commenting thoughts) cleare truth afford,
If ever treason harbour'd in my heart,
Straight let me dye, not pittied, but abhorr'd ;
I counsell gave according to my skill,
It was my upright minde that made me bold,
And though my wit not answer'd to my will,
" Still zeale what it conceives, must needs unfold.
" We should be loth to speake in great affaires,
" Where words are damn'd, or ballanc'd by th'event :
" For, if things faile, the fault is still thought theirs,
" Who gave advice, though of a good intent,
Great Prince forget this not well grounded grudge :
Who dare be free if thus for words rejected ?
At least examine first before you judge,
I rather dye absolv'd, then live suspected.
Dar. Your fond opinion justly might be fear'd,
Which seem'd indeed sinistrously inclind ;
For, at the first your speech to me appear'd
The poyson'd birth of some malitious minde.

First heare, and if I faile, then let me perishe.
I call the Gods to witnesse of my cace,
Who can decipher euery secret thought :
If I intended treason twards your Grace,
Straight where I stand let me be turn'd to nought.
I counsel'd but according to my skill :
It was my vpright minde that made me bolde:
True my wit not answer'd to my will :
Yet zeale what it conceaues must needes vnfolde.
We should bewarre to speake in great affaires,
Where words are damn'd, or ballanc'd by th'euent.
For if things faile, the fault is still thought theirs
Who gaue th'aduise, though of a good intent.
I fall before your feete here for refuge :
Then let me not be without cause reiected :
At least, examine first before you iudge :
Ile rather die absolu'd, then liue suspected.
Dar. Your fond opinion first was to be feared,
Which seem'd indeede sinistrouslie inclind :
For at the first your speech to me appear'd
Th'envenom'd birth of some malitious minde.

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But your purgation now hath taken place,
And of your faith I will no further doubt,
But hold you in the same degree of grace,
That you enjoy'd, before those words chanc'd out.
I thinke that *Patron* lookes with speaking eyes,
As if his minde were mightily perplex'd,
Come, *Patron*, tell what in thy bosome lyes,
By which thou seem'st so wonderfully vex'd.
Pa. Sir, I would speake in private if I could,
That which affection fir'd with zeale affords,
" Let silence seale what friends with feare unfold,
Take you my thoughts, none else shall have my words :
Though onely bound by voluntary choice,
We follow you (all other hopes quite lost)
Your bodies shadowes, th'Ecchoes of your voyce,
As faithfull now as when you flourish'd most ;
For where you are, we must remaine with you,
Since both our lots are in one vessell throwne,
I wish our Tent were made your lodging now,
For, we will save your life, or lose our owne.

But since you purge you so, Ile not arraigne you,
Nor further call your loyaltie in doubt :
But in the same degree of grace retaine you,
That you were in before these words brake out.
I thinke that *Patron* lookes with speaking eies,
As if his minde were mightilie perplexed :
Come, *Patron*, tell what in thy bosome lyes,
Wherewith thou seemest so wonderfullie vexed.
Pa. Sir, I would speake in priuie, if I could,
That which th'affection of my soule affordes :
It must be seal'd with silence, and I would
That none were present to report my words.
Of fiftie thousand *Greekes* foure onlie rest,
Companions in all perils with your host :
Alike with you delighted and distrest :
As faithfull now, as when ye flourish'd most.
Where you remaine we must remaine with you:
All kinde of fortunes haue vs ioyn'd together.
Appoint our tents for your Pauilion nowe ;
And we will guarde you, if that ye come thither.

1462 DE. you

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We have abandon'd *Greece* our native soile,
And our retreat no *Bactria* now attends,
But those who us would of your person spoile,
Spoile us of all, whose all on you depends.
Would God all yours were bent to doe their due,
" Fame big by feare doth bring forth rumours rife ;
I grant it grosse, if that his owne were true,
To trust a stranger with a Monarchs life.
Dar. What sudden danger doth of late dismay you,
Such inconveniences that you fore-cast ?
Pa. Sir, *Bessus* and *Narbazanes* betray you,
This day to you or them will be the last :
They faine repentance onely for the forme,
Till every thing be for the fact prepar'd,
The clouds are gathering which do boast a storme,
And they ere night, minde to invade your guard.
Dar. I trust thy words, but yet I cannot wrong
Those who by nature love to me should beare,
Shall I leave them who follow'd me so long ?
Then they may thinke, I merit what I feare.
I will await on what the heavens will send,

We haue abandon'd *Greece*, our natiue soile :
We haue no *Bactria* to be our retreat :
Our hope is all in you : those that would spoile
Vs of your person ruine all our state.
Would God that all your armie did their due :
To vse moe words th'occasion is not fit.
I should not vrge you, if your owne were true,
Your custodie to strangers to commit.
Dar. What suddaine accident doth thus dismay you
That you such inconveniences forecast ?
Pa. Sir, *Bessus* and *Narbazanes* betray you :
This day to you, or them will be the last.
They faine repentance onlie to dissemble,
Till euery thing be for the fact prepar'd.
Their friends in haste doe all their force assemble,
And once ere night minde to invade your guarde.
Dar. I credite you : but yet I cannot wrong
My subiects so, to thinke of them the worst :
Shall I leaue them who follow'd me so long ?
So doing were I wretched and accurst.
I will awaite on what the heau'ns will offer,

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For, who can stand when fates his fall conspire,
And with mine owne, at least, least griev'd will end,
I live too long if they my death desire.
Bes. Take heed in time (Sir) to this subtile Greeke,
The Grecian faith to all the world is knowne,
I am enform'd he by all meanes doth seeke
To gratifie your foe, as borne his owne ;
" And marvell not, though mercenary men,
" Who sell themselves, sell all, this is not strange,
" They have no God but gold, nor house, how then
" Can they be constant, who doe live by change ?
Though this vaine man pre-occupy you thus,
And such as would themselves abuse your grace,
Faith shall be found untainted still in us,
When our accuser dare not shew his face.
Dar. Of *Alexander* those who hope for gaine,
By trait'rous meanes do but themselves deceive,
Since none in earth doth Traitors more disdaine,
Nor treason can in greater horrour have.
Bes. Well, Sir, you shall know shortly what we are,

For who can stand when fates his fall conspire ?
Among my owne I willinglie will suffer.
I liue too long if they my death desire.
Bes. Take heede, Sir, to this subtile-witted Greeke :
The *Graecian* faith to all the world is knowne.
I am enform'd he by all meanes doth seeke
To winne his grace who hath you ouer-throwne.
And maruell not though mercenarie men,
Who sell themselves, sell all : beleue them neuer.
They haue no God but golde, nor house : how then
Can they be constant that are changing euer ?
Although that he pre-occupie you thus,
And others who themselues abuse your Grace :
Faith shall be found inviolate in vs,
When our accuser dare not showe his face.
Dar. Who hope to haue of *Alexander* gaine,
Or honour to be false, they haue no reason :
No man in earth doth traitours more disdaine,
Nor more seuearlie will b' aveng'd on treason.
Bes. Well, Sir, ye shall see shortly what we are :

1489 DE. mine owne 1494 DE. who hath your state ouer-throwne 1496 DE. sell all, beleeue them neuer 1498 DE. constant that are changing euer

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I will go see your Ensignes all displai'd.
Dar. It better is since things are gone so farre,
Then seeme but to mistrust, to be betray'd.
Loe, *Artabazus* I have acted here
My part of greatnesse, and my glasse is runne,
Now *Patrons* speech doth evident appeare,
I see my end, yet can their course not shunne.
Art. The *Bactrians* onely have imbark'd in this,
Go to the *Greeks*, which if with courage done,
When once your danger manifested is,
The *Persians* all will follow after soone.
Dar. And what if I were gone to *Patrons* Tent,
And had the *Greeks* for guard as you desire ?
He hath but thousands foure which are well bent,
They thirty thousand who my fall conspire ;
And (doing this) I should their deed excuse,
In giving them a cause who have most might ;
They may indeed my lenity abuse,
But by my deed they shall pretend no right.
Art. O Prince to be bemoan'd, who can but weep
To see thee thus involv'd in such a state ?

I will goe see your Ensignes all displaied.
Dar. It's better now since things are gone so farre,
Then seeme for to mistrust, to be betraide.
Loe, *Artabazus*, I haue acted heere
My part of greatnesse, and my glasse is run.
Nowe *Patrons* speech doth euident appeere.
I see my end, yet can it no way shun.
Art. The *Bactrians* only medled haue with this.
Go to the *Graecians* campe, when that is done.
And when your danger once divulged is,
The *Persians* all will followe after sone.
Dar. And what if I were gone to *Patrons* Tent,
And guarded with the *Greekes* as ye desire :
He hath but thousands foure that are well bent ;
They thirtie thousand who my fall conspire.
And doing this I should their deede excuse,
In giuing them a motion who haue might.
They may indeede my lenitie abuse :
But by my deed they shall pretend no right.
Art. O deplorable Prince, who can but weepe
To see thee now reduc'd to this estate ?

1520 DE. you

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Dar. Retyre you all, and seek your selves to keep,
I here attend the issue of my fate.
Ye wonder that a wretch yet breathing stands,
To whom the heavens no comfort can impart :
Feare shall not make me fall by mine owne hands,
No, let another sinne though I must smart ;
None of you all have falsifi'd your truth,
But loyall still unto the end abide,
Now I you all disburthen of your oath,
Leave me alone, and for your selves provide.

Act 4. Scene 3.

Darius.

O stormy state of Kings, vaine Mortalls choice,
The glorious height whence greatnesse grones to fall !
Ah ! we (who courting fame, do hunt each voyce)
To seeme but Soveraigne must be slaves to all :
" Yet blowne like bladders, with Ambitions winde,
" On envy'd Scepters weakly we relye ;
" And (whil'st swoln fancies do betray the minde)

Dar. Retire you all, and seeke your selues to keepe :
I heere attend the issue of my fate.
I knowe ye wonder all howe I can stand,
Downe from the top of all contentment throwne,
And not die desperately by mine owne hand.
Ile die through others guilt, not through myne owne.
None of you all haue falsified your troath,
But with me loyall to th'end ye abyde,
Nowe I you all disburthen of your oath :
Leaue me alone, and for your selues prouyde.
Exeunt.

Actus quartus. Scen. 3.

Darius.

O Wretched Monarchie, vaine mortals choice,
The glorious step to a disgrace-full fall :
Our pow'r depends vpon the peoples voice,
And to seeme soueraigne needs we must serue all.
Yet blowne, like blathers, with ambitions winde,
On enuied scepters weaklie we relie :
And calling not our fraile estate to minde,

1596 DE. loyall still to

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" Not onely th'earth, but heavens themselves defie.
" Whil'st loftie thoughts tumultuous mindes do tosse,
" Which are puft up with popular applause,
" A state extended by our Neighbours losse,
" For further trouble but procures a cause ;
" If Fortunes dark ecclipse cloud glorious light,
" Then what avails that pomp which pride doth claim ?
" A meere illusion made to mock the sight,
" Whose best was but the shadow of a dreame ;
" Of glassie Scepters, let fraile greatnesse vaunt,
" Not Scepters, no, but reeds, which (rais'd up) break,
" And let eye-flatt'ring shows our wits enchaunt,
" All perish'd are, ere of their pomp men speak ;
" Those golden palaces, those gorgeous Halls,
" With furniture superfluously faire,
" Those stately Courts, those skie-encountring walls
" Do vanish all like vapours in the ayre.
" O ! what affliction jealous greatnesse beares,
" Which still must travell to hold others downe,
" Whil'st all our guards not guard us from our fears,

1556 I. which glancing breake

Not onlie earth, but heauens themselues defie.
This hellishe hag our restlesse minde doth tosse,
Whill carried with a popular applause,
T'enlarge our limites with our neighbours losse,
We of our owne confusions are the cause.
And when th'ecclipse comes of our glories light,
Then what auailles this glorie of our name :
A meere illusion made to mock the sight,
Whose best was but the shaddowe of a dreame ?
Let greatnesse of her glassie scepters vaunt ;
Not sceptours, no, but reedes, soone brus'd, sone brokē :
And let this worldlie pompe our wits enchant.
All fades, and scarcelie leaues behinde a token.
Those golden Pallaces, those gorgeous halles,
With fourniture superfluouslie faire :
Those statelie Courts, those sky-encountring walles
Evanishe all like vapours in the aire.
O what affliction iealous greatnesse beares,
That still must trauell to holde others downe ;
Whil'st all our guardes not guard vs from our feares ?

1552 DE. auailles th'adoring of our name

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" Such toile attends the glory of a Crowne ?
Where are they all who at my feet did bow,
Whil'st I was made the Idoll of so many ?
What joy had I not then ? what have I now ?
Of all once honour'd, and now scarce of any.
" Our painted pleasures but apparrell paine :
" We spend our nights in feare, our dayes in dangers,
" Balls toss'd by Starres, thrals bound to Fortunes raigne,
" Though known to all, yet to our selves but strangers,
" A golden Crowne doth cover leaden cares ;
" The Scepter cannot lull their thoughts asleep,
" Whose souls are drown'd with flouds of cold despaires,
" Of which base vulgars cannot sound the deep.
" The Bramble grows, although it be obscure,
" Whil'st loftie Cedars feele the blust'ring windes,
" And milde *Plebeian* souls may live secure,
" While mighty tempests tosse Imperiall mindes ;
" What are our dayes but dreames, our raigne a glance,
" Whil'st Fortunes feaver makes us rage and rave,
" Which with strange fits doth to a height advance,
" Till, ere paine us, we first our life must leave ?

So greevous is the burthen of a Crowne.
Where are they all who at my feete did bowe,
While I was made the idole of so many ?
What ioy had I not then ? what haue I nowe ?
Then honoured of all, nowe scarce of any.
Our painted pleasures but apparrell paine :
We spend our daies in dread, our liues in dangers,
Balles to the starres, and thralles to Fortunes raigne,
Knowne vnto all, yet to our selues but strangers.
A golden Crowne doth couer leaden cares :
The Scepter cannot lulle their thoughts a-sleepe,
Whose breastes are fraught with infinite dispaires,
Of which the vulgar wits sounds not the deepe.
The Bramble growes, although it be obscure ;
While mightie Cedars feele the blustering windes :
And milde Plebeian spirits may liue secure,
While mightie tempests tosse imperiall mindes.
What are our dayes, but dreames, our raignes but trances,
Whil'st brain-sicke reauing with our Fortunes feuer,
We are still vext with changes and mischances,
Till death vs both from life and scepter seuer ?

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" For glist'ring greatnesse by Ambition lov'd,
" I was the wonder of all gazing eyes,
" But free from shadows (reall essence prov'd)
" States just proportion ruine onely tryes.
Loe, charg'd with chains which (though they be of gold)
My states distresse diminish not the more,
When this prepost'rous honour I behold,
It but upbraids me what I was before,
And what was I before (as now I see)
(Though what afflicted was not clearly knowne)
But still in fetters, whilst appearing free,
And in a labyrinth of labours throwne.
Was I not forc'd to serve a thousand humours,
To scape the censure of a Criticke storie,
Still clog'd with cares, enrag'd with many rumours ;
O glorious bondage, and ô burd'nous glory !
That dignity which deifi'd me late,
And made the world doe homage to my name,
Doth not oppose that which pursues my state,
But by my fall gives feathers unto fame ;
My best was but a momentary blisse,

The vanitie of greatnesse I haue proou'd,
And bene the wonder of each gazing eie :
Nowe that deceauing shaddowe is remoou'd ;
And I my wretched state too late espie.
Nowe bound with chaines (which though they be of golde,
Diminishe not my thraldome ought the more)
When this preposterous honour I beholde,
It but vpbraides me what I was before.
And what was I before (though to each eie
The forme of my affliction was not knowne)
But fettred in effect, while I seem'd free,
And in a labyrinth of labours throwne ?
Was I not bound to serue then all mens humour,
Or to be censur'd with some Critick storie ;
Still clog'd with cares, afflought for euery rumour.
O glorious bondage, burthen-able glorie.
That dignitie which deified me late,
And made the world doe homage to my name,
Now cannot succour my accursed state,
But hath with my mis-fortune fethered fame.
My best was but a momentarie blis,

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Which leaves behind this ever-lasting sting,
That of all woes no woe is like to this,
To thinke I was, and am not now a king.
No man with me in all th'accomplish'd joyes
That satisfie the soule, could once compare ;
No man may match me now in sad annoyes,
Or any crosse which can provoke despaire.
Thrice fortune did my gallant troups entrap,
And I to fall did desperately stand,
Yet could not be so happy in mishap,
As to have di'd by some renowned hand ;
But for my greater griefe, disgrace, and scorne
(The mindes of men so apt are to deceave)
They whom aloft my favours wings had borne,
Even they have made their Master thus a slave.
Ah ! did not death in prison from me reave,
The sacred Soveraigne of my soules desires ?
And I (wretch'd I) not present to receave,
The last cold kisse that should have quench'd my fires ?
Yet, ô thrice happie thou, who hast not liv'd

1614 I. Nor in no crosse which can procure despaire

Which leaues behinde this euerlasting sting,
That of all wo no wo is like to this,
To thinke I was, and am not now a King.
No man with me in all accomplish'd ioyes,
That satisfie the soule, could once compare :
No man may matche me now in sad annoyes,
And all the miseries that breede dispaire.
Thrice Fortune did my gallant troupes entrap,
And I to fall did desperatelie stand ;
Yet could not be so happie in mishap,
As to haue died by some renowned hand.
But for my greater griefe, disgrace, and skorne,
(The mindes of men so apt are to deceaue)
They whome aloft my favours wings haue borne,
Ev'n they made me their maister thus a slaue.
Ah, did not death in prison from me reaue
The sacred soueraigne of my soules desires,
I wretche not being present to receaue
The last cold kisse that might asswage my fires ?
Yet ô thrice happie thou, that hast not liu'd

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To beare a burden of this great disgrace !
More then a thousand deaths this had thee grievd,
To know I di'd, and di'd in such a case.
Ah ! doe the pledges of our mutuall love,
(The onely comfort that the fates have left)
Rest prison'd yet ? and may I not remove
My mother thence, as of all power quite reft ?
My paines are more then with my pleasures even,
Since first my head was burden'd with a Crowne ;
Was I exalted once up to the Heaven,
That to the Center *Iove* might throw me downe ?
My ample Empire, and my Princely birth,
My great magnificence, and vaine excesse,
All cannot yeeld my minde one minutes mirth,
To ease me now in this my great distresse.
Loe here reduc'd vnto the worst of ills,
Past helpe, past hope, and onely great in griefe,
Two abject vassals make me waite their willes,
Not looking, no, nor wishing for reliefe.
If that my honour had beene first repair'd,
Then what though death had this fraile fortresse wonne ?

To beare a burthen of this great disgrace.
More then a thousand deathes this had thee grieu'd,
To knowe I died, and died in such a cace.
Ah, doe the pledges of our mutuall loue
(The onlie comfort that the fates haue left me)
Rest prison'd yet ? And may I not remoue
My mother thence ? then is all blisse bereft me.
My paines are more then with my pleasures ev'n,
Since first I in authoritie did enter.
Was I exalted once vp to the heau'n,
To be cast head-long downe to mischiefes center?
My ample Empire, and my Princelie birth,
My great magnificence, and vaine excesse,
All cannot yeelde my minde one minutes mirth,
To ease me nowe in this extreame distresse.
Loe heere, reduc'd vnto the worst of illes,
Past helpe, past hope, and only great in grief,
I wait vpon two abiect vassals willes,
And dare not, no, not thinke vpon reliefe.
Death would I scorne (my course must once haue run)
If I had first repair'd my honours breach

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I waile my life (since for disgrace prepar'd)
Not that it ends, but that it was begunne :
What fatall conflict can my count'nance marre,
Though me to bragge, death all his horrours bring ?
I never shall wrong Majestie so farre,
As ought to doe that not becomes a king.

CHORUS.

Some new disaster daylie doth fore-show
Our comming ruine : wee have seene our best :
For, fortune bent us wholy to o'rethrow,
Throwes downe our king from her wheeles height so low,
That by no meanes his state can be redrest :
For, since by armes his pow'r hath beene represt,
Both friends and servants leave him all alone ;
Few have compassion of his state distrest,
To him themselves a number false doth show ;
So foes and faithlesse friends conspir'd in one,
Fraile fortune and the fates with them agree :
" *All runne with Hatchets on a falling tree.*

Whose wounds so thrill my soule, as vnbegun
The life I wishe that does my fame impeach.
This mortall vaile I willinglie resigne,
Since to an ende my dayes the destinies bring :
Nor will I so from Maiestie decline,
As to do ought vn-worthie of a King.
Exit.

CHORUS.

Some newe disaster daylie doth forshowe
Our future ruine : We haue seene our best.
Nowe fortune bent vs vtterly t'ore-throwe
Throwes down our King from top of wheele so lowe,
As by no meanes his state can be redrest.
And since his foes by armes haue him opprest,
His friendes, and servants leaue him all alone.
Fewe haue compassion of his state distrest :
Yea, false to him themselues doe many showe.
So foes and fained friendes conspire in one ;
Fraile Fortune, and the fates with them aggree.
With axes all runne on this falling tree.

1656 DE. Our comming ruine

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This Prince in prosp'rous state hath flourish'd long,
And never dream'd of ill, did thinke farre lesse,
But was well follow'd whilst his state was strong ;
Him flattering Syrens *with a charming song*
Striv'd to exalt, then whilst he did possesse
This earthly drosse, that with a vaine excesse
He might reward their mercenarie love ;
But now when fortune drives him to distresse,
His favourites whom he remain'd among,
They straight with her (as hers) their faith remove ;
And who for gaine to follow him were wont,
They after gaine by his destruction hunt.

" O more then happie ten times were that king,
" Who were vnhappie but a little space,
" So that it did not utter ruine bring,
" But made him prove (a profitable thing)
" Who of his traine did best deserve his grace ;
" Then could, and would of those the best embrace ;
" Such vulturs fled as follow but for prey,

This Prince in prosperous state hath flourish'd long,
And neuer dream'd of any euill successe,
But was well follow'd whill his state was strong :
Him flattering Syrens with a charming song
Striu'd to exalt : while-as he did possesse
This earthly drosse, that with a vaine excesse
He might rewarde their mercenarie loue.
But nowe disaster dryues him to distresse,
His fauorites whome he remain'd among,
With foes and fortune straight their faith remoue.
And who for gaine to followe him were wont,
They after gaine by his destruction hunt.

O more then happie ten times were that king,
Who were vnhappie but a little space,
So that it did no vtter ruine bring,
But make him proue (a profitable thing)
Who of his traine, did best deserue his grace ;
Then could, and would of those the best imbrace,
And flie such vultures as deuour him liuing ;

1674 DE. But now when fortune driues him

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" That faithfull Servants might possesse their place.
" All gallant minds it must with anguish sting,
" Whilst wanting meanes their vertue to display ;
" This is the griefe which bursts a generous heart ;
" When favour comes by chance, not by desart.

Those minions oft to whom kings doe extend
Above their worth, immoderate good-will,
(The buttes of common hate oft hit in end)
In prosp'rous times they onely doe depend,
Not upon them, but on their fortune still,
Which if it change, they change, then though they fill
Their hopes with honour, and their chests with Coyne ;
Yet if they fall, or their affaires goe ill,
Those whom they rais'd will not with them descend,
But with the side most stronge all straight doe joyne,
And doe forget all what was given before,
When once of them they can expect no more.

The truth hereof in end this strange event,
In Bessus *and* Narbazanes *hath prov'd,*

1688 I. When wanting meanes their vertue to bewray 1701 I. all what they gaue before

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That these whome he found faithfull might haue place.
O howe this doth a generous stomack sting,
To see some grac'd for craft and lies contryuing?
This is the grief that brusts an honest hart ;
Lordes fauour commes by chance, not by desart.

Those Minions to whome Princes do extend,
Aboue their worth, immoderate good-will,
To the disgrace of good men, shewe in end
They onely in prosperitie depend
Not vpon them, but on their Fortune still.
Which if it change, they change : then though they fill
Their hopes with honour, and their chests with coyne,
Yet if they fall, or their affaires goe ill
Those whome they rais'd, will not with them descend,
But with th'ascending Sunne will straight way ioyne.
And doe forget all that they gaue before,
For that of them they can expect no more.

The truth heereof nowe hath th'euent
In Bessus, *and* Narbazanes *approoued :*

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On whom their Prince so prodigally spent
Affection, Honour, Titles, Treasure, Rent,
And all that might an honest minde have mov'd
So bountyfull a Prince still to have lov'd,
Who so benignely tendred had their state ;
Yet Traitours vile (all due respects remov'd)
They him to strike the strength he gave have bent,
Soe as he now may rue, although too late,
That slie Camelions changing thus their hue,
To servants were preferr'd, who still were true.

But though those Traitours for a space doe speed,
No doubt the Heavens once vengeance will exact ;
The very horrour of this hainous deed,
Doth make the hearts of honest men to bleed :
Yea, even the wicked hate this barbarous act :
The Heavens no higher choler can contract,
Then for the forcing of a sacred king,
Whose state (if rage doe not their mindes distract)
Must feare and reverence in inferiours breed,
To whom from him all what is theirs doth spring ;

On whome their Prince so prodigallie spent
Affection, honour, titles, treasure, rent,
And all that might each honest mind haue mooued
So bountifull a Prince for to haue loued,
Who so beninglie tendred their estate.
Yet they to him vyle traitours nowe haue proued :
By them he is in-chain'd, disgrac'd, and shent ;
So as he well may rue, although too late,
That he such slie Cameleons changing hew
Prefer'd to seruants dutifull and trew.

But though a while those traitours speede,
No doubt the heau'ns once vengeance will exact :
The very horrour of this haynous deede
Doth make the harts of honest men to bleede :
Yea, euen the wicked hate this barbarous act :
The heauens no hier choller can contract,
Then for th'invasion of a sacred King :
Who, as it were, out of the starres extract,
Should feare and reverence in inferiours breede,
To whome from him both health and wealth doth spring.

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But though on th'earth men should neglect this wrong,
Heavens will those Traitours plague ere it be long.

Act 5. Scene 1.

Hephestion. Alexander. Polystratus.

Hephestion. What Story or what fable can record
Of such a numb'rous troupe so strangely lost?
I know they quak'd to know it was my lord,
Whose name alone is worth anothers hoste:
It scarse can trusted be in many parts;
" But Traitours feare, though all the world them backe,
They were but bodies destitute of hearts:
Moe prisoners they were then men to take.
Who would believe so few durst strive to meete
So great an Army, and the Army shrinkes?
" But Glories flattery, and fames sounds are sweet:
" True valour dare attempt all that it thinkes.
Alex. In this encounter to have had the best,
It would content more then a common minde;

1725 *But though on earth men should neglect this wrong,*
Heauens will those traitours plague ere it be long.

Actus quintus. Scen. 1.

Hephestion. Alexander. Polistratus.

He. What storie or what fable can recorde
Of such a nombrous troupe so strangelie lost?
I knowe they quak'd to knowe it was my Lord,
Whose name alone is worth anothers host.
It scarce seemes credible in many parts:
But traitours feare thogh all the world would back thē.
They were but bodies destitute of harts:
Moe prisoners they were, then men to take them.
Who would beleeue so fewe durst striue to finde
So great an armie, and the armie shrinke?
What is impossible to a braue minde?
True valour dare attempt what it can thinke.
Alex. In this encounter to haue had the best
It would content more then a common thought:

1738 DE. all that it can

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But since we want the chiefe, what of the rest?
I must in all a satisfaction finde;
Those Traitours thought to finish thus the warre,
By giving me their Lord whom they have bound,
But I who march with confidence so farre
Doe scorne to build upon so base a ground;
To venge my wrongs dare others then designe?
Since *Darius* was ordain'd my prey to be,
How durst they but have aim'd at ought of mine?
His o'rethrowes glory did belong to mee.
Whilst in himselfe he onely did confide,
I by all meanes did strive to make him bow,
But since his hard estate abates that pride,
My fury turn'd is to compassion now;
Though he contemn'd me oft, and did me wrong,
Yet am I griev'd that he was thus deceav'd,
If but acknowledg'd once to be more strong,
I not his blood, nor yet his kingdome crav'd;
And if those Traitours have not kill'd him straight,
Yet his delivery shall my name renowne,
I would not lose a Subject of such weight,

But since we want the chief, what of the rest?
I would be satisfied in all, or nought.
Those traitours thought to finishe all the warre
With giuing me their Lord, whome they had bound:
But I distrust not mine owne force so farre,
As for to builde vpon so basse a ground.
Although indeede that *Darius* did me wrong,
I will not suffer others to oppresse him.
I keepe him for my selfe: he doth belong
To me alone: none other should distresse him.
While he did onlie in him selfe confide,
I labour'd by all meanes to make him bowe:
But since his hard estate abates that pride,
Turn'd is my furie to compassion nowe.
Although he oft contemn'd me by his letter,
Yet I am greeu'd to see him so deceau'd.
If he had but acknowledg'd me his better,
'Twas not his blood, nor kingdome that I crau'd.
And if those traitours haue not kild him straight,
Yet his deliuerie shall my name renoune:
I would not lose a subiect of such waight,

1743 DE. t' haue finish'd

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By which my clemency might be made knowne.
Pol. Sir, now your comming cannot doe him good.
Alex. What? all are fled, none have my force withstood?
Pol. Yet can not *Darius* be redeem'd againe.
Alex. Why, have they set him free, or is he slaine?
Pol. Now he enjoyes a libertie at last;
But ransom'd is by offering up his breath.
Alex. Then is all *Asias* expectation past?
Tell on at length the manner of his death.
Pol. The boiling ardor of the rising Sunne
(All moisture gone) did breede so great a drouth,
That from the way I had a little runne,
To finde some fountaine to refresh my mouth;
There, by the borders of a rysing brooke,
Which shadow'd was from *Titans* rysing beames,
From liquid crystalls I a tribute tooke,
Which seem'd to murmure, that I forc'd their streames:
When (loe) I saw (a lamentable sight)
Two wounded horses draw a bloody Coach,

1776 I. rageing beames

By which my clemencie might be made knowne:
Pol. Sir, now your comming cannot doe him good.
Alex. What are all fled? haue none my force withstood?
Pol. Yet *Darius* cannot be redeem'd againe.
Alex. Why, haue they set him free? or is he slaine?
Pol. Now hath he gote a libertie at last
With no lesse ransoun then his dearest breath.
Alex. Then is all *Asias* expectation past.
Tell on at length the maner of his death.
Pol. The boyling ardour of th'ascending Sunne
Caus'd in me an intollerable drouth,
And made me from the way a little runne,
To finde some fountaine to refreshe my mouth.
Then where a source her liquors softly scatters,
Which shaddow'd was from *Titans* parching beames,
I coold my thirst with the cold cristall waters,
Which seem'd to murmure that I forc'd their streames.
When loe I sawe (a lamentable sight)
Two wounded horses draw a bloody coache,

1773 DE. a moysture-parching drouth 1778 DE. Which made me 1775 DE. Their where

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Which clad with skinnes, shew horrour at the height ;
And it to spie when as I did approach,
One was within, who could not long time scape,
The fatall passage of th'infernall gates ;
Yet Majestie triumphing o're mishap,
Hee seem'd to bragge both fortune and the fates.
And to so base a state as first not borne,
Then whilst his bloode aboundantly did fall,
He bursted forth those words in fortunes scorne,
As one whose courage nothing could appall :
You gàze to see (and have good cause wherefore)
A man no man, a king no king : what change ?
Now lesse then nought who once was both, and more ;
This would seeme wond'rous, but no state is strange ;
And yet amidst my evils I must rejoyce,
That this last comfort doth forgoe my end.
I speake to one who can conceave my voice,
And not in vaine my dying speeches spend ;
I am, but how ? in name, and not in pow'r,
That wretched *Darius* (which I should suppresse)

[1782] I. It whilst to spy I doubtfull did approach [1788] I. Then whilst his blood aboundantly deval'd [1790] I. could not be appal'd

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All cled with skinnes in most vncomelie plight,
Which narrowlie t'espy I did approach.
One was within, who could not long escape
The doubtfull passage of th'infernall gates :
Yet maiestie triumphing ou'r mishap,
He seem'd to threaten Fortune ; and the Fates,
And as not to so basse a fortune borne,
While as his blood aboundantly deval'd,
Burst forth into these words in Fortunes scorne,
As one whose courage could not be appal'd.
You gaze to see, and haue good cause wherefore,
A man, no man ; a King, no King ; what monster ?
Now lesse then nought, who once was both, and more:
Which fewe now by my present state would conster.
And yet amid'st my euils I must reioyce,
That this last comfort doth fore-goe my end :
I speake to one that vnderstands my voice,
And not in vaine my dying-speaches spend.
I am, but howe ? in name, but not in pow'r,
That wretched *Darius* (which I should suppresse)

[1781] DE. All clad

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Once happie (as was thought) but at this hower,
A lively patterne of extreame distresse.
Then having paus'd (he said) my griefe is great,
Tell *Alexander* (as the world may spie)
That though of me he never had but hate,
Yet am I forc'd farre in his debt to die :
The favour past extended to my Queene,
And that poore remnant my surviving rest,
(When weighing well what I to him have beene)
I wish continu'd, but can scarse request ;
They to his foe belong, and yet he strives
To have them honour'd now, as in times past ;
But those who held of me both states, and lives,
Of state and life have me depriv'd at last.
Entreat him too that unreveng'd below
I wander not as haplesse in all things :
Let men his justice, and their treason know ;
This (as a common cause) doth touch all kings.
Beside the honour which he shall acquire

1804 I. Tell *Alexander* friend (as now I spy)

Once happie, as ye heard, but at this houre
The very patterne of extreame distresse.
Then a while pawsing after thus proceeded :
Tell *Alexander* these last wordes from me :
Although my hatred towards him exceeded,
Yet I am forc'd far in his debt to die.
I thanke him highlie for his great good-will,
My mother, wife, and children so preseruing.
Pray him t'vse them that rest as gently still
For his owne goodnesse sake, not my deseruing.
They to his foe pertaine, and yet he striues
To haue them honour'd nowe, as in times past :
But those who held of me both lands and liues,
Of land and life haue me depriu'd at last.
I pray you on my part entreate him to
Not to permit that vnreueng'd belowe
My ghost doe wander. This I wishe he doe,
That men his Iustice, and their fault may knowe.
Beside the honour, which he shall acquire

1801 DE. you heard 1815 DE. part entreate him thus 1817 DE. My ghost doe wander By his care of vs

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In plaguing them who have betrai'd my trust,
His magnanimity men shall admire,
And feare to grieve him whom they finde so just.
" As watrie rounds which rise and reele in raine,
" Do swell, and flote, yet when they breake (though bright)
" Last, leave (when fall'n) no token save a stayne,
Pompe quickly thus both courts and scornes the sight :
And since my glasse is runne, my glory gone,
I dead unto the world, the world to me,
I wish (save his) that th'earth adore no throne :
For, from his raigne what subject would be free ?
Then drowping downe, faint, bloodlesse, and halfe dead,
He prai'd me for some water that ranne by,
(A small request by such a monarch made)
Which when that he had got : yet, ere I die
This crosse must come (said he) to kill me quite ;
Though Nations once to mee as Soveraigne sought,
I have not now the pow'r but to requite
This little benefit, that thou hast brought :
But *Alexander* shall reward thee well,

1824 I. Do swell, then burst, still flote, are fraile, though bright 1826 I. Though many Nations once me homage ought

---

In plaguing them that haue betraide my trust,
Men shall his magnanimitie admire,
And feare t'offend him whome they finde so iust.
Loe, all my pompe is past, my time expyrd :
My wealth evanished like watrie bubbles.
Ou'r many a mightie people I impyrd :
Yet hath my life bene but a stage of troubles.
And since my glasse is runne, my glory gone,
And I dead to the worlde, the world to me,
I wishe that all parts of earths globe in one
May condescend his subiects for to be.
Then drouping downe, faint, bloodles, & halfe dead,
He prai'd to giue him water that stood by.
(A small request by such a Monarcke made)
Which when that he had gote : yet, ere I die,
This crosse must come (quoth he) t'vndo me quyte :
Thogh most parts of the world once homage ought me,
I haue not nowe the power for to requite
This little benefite that thou hast brought me.
But *Alexander* shall rewarde thee well,

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And him the Heavens, still yeelding his desires,
Since that his foes (though envie burst) must tell
That courtesie which all the world admires.
Now none hath pow'r his pleasure to controule,
But if he use them well whom he retaines,
It will procure contentment to my soule,
And make him famous whilst the world remaines.
When breath abandon'd hath this brittle clay,
Then cause some friend defray my funerall cost,
That churlish *Charon* force me not to stray
Where darkenesse dwells, an unregarded Ghost.
Last, give my corpes to her who brought it forth,
Who may it with my Ancestours entombe,
And since she lov'd me much, though little worth,
May waile this burden which once grac'd her wombe ;
And to that Prince whose state I wish to stand,
In signe of love which all my thoughts doe send,
My soule gives him my heart, it thee my hand :
Thus though I liv'd his foe, I die his friend.
I had but held his hand a little space,
When dying like a Torch whose waxe is spent,

1860 I. When like a torch whose waxe and weeke is spent

And him the heauens, who hath not done amisse,
To those that haue beene mine : his foe must tell
That vndeserued courtesie of his.
Though none haue pow'r his pleasure to controule,
If he entreate them well whome he retaines ;
It will procure no small rest to my soule,
And make him famous, while the world remaines.
When my sprit parts out of this tent of clay,
Entreat some with my buriall to take order,
Least churlishe *Charon* force me for to stray
An vn-respected ghost on *Stygian* border.
Let first my corps be carried to my mother,
Who may it with my auncestors entombe :
And, as she hath more cause then any other,
May waile this wofull burthen of her wombe.
In pledge of that affection, which I beare
Thy Soueraignes worth, whome now I must see neuer,
Hold heere a Princes hand, I hold him deare,
And recommend me to his grace for euer.
I scarce had got his hand, or toucht his vesture,
When like a torch whose waxe and weeke is spent,

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In spite of payne, even with a princely grace,
His hands still seem'd directing as he went.
Alex. Who could refraine from teares to heare declar'd
The huge mishapps, which all at once did light ;
Have subiects slaine their Prince, whom strangers spar'd ?
Vs hath he fled, that perish thus he might !
I for his fall am wonderfully sorry,
Whom first I forc'd, but last would have maintained :
I envie death, because it rob'd the glory
Which I (by giving him his life) had gain'd.
Hep. Since death hath put a period to his woes,
That favour which to him you would extend,
Let it with furie flame against his foes,
For your designes can have no fairer end :
So shall you both the peoples love obtaine,
Whilst by your meanes reveng'd their Soveraigne rests,
And likewise may the more securely raigne,
The state well purg'd from such contagious pests,
" If but one vertue did adorne a king,
" It would be justice ; many great defects

1868 I. teares whilst thou declar'd

Somewhat perplex't, yet with a princely gesture,
He died in peace : his sprit appear'd content.
Alex. Who could refraine from teares to heare declar'd
The desolation of this wretched wight :
Haue subiects slaine their prince whō strangers spar'd ?
Vs hath he fled, that perish thus he might ?
I for his fall am wonderfullie sorie,
Who *Nestors* age was worthie t'haue attain'd :
I envie death, because it rob'd the glorie,
Which I in giuing him his life had gain'd.
Hep. Since death hath put a periode to his woes,
The fauour that t'wards him ye thought t'extend,
Conuert to furour nowe against his foes,
For your designes can haue no fairer end.
So shall ye both attaine perpetuall praise,
And winne their harts who see their Lord reveng'd ;
Then reape no little profite in your dayes,
To haue the countrie of such vipers cleng'd.
If but one vertue should adorne a King,
It should be Iustice : many great defects

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" Are vail'd thereby, whereas each vertuous thing
" In one who is not just, the world suspects.
Alex. Though this your Counsell, nor yet his request,
Had not the pow'r to penetrate my eare,
A generous stomach could not well digest,
So great a wrong which courage stormes to beare.
My sprite (impatient of repose) disdaines,
That they so long their infamie survive :
But I will punish with most grievous paines
The monstrous Treason that they did contrive.
What ? doe they thinke (though back'd with numbrous bands)
That *Bactria* is a bulwarke for mine Ire ?
Flie where they list, they cannot scape my hands,
My wrath shall follow like consuming fire.
Such damned soules the heaven cannot receave,
Ile force Hells dungeons, as *Alcides* did,
And they on th'earth no bounds but mine can have,
Ile search them out though in the center hid,
And when as threatning now I once may strike,
Betwixt the bending boughs of some strong tree,
To Traitours terrours who intend the like,

Are vaild thereby, whereas each vertuous thing
In one that is iniust, the world suspects.
Alex. Although your counsell, or yet his request
Had not the pow'r to penetrate my eares :
A generous stomack could not well digest
So great a wrong : my minde it hardlie beares.
My spirit impatient of repose disdaines
That they so long this infamie surviue :
But I will punishe with most greevous paines
The treason damnable they did contriue.
What ? doe they thinke, deceau'd with some illusion,
That *Bactria* is a bulwarke for my ire ?
Flie where they list, they cannot scape confusion :
My wrath shall followe like consuming fire.
Heauen cannot be a sanctuarie for them :
I dare to force th'infernall caues adventer :
Earth cannot keepe them safe, if I abhorre them :
Ile search them out though they were in the center.
And hauing gotten once those malefactors,
Betwixt the bending boughes of two strong trees,
Vnto th'eternall terrour of all traitours,

1897 DE. Th'earth

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They shall by violence dismembred be.
Pol. Sir, may it please you to extend your care,
That some his funerall offices performe.
Alex. Goe presently, and every thing prepare,
As best becomes the military forme.

Act 5. Scene 2.

Sisigambis. Nuntius. Chorus.

Sisigambis. This looke alas, hath charg'd my soule with feares;
Speak, for my life doth on thy lippes depend,
Thy count'nance (ah) a dolefull copie beares
Of some sad summons to denounce my end.
Starve not my eares, which famish for thy words,
Though they when swallow'd may but make me burst.
Nunt. The message (madame) which my soule affords
Must once be knowne, and once knowne still accurst.
Sis. Be not a niggard of ill newes. *Nunt.* And why?
Sis. Fame will tell all the world. *Nunt.* But first to you.
Sis. Tell soone. *Nunt.* Your sonne is dead. *Sis.* Then let me die.

They shall dismembred be before my eyes.
Pol. Sir, may it please your Grace to take some care,
That some his funerall offices performe.
Alex. Goe presentlie and euery thing prepare
According to the militarie forme.
Exeunt.

Actus quintus. Scen. 2.

Sisigambis. Nuntius. Chorus.

Sis. This looke, allace, hath fraught my soule with feares,
Speake, for my life doth on thy lips depend:
Thy countenance a dolefull coppie beares
Of some sadde summons to denounce my end.
Starue not my eares which famishe for thy wordes:
That swallow'd yet may make my hart to burst.
Nun. Madame the message that my soule affordes
Must once be known, and once knowne still accurst.
Sis. Be not a niggard of euill newes. *Nun.* And why?
Sis. Fame will tell all the world. *Nun.* But first to you.
Sis. Tell sone. *Nun.* Your sonne is dead. *Sis.* Then let me die.

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Chor. Her joyes and pleasures all are perish'd now.
Sis. Why opens not the Earth straight to devoure
A hopelesse caitive who all good hath lost ?
The longer that I live, my griefe growes more,
As but to mischiefe borne, kept to be crost ;
Would God this masse where miserie remaines,
A weight of Earth from sight of men might keepe ;
Or that the Seas all raging through the plaines
Would make my tombe amid'st their tumid deepe.
O *Alexander* ! hast thou rob'd his life,
Yet entertain'd me still in hope to finde him ?
Why did'st thou not first kill this poore old wife,
Who was not worthie to have liv'd behind him ?
That I should live till thou my Sonne had'st slaine,
Was all thy kindnesse for this cause imploi'd ?
Nunt. You wrong that Prince, for he with hast in vaine
Came him to helpe whom others had destroi'd.
Sis. What impious thoughts durst dreame so vile a deed,
A monarchs murther, *Asias* glories end ?
Nunt. Two whom he rais'd did his confusion breed,

Cho. Her ioyes and pleasures are all perish'd nowe.
Sis. Why opens not the earth for to devoure
A cursed caitiue, that all ioy hath loste ?
The longer that I liue, my grief growes more :
Borne I am to mischeefe, kept to be crost.
Would God this bodie in mishappes abounding
Were couered with some mountaine of huge waight ;
Or else that th'Ocean ou'r these fieldes inunding
Might make my buriall in her bosome straight.
O *Alexander*, hast thou tane his life,
Yet entertain'd me still in hope to finde him ?
Why didst thou not first slay this poore olde wife,
Who was not worthie to haue liu'd behinde him ?
Ah, tended all thy courtesie to this,
That I should liue till thou hadst slaine my sonne ?
Nun. Ye wrong that worthy Prince : for he, and his
Came for to help him, who was else vndone.
Sis. What impious hands durst one that wore a crown,
And was thereof most worthie, murther so ?
Nun. Two whom himself rais'd vp haue cast him downe :

1927 DE. rob'd his life 1934 DE. Came him to helpe, who was ere then vndone

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He found his friend his foe, his foe a friend.
Sis. Tell on thy message, messenger of death,
And loade my minde with mountaines of distresse,
That tears may drowne my sight, sighs choake my breath,
Whilst sorrow all my sences doth possesse.
Nunt. When *Alexander* (who at peace repin'd)
Did (save submission) hold all offers vaine,
Bent of sterne *Mars* to try the doubtfull minde ;
A generall muster *Darius* did ordaine,
And (in one battell bent to venture all)
He caus'd his will be publikely proclaim'd,
Whilst two vile Traitours did conspire his fall,
Who *Bessus* and *Narbazanes* were nam'd ;
Those two in councell did discover first
Some portion of the poison of their heart,
Which caus'd the king suspect, but not the worst,
Yet with a sword he sought to make them smart.
But having scap'd what first was fear'd from rage,
They seem'd so much their errour to lament,
His indignation that they did asswage,
(False hypocrits) pretending to repent.

More faithfull then his owne he found his foe.
Sis. Tell on thy message, messenger of my death,
And load my minde with all mischiefe and horrour :
That in sad sighes I may dissolue my breath,
Whill thou relat'st these tidings full of terrour.
Nun. When *Alexander* eftsoones back had sent
Th'Ambassadours that peace had sought in vaine,
A generall muster, then to try th'euent
Of doubtfull *Mars*, King *Darius* did ordaine,
And in one battell to adventure all
Intending, caus'd his will to be proclam'd,
Whill two vile traitours did conspire his fall,
Who *Bessus*, and *Narbazanes* were nam'd.
These two in counsell did discouer first
Some portion of the poison of their hart :
Which caus'd the King suspect, but not the worst,
Yet with a sword he sought to make them smart.
But hauing scap'd the first brunt of his rage,
With teares of Crocodiles they so lamented,
As they his indignation did asswage,
Whil'st in appearance onlie they repented.

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Whilst *Artabazus* as an honest man
Who judg'd of others by his vpright minde,
(No fraud conceav'd) sought more to scape then scan,
What they with craft to compasse Crownes design'd.
Chor. " A mind sincere is ever least suspitious :
" These think all faultie, who themselves are vitious.
Nunt. They urg'd him with the king to interceed,
That in his favour he would give them place,
And did protest that by some valorous deed,
They labour would to gaine againe his grace ;
Then *Artabazus* came and told the king,
That in the battell he might try their faith,
And both before his majestie did bring,
Who (when submisse) did quickly calme his wrath.
With hands stretch'd up to Heaven, and humbled knees,
With teares like those which Crocodiles doe shed,
Woe in their face and pitie in their eyes,
Did for compassion (though from rigour) pleade.
The king of nature milde did them receave,
And them (who thus but for the forme complain'd)
Not onely all (relenting) quite forgave ;

They came to *Artabazus*, honest man,
Who iudg'd of others by his vpright minde,
And could not, or through bountie would not scan
What they with craft and malice had design'd.
Chor. A sinceare minde is euer least suspitious :
They think all faultie who themselues are vitious.
Nun. They vrg'd him with the King to interceede,
That in his favour he would giue them place ;
With promise that by some notorious deede
Of armes they would seeke to deserue his grace.
He in their favour first enform'd the King,
The battell would beare witnesse of their truth ;
Then both before his Maiestie did bring,
Who was by their submission moou'd to ruth.
Their hands streachd vp to heau'n, & hũbled knees,
Their teares like those the Crocodiles doe shed,
Woe in their face, and pittie in their eyes,
Did for compassion and for mercie pled.
The king of nature milde, prompt to receaue them,
While they dissembledly were thus complayning,
Not onlie of his lenitie forgaue them,

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But wept in earnest too whil'st they but fain'd ;
When in his Coach from all suspition free,
With count'nance sad long following on behinde
(As still pretending supplicants to be)
They bow'd to him whom they were bent to binde ;
The *Grecian* Captaine curiously neare
(When mark'd a suter) crav'd what he requir'd,
By pregnant proofes did evidently cleare,
What treason was against his state conspir'd :
He told what way their purpose might be tri'd,
And how the *Bactrians* were for trouble bent,
Then for his safety pray'd him to provide,
By straight with him retyring to his Tent ;
But in the King who did neglect his state,
No kinde of care this friendly offer bred :
So that (it seem'd) he by some pow'rfull fate
Was head-long forward to confusion led :
The *Greeke* past thence despairing him to save,
Who thus all meanes to help himselfe refus'd ;
With subtle words then *Bessus* there did crave
To purge himselfe, and errours past excus'd ;

1997 I. him to win 1999 I. then *Bessus* did begin

But wept in earnest too while they were fayning.
Then as he vs'd, his danger now not feeling,
He mounted to his Coache : they came behinde
With a submissiue voice most humblie kneeling
To him, whome shortly they were bent to binde.
The *Graecian* Captaine follow'd them with speede,
Who being cal'd, and ask'd what he desir'd,
Sollicited the King to take good heede
Of those that had against his life conspir'd.
He told him howe he had their treason tri'de,
And seene the *Bactrians* to a tumult bent ;
Then prai'd him for his safetie to prouide,
In going with him to his trustie tent.
The King grow'n carelesse, and his safety shunning,
Refus'd this offer on affection grounded ;
Or with some pow'rfull fate his fall fore-running,
Was carried headlong to be thus confounded.
The *Greeke* past thence dispairing of his safetie,
Who thus recurelesse help and health refus'd :
Then *Bessus* did begin with speeches craftie
To purge himselfe, and errours past excus'd.

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Old *Artabazus* happ'ning to approach,
The King to him did *Patrons* speech report,
Who then perceiv'd what danger did encroach,
And wish'd he would where *Greeks* were strong resort.
But in his breast this purpose firmly plac'd,
That from his Subjects he would never flie,
With mutuall teares they tenderly embrac'd,
And parted there, like two who went to dye.
Now silent night in pitchie vapours cled,
Had must'red mysts, and march'd out of the West ;
(Dayes beauties darkning, shadowie horrours spread)
The Sentinels were set, and all at rest,
When (loe) a terrour did distract the host !
Whose bands to murmure were dispers'd in parts,
With sounds resembling ships in stormes neare lost,
Whil'st each to other cause of feare imparts.
Those who their King appointed were to guard,
From what was due by fraud or feare did stray ;
And (to his danger having no regard)
His Fortunes Minions fled with her away.

The King then *Artabazus* did command
T'approche, and *Patrons* speech at length reported :
He knewe full well what danger was at hand,
And to goe with the *Greeke* his Grace exhorted.
But when he found this resolution plac'd
Within his brest, no peril for to flie,
With mutuall teares each other they embrac'd,
Parting like two, that living went to die.
Nowe silent night in pitchie vapours cled
Had mustred mistes, and march'd vnto the west :
A shadowie horrour ov'r the earth was spred,
The Sentinelles were set, and all at rest.
When a strange terrour troubled all the hoste :
The multitudes did murmure in all parts :
They did resemble ships with tempests toste :
Some by their feare knew what possest all harts.
Those who their King appointed were to guarde
All shrunk away to corners : none stai'd there :
And hauing to his danger no reguarde
His better-fortunes Minions fled elsewhere.

2008 DE. He then did doubt what danger 2015 DE. They did resemble ships in stormes neere lost 2016 DE. Whil'st each to other cause of feare imparts

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The desolation then growne wondrous great,
With some few Eunuchs *Darius* left alone,
(No strength remaining, nor no signe of state)
He thus them spake, who for his fall did mone :
Go, part in peace ere further harme be had,
Lest that my ruine likewise you surprise.
They hearing those sad words (as men gone mad)
Went howling through the host with dolorous cryes ;
So that all those who heard what plaints they made,
Thought that they had their Soveraignes death bewail'd ;
And (forcing trust) some forg'd reports were spread,
That he had kill'd himselfe, all hope quite fail'd.
The *Persians* griev'd whil'st these things did occurre,
Did first encourage all their Countrey bands
To help their Prince, but yet they durst not stirre
For feare of falling in the *Bactrians* hands ;
Even in the time when this confusion was,
The Traitors to deferre the fact no more,
Did to their Soveraignes Tent with Squadrons passe,
And took, and bound, him whom they serv'd before ;
Who in a golden Coach once proudly rode,

The desolacion then was wondrous great :
With a fewe Eunuches *Darius* left alone
Did enter deepelie to revolue his state ;
And thus be-spake them who did for him mone.
Depart in peace, and for your selues prouyde,
Least ye be likewise with my ruine caught :
I will the issue of my fate abide :
They hearing this, as of their wittes distraught,
Went howling throgh the hoste with dolorous cries :
This made the King as dead to be bewail'd ;
And in the armie did a rumour rise,
That he had kild himselfe, when all hope fail'd.
The *Persians* greeu'd, whill these things did occurre,
Did first encourage all their countrie bands
To helpe their Prince ; but yet they durst not sturre
For feare of falling in the *Bactrians* hands.
Ev'n in the time when this confusion was
The traitours, to deferre the fact no more,
Did to their soueraignes owne Pavilion passe,
And tooke, and bound him, whome they seru'd before.
He, who in golden coach superblie rode.

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Was throwne in one for common carriage us'd,
And who of late was honour'd like a God,
Two of his owne (as if their slave) abus'd :
Those royall hands to beare a Scepter borne,
Were basely bound, and which the more him griev'd,
" (Thus misery can hardly scape from scorne)
" With bands of gold, which burden'd, not reliev'd.
When *Alexander* (great with courage) spy'd
Our Armies flie, he (who in hope them chac'd)
To follow us with diligence did ride,
" Base seem'd the Conquest which no danger grac'd ;
But when at last at length by some inform'd
How he was made a captive to his owne,
At this indignity he highly storm'd,
As if by it his hopes had beene o're-throwne.
Out of his host he did select a few
Who were best hors'd, and fit for such a fight,
With whom his foes he did so fast pursue,
That e're they could suspect, he came in sight ;
The Traitors vex'd when spying him appeare,
Came to the Cart whereas the King did stay,

Was cast in one for basest carriage vs'd :
And who of late was honoured like a God,
By seruants as a bond-slaue was abus'd.
Those royall hands to beare a scepter borne
Were boũd with chaines : this also much did grieue him.
That Fortune his aduersitie would scorne
With golden bands, that seru'd not to releeue him.
Then *Alexander*, hauing heard in end
That *Darius* came not forward to affront him,
To finde him out did all his forces bend,
Not doubting but he eftsoones would surmount him.
But being at the last at length inform'd
Howe he was made a Captiue to his owne,
At this indignitie he highlie storm'd,
And swore he would avenge it by his crowne.
Out of his hoste he did select a fewe,
Who were best hors'd, whose equipage was light :
With whome his foes he did so fast pursue,
That, ere they could suspect, he came in sight.
The traitours troubled with this he had done
Came to the Cart wherein the King was carried,

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And call'd to horse in haste, since foes were neare,
Lest that they else might finde him for a prey.
He look'd aloft, and cry'd aloud, I see
That *Nemesis* is frowning from above ;
Should I with Traitors as a captive be ?
And flie from him, who but brave warres doth move ?
Then those in whom impiety abounds,
Throw'd Darts at him (vile beasts to be abhorr'd)
And hurt the horses with an hundred wounds,
Then men more trusty, dying for their Lord ;
As false in hearts, so feeble with their hands,
When Guilt and Danger doubled had despaires,
The Traitors first, then all their trait'rous bands
Fled from a number lesse by halfe then theirs.
But to the bounds of Deaths pale kingdome brought,
The King retyr'd where least by people spy'd,
More wounded with ingratitude then ought,
Did leave the world, whose folly he had tri'd ;
The last divorce which lasts, was scarcely made
Twixt soule and body whil'st the eyes grew dim,

2071 I. an hundreth 2076 I. Did flie a number

And bade him mount on horse-back, and flee soone,
Least that his foe should take him if he tarried.
He look'd aloft, and cry'd aloud : this day
Th'eternall Iusticer sees through the starres :
I will not with such periur'd rascals stay,
And flee from him, who moou's but honest warres.
Then those in whome impietie aboundes,
Throw darts at him whome they should haue defended
And hurte the horses with an hundreth woundes,
While they commit the Parricide intended.
Their hands were feeble, as their harts vntrue :
For when their foes began them once to comber,
The traitours first, then all the traiterous crue
Fled them, who were inferiour farre in nomber.
But to the confines of deaths kingdome brought
The King retir'd him from the way aside,
More wounded with ingratitude then ought,
He fled the world whose follies he had tri'de.
Scarce was the lasting last divorcement made
Betwixt the bodie, and the soule distrest,

2067 DE. periur'd rebelles 2072 DE. perform'd the Parricide 2080 DE. Did flie 2082 DE. Twixt soule and body whil'st the eyes grew dim

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When *Alexander* came and found him dead,
Who labour'd had so long to ruine him,
And (whil'st his teares a generall mourning mov'd)
That stately vesture which himselfe array'd,
(Much fear'd for valour, more for vertue lov'd)
With his owne hand on *Darius* corps he layd ;
Then wailing long as for a brother lost
To have his funerals furnish'd like a Kings,
He bids you use his wealth, and spare no cost ;
For, you shall want no necessary things.
He hath his body hither sent by me,
And funerall rites solemnely bent to do,
He thinks that they may best accomplish'd be,
Whil'st who him bred doth see him buried too.
Chor. Behold how griefe hath her of sense bereft,
Whil'st breath for passage strugling is with grones,
No will, nor pow'r to live, just griefe hath left,
Since what she valued vanish'd is at once.
Sis. Ah ! shall I see (no, let me first be blinde)
That body breathlesse, which I brought to light ?
Where would my soule a force sufficient finde

When *Alexander* came, and found him dead,
Who if he could him would haue faine opprest.
Yet with the vesture which himselfe then wore
He couered the dead corps, and not eschew'd it ;
But ev'n with teares his Coffin did decore,
To the great wonder of all them that view'd it.
And hauing waild his death aboue all measure,
To haue his funerals made in Princelie wise
He bids you spare no coste, but vse his treasure,
And them, as best becommes, to solemnise.
He hath his bodie hither sent by me,
That to him the last honours you may do :
He thinkes they so shall best accomplish'd be,
And who him bare shall see him buried to.
Cho. Beholde how grief hath her of sense bereft,
And choak'd her breath with super-abounding grones,
No will or power to liue is to her left,
Since all her weale evanish'd is at ones.
Sis. Ah shall I see (no let me first be blinde)
That body breath-lesse, which I brought to light ?
Where would my soule a force sufficient finde,

2084 DE. Who labour'd had so long to ruine him 2090 DE. For t'haue

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That could encounter with so sad a sight ?
O flinty heart ! what hinders thee to breake,
Since (crush'd with cares) a stranger to repose ?
Why part'st thou not (poore soule) that whil'st I spake
In opening of my lips, mine eyes may close ?
This heritage of death, this wither'd stocke
Is but a place appointed for despaires,
A torture to it selfe, a stumbling block,
Whose aged furrows fertile are in cares.
Once for good Fortunes, now for bad design'd,
(To state betray'd) drawne forth from calme repose,
To have beene happie most afflicts my minde,
Who, rais'd to fall, got much, the more to lose.
Ah me ! malitious fates have done me wrong,
Who first come to the world, should first depart,
And ah ! why should the old o're-live the yong ?
This Nature wrongs by a prepost'rous art ;
Ah ! why should Death so indiscreet be found
To spare a caitive, and to spoyle a Prince ?
My halfe-dead body, bending to the ground,
Through griefe is grown ripe for the grave long since.

T'endure the dolour of that deadlie sight.
O flintie hardned hart, that wilt not breake
With the remembrance of so many woes,
Why part'st thou not, faint sprit, that whil'st I speake,
In opening of my lips my eyes might close ?
This heritage of death, this withered stock
Is but a receptacle of dispaires :
A torture to it selfe, a stumbling block,
Whose aged furrowes fertile are in cares.
What helpes it nowe to haue bene made the mother
Of one who to such dignitie did clim ?
More miserable nowe then any other,
I liue to waile my death, who di'd in him.
Ay me, malitious Fates haue done me wrong :
Who came first to the world should first departe.
It not becommes the old t'ou'r-liue the yong :
This dealing is praeposterous and ou'r-thwart.
Ah, why should death so indiscreet be found
To saue a caitiue, and confound a Prince ?
My halfe dead bodie, weigh'd downe to the ground,
Through grief is grow'n ripe for the graue long since.

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CHORUS.

What makes vaine worldlings so to swell with pride,
Who come of th'earth, and soone to th'earth returne?
" So hellish furies with their fire-brands burne
" Proud and ambitious men, that they divide
" Them from themselves, and so turmoyle their mindes,
" That all their time they study still
" How to content a boundlesse will,
" Which never yet a full contentment findes;
" Who so this flame within his bosome smothers,
" He many fancies doth contrive,
" And even forgets himselfe alive,
" To be remembered after death by others;
" Thus while he is, his paines are never ended,
" That whil'st he is not, he may be commended.

What can this help the happinesse of Kings
So to subdue their Neighbours as they do?
And make strange Nations tributaries too?
" The greater state, the greater trouble brings;

CHORUS.

What makes vaine worldlings so to swell with pryde,
Who came of earth, and to the earth returne?
So hellishe furies with their fire-brands burne
Proude and ambitious men, as they deuide
Them from themselues, and so turmoile their mindes,
That all their time they studie still
Howe to content a bound-lesse will,
Which neuer yet a full contentment findes.
Who so this flame within his bosome smothers
Doth many fantasies contryue,
And euen forgets himselfe a-lyue,
To be remembred after death by others.
Thus while he is his paines are neuer ended;
That, while he is not, he may be commended.

What can this helpe the happinesse of Kings,
So to subdue their neighbours, as they doe,
And make strange nations tributaries to?
The greater state the greater trouble brings.

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Their pompes and triumphs stand them in no stead ;
Their Arches, Tombes, Pyramides high,
And statues are but vanity :
They dye, and yet would live in what is dead ;
And while they live, we see their glorious actions
Oft wrested to the worst, and all their life
Is but a stage of endlesse toyle, and strife,
Of tumults, uproares, mutinies, and factions ;
" *They rise with feare, and lye with danger downe,*
" *Huge are the cares which wait upon a Crowne.*

And as Ambition Princes under-mynes ;
So doth it those who under them rule all :
We see in how short time they rise and fall,
How oft their light ecclips'd but dimmely shines ;
They long time labour by all meanes to move
Their Prince to value much their parts,
And when advanc'd by subtle arts,
O what a danger is 't to be above !
For, straight expos'd to hatred, and despight,
With all their skill they cannot march so even,

Their pompes and triumphes stands them in no stead :
Their Arches, Tombes, Piramides hie,
And Statues are but vanitie :
They die, and yet would liue in what is dead :
And while they liue, we see their glorious actions
Oft wrested to the worst : and all their life
Is but a stage of endlesse toile and strife,
Of tumults, vprores, mutinies, and factions.
They rise with feare, and ly with danger downe :
There is no burthen weightier then a Crowne.

And as Ambition Princes vndermines ;
So doth it those that vnder them rule all.
We see in howe short time they ryse, and fall ;
How oft their light eclips'd but dimlie shynes.
They studie by all shifts and flights to moue
Their Prince of their deserts t'account :
And when they by his favour mount,
O what a danger is 't to be aboue ?
For straight expos'd to hatred, and despight,
With all their skill they cannot marche so euen,

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But some opprobrious scandall will be given :
For all men envy them who have most might ;
" And if the King dislike them once, then straight
" The wretched Courtiers fall with their owne weight.

Some of a sprite more poore, who would be prais'd,
And yet have nought for which to be esteem'd,
What they are not in deed would faine be deem'd,
And indirectly labour to be rais'd.
This crue each publicke place of honour haunts,
And (changing garments every day)
Whil'st they would hide, do but bewray
With outward ornaments their inward wants ;
And men of better judgement justly loath
Those, who in outward shows place all their care,
And decke their bodies, whil'st their mindes are bare,
Like to a shadow, or a painted cloth,
The multitude which but th'apparrell notes,
Doth homage, not to them, but to their cotes.

Yet Princes must be serv'd, and with all sorts :
Some both to do, and counsell what is best,

But some opprobrious scandall will be giuen :
For all men enuy those that haue most might.
And if the King dislyke them once, then straight
The wretched Courtiers fall with their owne waight.

Some of a poorer Spirite, who would be prais'd,
Yet haue not worth to be esteem'd,
What they are not indeede would faine be deemd,
And indirectlie labour to be rais'd.
This crue each publick place of honour haunts,
And changing garments euery day
Whill they would hyde, doe but bewray
With outward ornaments their inward wants.
And men of better iudgement iustlie loth
Those, who in outwarde showes place all their care,
And deck their bodies, while their mindes are bare,
Like to a shaddowe, or a painted cloth.
The multitude, who but th'apparrell notes,
Doth homage not to them, but to their cotes.

Yet Princes must be seru'd, and with all sortes ;
Some both to doe, and counsell what is best :

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Some serve for Cyphers to set out the rest,
Like life-lesse pictures which adorne the ports ;
" Faire Palaces replenish'd are with feares,
" Those seeming pleasures are but snares,
" The royall robe doth cover cares ;
" Th'Assyrian dye deare buys he who it beares ;
" Those dainty delicates, and farre-fetch'd food,
" Oft (through suspition) savour out of season,
" Embrodred beds, and tapestries hatch treason ;
" The golden Goblets mingled are with bloud.
" Such shows the shadows are when Greatnesse shines,
" Whose state by them the gazing world divines.

O happie he who farre from Fame at home,
Securely sitting by a quiet fire,
(Though having little) doth not more desire,
But first himselfe, then all things doth o'recome ;
His purchase weigh'd, or what his parents left,
He squares his charges to his store,
And takes not what he must restore,

2196 I. Doth sit securelie by 2197 I. Who hath not much, nor doth 2198 I. Nor hath no care to learne who goe, or com 2199 I. For satisfied with what his father left 2200 I. His minde he measures by his store 2201 I. And is not pyn'd to gape for more

---

Some serue for Ciphers to set out the rest,
Like liue-lesse pictures, that adorne the ports.
Faire Pallaces replenish'd are with feares :
Those seeming pleasures are but snares :
The Royall Robe doth couer cares :
Th'Assyrian dy deare buyth he, that it beares ;
Those dainty delicates, and far fetch'd foode
Oft through suspition sauour out of season :
Embrodered beds and tapestries hatche treason :
The golden goblets mingled are with blood.
Such glorious gorgeous showes doe serue for nought :
All cannot calme the tempest of the thought.

O happie he, who far from fame at home
Doth sit securelie by a quyet fire,
Who hath not much, and doth not much desire,
Nor curious is to learne who goe, or come.
For satisfied with what his Father left
His minde he measures by his store,
And is not pyn'd to gape for more ;

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Nor eates the spoyles that from the poore were reft :
Not proud, nor base, he (scorning creeping Art)
From jealous thoughts and envy free,
No poyson feares in cups of tree ;
No treason harbours in so poore a part :
No heavy dreame doth vex him when he sleeps,
" A guiltlesse minde the guardlesse cottage keeps.

He doth not studie much what stormes may blow,
Whose poverty can hardly be impair'd ;
He feares no forraine force, nor craves no guard ;
None doth desire his spoyle, none looks so low,
Whereas the great are commonly once crost,
As Darius *hath beene in his flowre,*
Or Sisigambis *at this houre,*
Who hath scap'd long, and now at length is lost :
But how comes this, that Potentates oft fall,
And must confesse this trouble of their soule ?

2202 I. Nor eates he what iniquitie hath reft 2203 I. He hath his little cleanlie, and in peace 2204 I. And lookes not with iealous eye 2205 I. No poyson commes in 2206 I. so poore a place 2207 I. No troublous dreame doth interrupt his sleepe 2208 I. A quyet conscience doth his Cottage keepe 2218 I. Forc'd to confesse

---

Nor eates ought that iniquitie hath reft :
He hath his little cleanlie, and in peace,
And lookes not with suspitious eye.
No poyson commes in Cups of tree,
No treason harbours in so poore a place.
No troublous dreame doth interrupt his sleepe :
A quyet conscience doth his Cottage keepe.

He doth not studie oft what stormes may blowe :
His pouertie cannot be much impair'd :
He feares no forraine force, and craues no guarde :
None coueteth his spoile, none lookes so lowe :
Where as the great are commonly once crost,
As Darius *hath bene in his flowre,*
Or Sisigambis *at this houre,*
Who hath scap'd long, and nowe at length is lost.
But how commes this that Potentates oft fall,
Forc'd to confesse th'afflictions of their soule ?

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There is some higher pow'r that can controull,
The Monarchs of the Earth, and censure all:
Who once will call their actions to account,
And them represse who to oppresse were prompt.

FINIS.

There is some hier pow'r that can controule
The Monarches of the earth, and censure all:
Who once will call their doings to accompt,
Their pride repressing, who t'oppresse were prompt.
W. A.

FINIS.

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The Alexandræan Tragedy

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There is some higher pow'r that can controull,
The Monarchs of the Earth, and censure all:
Who once will call their actions to account,
And them represse who to oppresse were prompt.

FINIS.

There is some hier pow'r that can controule
The Monarches of the earth, and censure all:
Who once will call their doings to accompt,
Their pride repressing, who t'oppresse were prompt.
W. A.

FINIS.

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The Alexandræan Tragedy

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THE ARGUMENT.

WHEN Alexander *the Great, after all his Conquests (shining with the glory of innumerable victories) was returned backe to* Babylon, *where the Ambassadours of the whole world did attend his coming, as one who was expected to command over all: there, being admired by the* Grecians, *adored by the* Barbarians, *and as it were drunk with the delights of an extraordinary prosperity, he suffered himselfe to be transported with an inundation of pleasure; till sitting at one of his feasts by the meanes of the sonne of* Antipater, *one of his Cupbearers, in the best both of his age and fortune, he was suddenly poysoned.*

Incontinent after his death, those who were in greatest estimation with himselfe during his life, and then with the Armie, assembled themselves together neglecting for a long time his funerals, whilest busied about the disposing of his Empire: at last (after divers opinions) it was concluded, that if Roxane, *the widow of their Soveraigne, (who was then at the point to be delivered of her birth) happened to beare a sonne, he should succeed in his Fathers place, and till he were come to some maturity of age,* Perdiccas, Leonatus, Craterus, *and* Antipater *were appointed to be his Tutors: But the foot-men in a disdaine, that their advice was not required, proclaimed* Arideus, Alexanders *bastard brother, King, and gave him a guard, of which* Meleager *procured himselfe to be made Captaine. At this sudden alteration, the horse-men being troubled, following* Perdiccas, *pitched their Camp without the City, yet in the end, this tumult being by the eloquence of* Perdiccas *appeased, all the Captains re-assembled themselves, and having divided the Provinces, made an agreement, which lasted not long.*

1 E. through the glory 3-4 E. as one that was destined to domineere [I. to command] 5 EI. drunken 8 E. of the sonnes of Antipater, his *cupbearers* 16 E. deceased soueraigne

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For, such was the vehement ambition of those great men, that with all manner of hostility, they studied how to undermine one another, and first of all Meleager *after a pretended reconciliation (though having fled to a Temple for refuge) was slaine by the appointment of* Perdiccas, *who (after aspiring to a superiority over the rest) whilest he went to warre against* Ptolomie *in* Ægypt, *by a sudden mutiny of his owne Souldiers, was miserably murdered. Then the onely Captaine of his faction who remained alive, was* Eumenes, *a man singularly valorous, who encountring with* Craterus *and* Neoptolemus, *by the death of themselves defeated their Army, whereby being highly advanced, he was greatly envied: and* (Leonatus *having lately before dyed in a conflict betwixt him and the* Athenians) Antigonus *in the name of the rest, was sent against him with a great Army, betwixt whom there having passed divers skirmishes with a variable successe, and some private conference without agreement: In the end, he was betrayed by his owne Souldiers, and delivered bound to* Antigonus, *who shortly after caused to take his life.*

Then Antigonus (*his rivals in the authoritie being removed out of his way*) *did aspire to that himselfe, from which he was sent to seclude others, and having murdered divers of the governours, he disposed of their Provinces as he pleased: whereof* Cassander, Ptolomie, *and* Lysimachus, *advertised by* Seleucus, *who fled for feare of incurring the like danger; did enter together in a league against* Antigonus.

Now at this time Olympias *plagued all the faction of* Cassander *in* Macedonie, *having caused* Arideus *and his Queen* Eurydice *to be put to death; by which, and by some other cruelties (having lost the favour of the people) she was constrained, when* Cassander *came against her, to retyre her selfe within a Town; which (by reason of the scarcitie of victuals not being able to defend) she rendered, together with her selfe to* Cassander, *by whom (notwithstanding of his promise to the contrary) she was violently deprived of life, and so having proceeded so farre in wickednesse, he thought it no time to retyre till he had extinguished all his Masters race; whereupon he caused* Roxane *and her sonne to be murthered, and soone after,*

44 E. caused him to be put to death I. caused take 51 EI. they entred all 55 EI. and other cruelties 60 E. she was publikely put to death

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Hercules, Alexanders *bastard sonne ; which multitude of murthers,*
gave to him the Crowne of Macedonie, *and to me the subject of this*
Polytragicke Tragedie.

In I, on the verso of the page immediately following the "Argument," are the following verses to the author :

In laudem Authoris.

Ecquis Alexandri laudes & fortia facta
Præter Alexandrum dicere dignus erat :
Scilicet inuictus diuisus ab orbe Britannus,
Orbis victorem dicere dignus erat.

R. W.

The Persons Names who speake.

The Ghost of ALEXANDER.
OLYMPIAS, *his mother.*
ROXANE, *his wife.*
ARISTOTLE, *his master.*
PHOCION, *his old friend.*
PHILASTRUS, *a Chaldean.*
CHORUS.

PERDICCAS,
MELEAGER,
PTOLOMIE,
ANTIGONUS,
EUMENES,
LYSIMACHUS,
SELEUCUS,
CASSANDER,
} *his greatest Captaines.*

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THE ALEXANDRÆAN TRAGEDY.

Act 1.

The Ghost of ALEXANDER *the Great.*

BACK from th'umbragious caves (still rob'd of rest)
Must I returne, where *Phœbus* guilds the fields,
A Ghost not worthy to be *Pluto's* Guest,
Since one to whom the world no buriall yeelds ?
O what a great disgrace is this to me,
Whose Trophees Fame in many a kingdom keeps,
That I (contemn'd) cannot transported be
A passenger for the Sulphurean deeps ?
Dare churlish *Charon* (though not us'd to bow)
The raging torrent of my wrath gain-stand ?
Must I succumbe amidst hels dungeons now,
Though all the world accustom'd to command ?
But it may be that this hath wrought me harme,
What bloud-lesse Ghosts do stray on Stygian banks,
Whose falls (made famous by my fatall arme)
Gave terrour oft to many martiall ranks ?
Yet (for a prey expos'd to ravenous beasts)
Could never have the honour of a Tombe ;
But (though for such rude guests too pretious feasts)
Were basely buried in a brutish wombe.
Thus (as it seemes) the horrour of such deeds,
With like indignity attends my sprite ;
What stormy breast this thirst of vengeance breeds,

[1] E. umbragious bounds [6] El. th'earth in euery corner keepes [8] E. through the [12] E. ouer the world [14] E. ghosts stray [16] E. many a martiall rancke

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To plague for that which valour did acquite ?
Ah ! might *Alcmena's* sonne (as sonne of *Iove*)
Once force the driery forts of endlesse night,
To match sterne *Dis* in the *Tartarian* grove,
And draw forth foaming *Cerberus* to light ?
Then leading *Theseus* through the dungeons darke,
A second rape aym'd for their ravish'd Queene,
Durst he (hels terrour) force the fatall Barke,
By squadrons pale (an envi'd victor) seene ?
And in my rage may I not tosse this Round,
Till roaring Earth-quakes all the world affright,
Heaven stain'd, hell clear'd, earth torne, all to confound
Enlightning darknesse, or else darkning light ?
What, though I from terrestrial Regions swerve,
Whom in this state (it may be) some mistake ?
May not the voyce of *Alexander* serve
To make th'earth tremble, and the depths to shake ?
Or, straight return'd, shall I my fortune trust,
And th'Earth dispeople, slaughtring scatter'd hosts ;
Then *Pluto* plague, all charg'd with bloud and dust,
When men are kill'd to be a King of Ghosts ?
O how I burst to thinke how some above,
Who for their glory did my steps attend,
My off-springs title proudly do disprove,
And to my Chaire by violence ascend :
" Ingratitude doth grieve a generous sprite,
Would God therefore that with a body stor'd,
I might returne these Traitours to acquite,

[24] E. T'accuse [25] E. (as worthy of *Ioue*) [26] E. th'infernall fortes [27] E. T'encounter *Dis* [28] E. And draw foorth th'ougly [29] E. the cauerns [30] E. That would haue forc'd th' inferiour regions Queene [31] E. By violence vsde he th'auernall barke [32] E. As Conquerour of the pallide Empire seene [33] E. And may not I downe in the center sit [34] E. Their renting th'earth (as thence when vapours rise) [35] E. T'inlarge th'imprison'd soules, the pitchy pit [36] E. That once the light may lighten lightlesse eies [37] E. from th'ætheriall circles [41] E. Or shal I goe aboue with new alarmes [42] E. To spoyle the princes of the peopled round [43] E. And turne backe, back'd with squadrons all in armes [44] E. T'affright the ghosts that are beneath the ground [45] E. But (ah) what comfort can I find aboue [46] E. Where those whom I aduanc'd, loe now in th'end [47] E. The titles of my of-spring striue t'improue I. My off-springs title labour to improue [49] E. Ingratitude torments my troubled sprite [51] E. I might returne t'enioy the dayes cleere light I. courses to acquite

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My back with Armes, my hand charg'd with a sword:
As when I entred in a populous Towne,
To warre alone with thousands in my wrath,
Whil'st (prizing honour dearer then my Crowne)
Each of my blows gave wounds, each wound gave death :
Then thundring vengeance on rebellious bands,
I would make them redeeme my grace with grones,
Where now my Ghost (empall'd with horror) stands,
Lesse grac'd then those whom I commanded once;
And yet the glory by those Captaines had,
Whom first my Ensignes did acquaint with fame,
Doth make my soule (whil'st hating them) more sad,
Then all the suff'rings that the hells can claime.
O now I see what all my Minions blindes,
To grace my funerals that they take no paine!
My state (betraying me) distracts their mindes,
Who have forgot all love, save love to raigne,
But *Ptolomie* doth yet by time intend
To *Alexandria* to transport me once,
Not mov'd by love, no, for another end,
In hope my Fortune will attend my bones.
And must I then so great a trouble have
(To whom the Earth did all belong before)
For some few foots of Earth to be a grave,
Which meane men get, and great men get no more?
Though many thousand at my signe did bow,
Is this the end of all my Conquests then
To be thus barr'd that little circuit now,
A benefit even common unto men ?
But of those kingdomes which were thrall to me,
Lest that a little part my body bound,
Th'earth arch'd with heaven my fatall bed should be,
Still unconfin'd, and even when dead, yet crown'd.

59 E. hedged in with horrour 61 E. And yet th'aduancement 63 EI. a thousand times more sad 66 E. My funerals to performe that none take 74 E. That lately had all th'earth, and all th'earths store 79 E. To be barrd from that I. To be debar'd that 80 E. that's common 81 E. But of it all that once was thrall 83 E. I thinke all th'earth 84 E. That still all confines scorn'd but the azure round I. As neuer march'd but by the starrie Round

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O blinde ambition ! great mindes viprous brood,
The scourge of mankinde, and the foe to rest,
Thou guilty art of many millions bloud,
And whil'st I raign'd, didst raigne within my brest ;
This to my soule but small contentment brings,
That I some Cities rear'd, and others raz'd :
And made Kings captives ; captives to be Kings,
Then whil'st the wond'ring world did stand amaz'd.
All that doth now but torture after death,
Which rais'd my Fame on pillars more then rare ;
O costly conquest of a little breath,
Whose flattring sounds both go and come with th'aire !
Can I be he who thought it a disgrace
To be but weigh'd with other mortals even,
Who would be held of an immortall race,
The off-spring of great *Iove*, the heire of heaven ?
By many meanes I all mens mindes did move,
For Altars (as a God) with off'rings stor'd,
Till of his glory *Iove* did jealous prove :
" All kings should reverenc'd be, but not ador'd.
Ah ! whil'st (transported with a prosp'rous state)
I toil'd to raise my Throne above the Starres,
The thund'rer straight (who still doth pride abate)
Did wound my fame with most infamous warres.
Made I not grave *Calistenes* to smart,
Who did disdaine a mortall to adore,
(What knowne unknowing) bent by foolish art,
Though but a man to be imagin'd more ?
All fear'd the danger of my roaring wrath,
(Like Lyons when asleep) which none durst wake ;
My fury was the Messenger of death,
Which when enflam'd, made flaming squadrons quake :

94 E. that were rare 98 E. Once to be made with 101 E. I by all meanes the peoples mindes 102 E. T' haue Altars 106 E. All Princes should be reuerenc'd, not ador'd 106 E. I toyl'd t'exalt 107 E. That pride of mine, the thunderer bent t'abate I. (my pride bent to abate) 110 E. That did disdaine a dying flesh t'adore 111 E. And bent t'unknow my knowledge, by vaine Art 112 E. Though knowne a man sought to b'imagin'd more 113 E. All fear'd t'incurre the danger of my wrath 114 E. Which as a sleeping Lion, none durst wake 115 E. Mine anger 116 E. That many a time made armies all to quake

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Ambition did so farre my thoughts engage,
That I could not abide my Fathers praise,
But (though my friend) kill'd *Clitus* in a rage,
Who *Philips* Fame durst in my presence raise.
Thus though that I mine Enemies did abate,
I made my greatest friends become my foes,
Who did my insolence (as barbarous hate)
And for the like afraid wail'd others woes.
Those tyrannies which thousands chanc'd to see
As inhumane a multitude admir'd :
And my familiars strangers growne with me,
As from a Tyrant for distrust retyr'd :
Yea, there were many too who did conspire
By base ambushments to have snar'd my life,
Of all my labours, loe, this was the hire !
" Those must have store of toils who toile for strife.
And I remember that amid'st my joyes,
(Even whil'st the chase of Armies was my sport)
There wanted not a number of annoyes
To counter-poise my pleasures in some sort.
" Of those on th'earth most happy that remaine,
" (As ag'd Experience constantly records)
" The pleasures farre exceeded are by paine :
" Life greater griefe then comfort still affords.
What griefe, no, rather rage did seaze my soule
Whil'st bigge with hopes a battell bent to prove !
That sudden sicknesse did my course controull,
Which (cold when kinde) embracing flouds did move !
From the Physician then (though deem'd for ill)
I took his potion, gave him scandalous lines ;
Then whil'st he red did drinke, yet ey'd him still,
And by accusing looks sought guilty signes ;
Not that suspitious feares could make me sad,

117 E. So much Ambition did my thoughts ingage 123 E. Who did my barbarous insolencies hate 127 E. And fear'd to be familar more with mee 128 E. As from an odious tyrant stoode retirde 130 E. whiles t'entrap [I. to snare] my life 135 E. a portion of annoyes 141 E. What rage and sorrow seaz'd 144 E. Which *Cidnus* cold imbracings chanc'd to moue I. a flattring flood 146 E. I tooke his drinke, and gaue th'inuectiue lines 148 E. lookes search'd

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This was the ground whence did proceed my paine,
Lest death my victory prevented had :
For, I was sure still where I sought to gaine,
But when that I extended had my state
From learned *Athens* to the barbarous *Indes*,
Still my tumultuous troups my pride did hate,
As monstrous mutinies unmask'd their mindes.
I (so my name more wonderfull to make)
Of *Hercules*, and *Bacchus* past the bounds,
And (whil'st that *Memnons* Sunne-burnt bands did quake)
Did write my worth in many a Monarchs wounds.
Kings were my Subjects, and my servants Kings,
Yet my contentment further did require,
For, I imagin'd still more mighty things,
And to a greater greatnesse did aspire.
The spatious carriere of the speedy Sunne,
(All quickly thrall'd) like lightning I o're-ran :
Yet wept, and wish'd more worlds t'have been wonne,
As this had wanted roome to ease one man,
No wonder I was thought a God by some,
Since all my aymes (though high as heaven) prevail'd,
And what man (save my selfe) did still o're-come ?
Of all my fancies, never project fail'd.
This made me thought immortaliz'd to be,
Which in all mindes amazement yet contracts :
I led blinde Fortune, and she courted me,
As glad to grace the greatnesse of my acts.
Yet I have found it a more easie thing,
To conquer all whereon the Sunne ere shin'd,
Then mine owne selfe, and (of my passions King)

163 E. Which I was sure (if present once) t'obtaine 160 I. in many Monarches 165 E. The compasse of the carriere of the sunne I. The spatious compasse 166 E. By many a famous victory I wan 167 EI. Yet wept that there were no more [I. moe] worlds to win 168 E. As all had beene to little for one man 169 E. Was I not honord as a God by some I. What wonder was though thought a God by some 170 E. Whilst what I interprizd it still preuaild 171 E. Whom I assaild I alwayes did ore-come I. It more then mortall is still to o're-come 172 No project of my fancies euer faild 175 EI. For I led Fortune, Fortune followed me 176 E. As forc'd t'attend I. As forc'd to grace 178 E. To conquer all the mansions [I. Climates] of the winde

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To calme the tumults of a stormy minde.
What comfort justly could my soule receive
Of all my Conquests past, if that even then
Whil'st I triumph'd (to wrath and wine a slave)
I scap'd not scandall more then other men ;
Ah ! (seazing without right on every state)
I but my selfe too great a Monarch made,
Since all men gap'd to get the golden bait
Which by my death seem'd easie to be had ;
Whil'st from humanity too much divorc'd,
My deeds all hearts with feare, and horrour fill'd,
I who by foes could never have beene forc'd,
By friends did fall, yet not over-com'd, but kill'd.
But now I see the troublous time draws neare,
When they shall keep my obsequies with bloud :
No wonder too, though such a warriours beere,
At last doth swimme amidst a scarlet floud :
For, as my life did breed huge broils o're all,
My death must be the cause of monstrous cumbers,
And it doth best become a strong mans fall,
To be renown'd by ruining of numbers.
The Snake-tress'd Sisters now shall never need
Their fatall fire-brands, loathsome *Pluto's* pests,
Nor inspirations strange whose rage doth breed
A thirst of murther in transported brests.
Ambitions flames may from my ashes shine
To burne my Minions mindes with high desires,
Each of their sprits that hath a spark of mine,
To ruine all the world, may furnish fires.
The Beauties of the Earth shall all look red,
Whil'st my Lievtenants through that pride of theirs,

[180] E. To order the disorders of my minde [191] EI. I whom the force of foes yet neuer forc'd [192] E. Was by my friends most fraudulently kill'd I. Fell by my friends [198] E. th'occasion of great [201] E. snaky-tressed sisters shall not [202] E. T'vse fatall [203] E. Or poisonous inspirations, so to bred I. Nor inspirations which by poyson breed [204] E. murder [205] E. Yet my ambitious ashes once may I. Ambition may blowne from [206] E. T'enflame my Minions minds with strange I. strange desires [207] EI. If of their sprits each keepe a sparke [208] EI. To waste the world, their brests may [209] E. The beauties once of th'earth

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With Armes unkinde huge streames of bloud do shed,
By murthering of my heires, to be my heires.
Is this that Greatnesse which I did designe,
By being eminent, to be o're-throwne,
To ruine first my selfe, then root out mine ;
As conquering others, but to lose mine owne ?
O happie I, more happie farre my race !
If pleas'd with that which was our ancient rent,
I manag'd had th'*Æmæthian* pow'r in peace,
Which was made lawfull by a long discent :
Then farre sequestred from *Bellona's* rage,
I had the true delights of Nature tri'd,
And ag'd with honour, honour'd in my age,
Had left my Sonne secure before I dy'd ;
And he inheriting a quiet state
(Which then because lesse great had beene more sure)
Had (free from envy) not beene harm'd by hate,
Which of most States the ruine doth procure ;
But since they will en-earth my earthly part,
Which now no badge of majestie retaines,
To roaring *Phlegeton* I must depart
Farre from the lightsome bounds of th'aiery plaines.
And must I there who did the world surmount
(Arrested by the Monarch of the Ghosts)
To *Rhadamanthus* render an account
Of all the deeds done by my ravenous hosts ?
There whil'st with *Minos Æacus* sits downe,
A rigorous Iudge in hels most horrid Court,
With me who passe his Nephew in renowne,
(Though of his race) he no way will comport.
O what pale Ghosts are here together brought,
Which were of bodies spoil'd by my Decree !

213 E. Is this the gaine of greatnesse ? did I pine 216 E. To be made eminent 218 E. If with my fathers conquests still content 224 E. Had left my scepter to my sonne and dyed 225 E. And he succeeded had t'a 227 E. And not exposd to enuy, nor to hate 228 E. That do against the greatest States coniure I. Against the greatest States which doth coniure 229 E. But since they minde t'enearth 239 E. Though farre before his Nephew in renowne 240 E. He will not with one of his race comport I. iust rage will not comport 241 EI. O what pale troops of ghosts are gathered heere

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And first *Parmenio* without whom I nought
But who did many great things without me :
At the tribunal of *Tartarian* pow'rs,
He aggravates ingratitude too great,
And (whil'st the raging Tyrant foaming lowres)
All whom I wrong'd, for vengence do entreat :
Yet guilty thoughts torment me most of all,
No sprit can be by plaguing furies pin'd,
(Though charg'd without with snakes, within with gall)
As by the stings of a remording minde.
If it be true that drowsie *Lethes* streames
In darke oblivion drowne all things at last,
There, let me bury farre from *Phœbus* beames,
The loath'd remembrance of my labours past.

CHORUS.

What strange adventures now
Distract distressed mindes
With such most monstrous formes ?
When silence doth allow
The peace that Nature findes,
And that tumultuous windes
Do not disturbe with stormes
An universall rest :
When Morpheus *hath represt*
Th'impetuous waves of cares,
And with a soft sleepe bindes,
Those Tyrants of the brest,
Which would spread forth most dangerous snares,
To sink affliction in despaires :
Huge horrours then arise
The Elements to marre,
With most disastrous signes :
Arm'd Squadrons in the skies,

243 EI. And first the wrong'd *Parmenio* doth compeere 246 EI. From whom I nought, but who did much from me 247 E. th'infernall tyrant 248 E. for vengeance stand t'intreat 255 E. There let me burie 260 E. *seemes t'allow* 266 E. *course of cares* 270 E. *T'inuolue th'afflicted in* I. To throw 272 E. *Which th'elements doe*

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With lances throwne from farre,
Do make a monstrous warre,
Whil'st furie nought confines :
The Dragons vomit fire,
And make the Starres retire
Out of their Orbes for feare,
To satisfie their ire,
Which heavens high buildings not forbear,
But seem the Crystall Towres to teare ;
Amidst the ayre, fierce blasts
Doe boast with blustring sounds,
To crush this mighty frame,
Which (whilst the tempest lasts)
Doth rent the stately rounds,
To signifie what wounds
To all her off-springs shame,
Shall burst th'earths veynes with bloud,
And this all-circling floud,
(As it the heavens would drowne)
Doth passe the bounding bounds,
And all the scalie brood,
Reare roaring Neptunes *foamie Crowne,*
Whilst th'earth for feare seems to sinke downe,
Those whom it hid with horrour !
Their ashy lodgings leave,
To re-enjoy the light,
Or else some Panicke terrour
Our judgement doth bereave,
Whilst first we misconceive,
And so prejudge the sight ;
Or, in the bodies stead,
The genius of the dead
Turnes backe from Styx *againe,*
Which Dis *will not receive,*
Till it a time engendring dread,

282 E. *That th'azure buildings not (As t'were the heauens to drowne)* 286 E. *T'vndoe* 290 E. *Strait t'all* 293 E. *Doth passe th'appointed* 295 E. *Those that th'earth chargde, what horrour?* I. Those whom Earth charg'd what horrour ! 309 EI. *Till it a while*

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Plague (whilst it doth on th'earth remaine)
All else with feare, it selfe with paine.
These fearefull signes fore-show
(All nations to appall)
What plagues are to succeed.
Since death hath layd him low,
Who first had made us thrall,
We heard that straight his fall
Our liberty would breed ;
But this proves no reliefe :
For, many (O what griefe !)
The place of one supply ;
And we must suffer all ;
Thus was our comfort briefe :
O ! rarely doe usurpers dye,
But others will their fortune try

Act 2. Scene 1.

Perdiccas. Meleager. Ptolomie. Antigonus. Eumenes.

Perdiccas. What eye (not big with teares) can view this host,
Which hath in one (ah, as the end doth prove)
A King, a Captaine, and a brother, lost,
Crown'd, follow'd, try'd, by right, for worth, in love ?
I thinke amongst us all, there is not one,
Whom divers favours doe not justly binde
To please that *Heroes* Ghost (though from us gone)
With all the off'rings of a thankefull minde.
Ah, had the fates beene subject to my will,
So great a losse should not have crost our life ;
But we had kept great *Alexander* still,
And he those kingdomes which procure this strife.
" Yet heavens decrees can never be recall'd,
" And thoughts of harme past helpe, breed double paine,
" Though once to griefe a space, by passions thrall'd,

310 E. *Giue whilst it doth* 311 E. *To others feare, and to 't selfe paine* 313 E. *The doubtfull world t'appall* 315 E1. *When death had* 324 E. *For rarelie doth th'vsurper die* 333 E. T'appease 333 E. With all th'oblations 338 E. Such clowds of sorrow had not darkened life 336 E. But we had had 340 E. Though being to griefe

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" The living must embrace the world againe.
As one whose intrest in that Prince was chiefe,
A sorrow singular my soule affects,
But I will not defraud the generall griefe,
To waile a-part particular respects.
Though all the ayre still Ecchoes plaintive sounds
Of widow'd hopes now wedded to despaires,
Yet time must cicatrize our inward wounds,
And to the publike good draw private cares.
Let us give physicke to the sickned state,
Which at this present in great danger stands,
Whilst grudging Subjects that our greatnesse hate,
By bloud would venge their violated lands.
" Those who by force are thrall'd, to be made free,
" Precipitate themselves in dangers still,
" And this of Nature seemes a rule to be :
" What Realme not scornes to serve a strangers will ?
" From forc'd obedience, nought but hate proceeds ;
" The more we have subdu'd, the more our foes :
A soveraigne head this States huge body needs,
That might make us securely to repose :
And who more meet to have that great mans place,
Of those whose states he tooke who gain'd the hearts,
Then one descended from that Regall race,
Whose birth both worth and right to raigne imparts ?
If heavens enrich *Roxane* with a Sonne,
That long'd-for birth a lawfull Soveraigne brings,
And till that course of doubtfull hopes be runne,
Let some be nam'd who manage may all things.
Antig. The Macedonians (swolne with wrath) would scorne,
That to their King a stranger should succeed :
Can men obey a Babe, a Babe not borne ?

343 EI. interest in his life 343 E. I of'his death haue cause to curse th'effects 346 E. But will not frustrate so the 346 E. Though th'aire be plenish'd yet with 347 EI. that [I. which] wedded haue despaires 349 EI. publike weale 353 E. Would enfranchize their 356 E. And this th'instinct of Nature seemes to bee 357 E. t'attend a strangers will 362 E. meete t'enioy 363 E. Wh'of those whose states he tooke, receiu'd the hearts I. who wan 364 E. th'illustrous race 368 E. hopes be done 369 E. Let some appointed be to rule all things 370 E. Though *Macedonians* fumed mindes not 371 E. That t'*Alexander* strangers

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What fancies strange would this confusion breed ?
This could not well become our grave fore-sight,
A doubtfull birth so long t'attend in vaine,
Which may abortive be, and brought to light,
(Through natures errour) made not apt to raigne.
But if affection carry us so farre,
That of that race we must be rul'd by some,
Though neither train'd by time in peace, nor warre,
As those who must indeed by kinde o're-come :
Then have we *Hercules* the eldest sonne,
To our great Prince by faire *Barsines* borne,
Who fourteene yeares of age, hath now begun
His Princely birth by vertue to adorne.
Ptol. To thinke of this, it makes my soule asham'd,
That we should serve a base Barbarians brood.
What ? should we beare the yoke that we have fram'd ?
To buy disgrace, have we bestow'd our bloud ?
Our ancestors whose glory we obscur'd,
Would get some vantage of their off-spring thus :
That peoples bondage they would have procur'd,
And have we warr'd to make them Lords o're us ?
Ah, bury this as a most odious thing,
Which may bring danger, and must breed our scorne.
Though (in effect) descended from our King,
They (come of Captives) are but basely borne.
O ! brave *Leonides*, I like thy strife,
Who with so few perform'd so glorious things,
And death preferr'd before th'infamous life,
Which bondage still from a Barbarian brings.
Those (loath to take a stranger for their Lord)
Did with their bloud renowne a forraigne field,

375 I. birth long to attend 376 E. That may b'abortiue, and though 380 E. Though neither being practiz'd in 381 E. As those that haue 383 E. That t'our great Prince was by *Barsines* 384 EI. hath else begunne 385 E. by vertues rare t'adorne 386 E. Might not the *Macedonians* all b'asham'd 387 E. If rendred vassalles thus t'a barbarous brood 391 EI. of their Nephues 392 E. They warrd that peoples wracke to haue procurd 394 E. As a'xecrable thing 395 E. And let this purpose be no more pursude 396 E. For though they were begotten by 397 E. Yet were they borne of those that we subdude 402 E. t'accept 403 E. Gaue fame t'an vnknowne

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And shall we honour them whom they abhorr'd,
And even (though victors) to the vanquish'd yeeld ?
To what did tend that eminent attempt,
Which makes the *Persians* yet abase their brow ?
But to our countries scorne (in a contempt)
To take by force that which we offer now.
Was this the scope of all our conquests then,
Of abject Captives to be made the prey ?
No, let us still command like valorous men,
And rule our Empire by some other way.
May we not use this policy a space,
Till Time afford, or we a course devise ?
Least dangerous discord doe disturbe our peace,
Still when we would of serious things advise ;
With Majestie let us assembled be,
A sacred Senate with a chayre of state,
That of the Soveraigne pow'r all signes may see,
Then whilst we compasse that respected seate :
There, those who were in credit with the King,
Whose merits in mens mindes have reverence bred,
Shall (weigh'd by judgement) ballance every thing :
How kingdomes should be rul'd, how armies led ;
" And what the greatest part hath once approv'd,
" To that the rest will willingly incline ;
By such a harmony the Army mov'd,
Will execute whatever we designe.
This concord would prove happy for us all,
Which each mans state free from all danger renders :
And by this meanes our Macedonie shall
In place of one, have many *Alexanders*.
Eum. Though silence (I confesse) becomes me best,
Who, am a stranger, and the lesse beleev'd,

404 E. Yet we would 405 E. And though being victors 406 E. For where-to tended that renowned 411 E. Of our owne captiues 415 E. Till better wits some better meanes 418 E. Let a maiesticke *Senat* gathered be 419 E. And them amongst the Imperiall chare of state 420 E. That of th'authoritie all 424 E. Shall in their iudgements 427 E. must oblig'd be t'incline 428 E. All th'armie by this harmony being mou'd 431 E. Since it each state in greatest suretie renders 435 I. Who since a Stranger am the lesse beleeu'd

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Yet of your toyles since I a partner rest,
I must unfold my minde, a minde much griev'd :
And thinke you that a Babe repaires our losse ?
How can good wits so grosly be beguil'd ?
This in all Countries hath been thought a crosse :
" Woe to that soile whose Soveraigne is a childe.
Nor would these great men (as is thought) agree,
They be too many bodies for one minde :
Ah (pardon *Ptolomie*) it cannot be,
This union would disjoyne us all I finde :
Thus would the Army from good order swerve,
" If many might forgive, all would offend,
" As thinking well though they did death deserve :
" No man so bad, but some will him befriend.
And when so many Kings were in one Court,
One Court would then have many humours too,
Which fostring factions for each light report,
Would make them jarre as neighbouring Princes doe ;
No, let this strange designe be quite supprest,
" Whil'st equall all, all would unequall be,
So that their mindes (by jealousie possest)
From pale suspition never could be free.
But ah ! what needs contention at this time,
To cloud a matter that was made so cleare :
And doe you now account it not a crime,
To damne his will, who once was held so deare ?
When that great Monarch march'd to match with death,
Whil'st all his Captaines were assembled there,
And did demand (whilst he dispos'd of breath)
Whom he himselfe adopted for his heire :
Then (that none might such doubtfull questions breed)
As loving valour more then his owne race :
He (that a brave man, brave men might succeed)

439 E. How are the deepest iudgements thus beguild 445 E. would all disunite I finde 447 EI. When many 449 E. Ther's none so bad but some man will defend 454 E. strange opinion be suppressd 459 E. T'obscure 460 EI. it for no crime 461 E. T'impugne his wil that 462 E. t'encounter death 466 EI. whilst he might vse his breath 466 E. Then that such doubtfull questions should not need 468 E. He that t'a

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Said : let the worthiest have the worthiest place.
Nor did he speake this in a secret part,
With double words which might more doubt have mov'd,
As breathing thoughts in each ambitious heart,
To have his worth in *Vulcans* fornace prov'd :
For, whil'st ye hedg'd the fatall bed about,
(With an unpartiall care distracted long)
Then he amongst you all did chuse one out,
Who for so great a charge did seeme most strong.
He to *Perdiccas* did present the Ring
That us'd to seale the secrets of the State,
By which it seem'd that he design'd him King,
And so would seaze him of the regall seat.
Thus made this worthy man a worthy choice,
That further strife might not the state deforme,
And all the world now justly may rejoyce,
That who rais'd many, did prevent this storme.
For, if he had not thus declar'd his will,
Yee (*Mars* his Minions) should have liv'd at jarres :
Whil'st emulation amongst equals still,
Had made sterne Trumpets thunder civill warres ;
What huge disorders threatned to burst forth,
If that our Soveraigne had no Prince design'd,
Who oft hath beene a witnesse of our worth,
And can weigh vertue in a vertuous minde ?
I see consenting signes applaud my speech :
Rise, doe, *Perdiccas*, that which they decree,
Whil'st modesty doth Majesty impeach,
Though thou crav'st not this Crowne, this Crowne craves thee.
Mel. I wonder not though thus *Perdiccas* shrinke,
To take this place, still brag'd with new alarmes :
The Sunne must make nights ugly bird to winke :
This Scepter weighs, too much for so weake armes.

[471] E. With *Sphinx* his phrase, a greater doubt t'haue [477] E. That for so great a burthen seem'd [481] E. highest seate [483] E. That no new troubles might the state [485] E. That thus preuented was a'mpetuous [I. a furious] storme [486] E. For if this had not been his latest [I. fatall] will [489] E. Had made the trumpet sound t'intestine warre [499] E. T'accept so mighty a charge amidst th'alarmes [500] E. *Nictimine* to winke

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The Gods will never grant, nor men agree,
That such a one should tyrannize o're us :
Though vulgar mindes might yeeld his thralls to be,
His betters scorne to bow so basely thus.
He would have us *Roxanes* birth t'attend,
Which though it come to passe as some expect,
He can exchange, or cause be brought to end,
As bent to like all meanes, when one effect.
Thus would he temporize to our great scorne,
Till time might helpe to further his designes :
No Kings *Perdiccas* likes, but babes unborne ;
He labours well in undiscovered Mynes.
I need not now insist to tell at large,
What brave men are amid'st this martiall band,
Who better doe deserve so great a charge,
Both for their skill, and courage to command ;
Yet are the best not worthy to succeed,
That man admir'd who never can be match'd,
The thought of whom must make our mindes to bleed,
Whose adversaries this advantage watch'd.
But, if that great man did consent so soone,
That our obedience should be thus abus'd,
Of all that ever yet he would have done,
I thinke this onely ought to be refus'd.
That valorous band, whose worth the world oft prov'd,
Then, whil'st their glory shin'd through silver shields :
By all that Monarchs deeds when no way mov'd,
(As conquer'd) would have left the conquer'd fields.
And when despising such a Princes throne,
To whom his ancestors their Scepter brought,
What reverence would they beare to such a one,
Who all this time was as their equall thought ?
" To those who o're their equals raise their state,

503 E. domineer ouer vs 505 E. Those that his betters are scorne to bow thus 506 E. He prayes vs all *Roxanaes* I. birth attend 509 E. As bent t'allow 510 E. temporize though t'our great scorne 511 E. Till time assist t'accomplish 519 E. To that rare man 520 E. Whose memorie 521 EI. for this aduantage 524 E. euer he desird t' haue 526 E. Th'vndanted [I. The valorous] band 528 E. monarches merits not being mou'd 530 E. And if that they contemn'd a princes

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" Advancement envy breeds, and envy hate ;
" If such with all would rest familiar still,
" This in contempt the Soveraigne title brings :
" And if they second not their subjects will,
" Men cannot beare with them, as with borne Kings.
Our lofty bands some lofty minde must tame,
Whose Princely birth doth procreate regard ;
Whose Country may confound each slandrous clayme,
As one with whom none else can be compar'd.
Loe, *Alexanders* brother, *Philips* sonne,
Who alwayes was a partner of our paine :
Can there be any else below the Sunne,
O're Macedonians who deserves to raigne ?
And I must wonder what so strange offence
Hath forfeited his title, maym'd his right ?
That any now with a disguis'd pretence
Dare wrong him thus, even in his peoples sight.
Ptol. None needs to wonder much, though we neglect
One whose election might procure our shame :
His mothers basenesse, justice might object,
Whom bastardy secludes from such a claime.
But yet had Nature purg'd the spot she made,
We with his birth the better might comport,
If (like his syre, fierce squadrons fit to leade)
His parts were such as might the State import ;
He falsifies his race, of wit so weake,
That all his inward wants are soone perceiv'd,
All of his judgement in derision speake,
By which great things can hardly be conceiv'd :
And though his body might from paines be spar'd,
Whose constitution is not very strong ;
But with infirmities so farre impair'd,
That it alive cannot continue long ;
" Yet since in State he never hath been school'd,
" His ignorance would racke him still with feares :
" Whilst he who rul'd, still needing to be rul'd,

537 E. th'authoritie it brings 544 E. Ther's 558 E. Whilst father-like in all affaires he had 559 E. Giuen proofe of parts that might the state support

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" Spoke but with others tongues, heard with their eares.
" A King inconstant, great confusion makes,
" Whom all mistrust, and most amid'st a Campe :
" Whilst (soft like waxe) he each impression takes,
" A little labour changing still the stampe ;
" Ah, should our lives depend upon his breath,
" Who of himselfe cannot discerne a crime :
" But for each rash report damnes men to death,
" Then yeelds a fruitlesse pitty out of time.
" Thus whilst some alwaies must his judgement sway,
" Which still doth harbour in anothers head,
" Of Sycophants this Prince may be the prey,
" Who where they list him (as quite blinde) will leade.
" And since but base, that they may be the best,
" Such still will toyle, that we may be o'rethrowne :
" And to the credulous King may meanes suggest,
" To taint our fame, lest it obscure their owne.
What griefe were this to us, whilst such as those
Might make their vantage of th'all-pow'rfull breath ?
And that our actions ballanc'd by our foes,
Were guerdon'd with disdaine, or else with death ?
Mel. Since private hopes your judgements doe bewitch,
I'le leave this counsell where no good can please :
Come follow me all those who would be rich :
Few have regard (poore souldiers) to your ease.
Perd. That shall prove best which first I went about,
Though some would wrest my words from what I thought :
Loe, *Meleagers* spite doth now burst out,
Like flaming fires which burne themselves to nought.
Thus, naughty mindes which never dreame but ill,
Doe construe all things to a crooked sense :
What I propos'd, reposing on your will,
He would interpret for a great offence.
And (thus puff'd up) this parting hence of his,

575 E. And doth for friuolous things still change the stampe 578 E. But doomes by informations men to death 579 EI. Then barren pittie yeilds when out of time 583 E. list, th'authoritie will leade 586 E. And some-time may [I. And may by time] the credulous king suggest 598 E. The malice of *Meleager* now bursts out 602 E. t'aduance our countrie still 603 E. it as an 604 E. And this unreuerent parting

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To many former faults hath added one :
By his seditious words incens'd ere this,
The souldiers are to sacke the treasure gone.
Antig. With one consent then let us all conclude,
That *Alexanders* race (when borne) must raigne :
So shall we stablish still that sacred bloud,
Which rais'd our state, and may it best maintaine.
And let us now (before we part) appoint
Who shall command till that the babe be borne :
And circumspectly ponder every point,
That successe so our Councell may adorne.
Eum. I heare a tumult rais'd amongst the Tents,
And *Arideus* is proclaimed King :
To which the multitude (soone chang'd) consents,
As bent for all whose course a change may bring.
The foot-men are to indignation mov'd,
In this assembly that they want a seat,
Where our proceedings they might have approv'd,
As knowing all that did concerne the state.
They soone forget their Prince (expecting spoiles)
That dare revolt from what we all advis'd :
" Thus too much liberty breeds many broiles,
" And makes the giver still to be despis'd.
" The want of discipline all things confounds.
Their deeds want order, and their pride all bounds.
Perd. And dare they then against that fortresse rise,
Where *Alexanders* Ensignes are displaid ?
Or violate the walles where as he lyes ?
May not his shadow make them all afraid ?

605 E. Hath t'all his former wrongs yet added one 608 E. And then let us all of one accord conclude 609 E. hopd for race 610 E. w'establish still th'anointed 611 E. Whose gouernment both glorie gaue and gaine 613 E. Who gouern shall 614 E. put all things t'a point I. put all to a point 615 E. That the successe our councils [I. Councell] 616 E. tumult made 618 E. To which th'inconstant multitude consents 619 E. That build on all that changes best doe bring 620 E. all are t'indignation 621 E. That in th'assembly they gote not 622 E. That our 624 EI. Their princes memorie rests soon despysd 625 E. That they dare thus reuolt and vnconstraind 626 E. Saue but by too much libertie entysd I. By too much libertie if not entis'd 627 E. to be disdaind 629 E. Their deeds wants 631 E. collours [I. ensignes] once are reard 633 EI. serve to make them feard

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What? how comes this? and dare they then presume,
To bragge their Captaines, and abuse their Armes?
Armes, armes, just wrath these Rebels must consume,
Our count'nance will them curbe, sound, sound th'alarmes.
[*Exeunt.*

Act 2. Scene 2.

Lysimachus. Seleucus.

Lysimachus. Loe, here a great and more then sudden change!
All men for mirth were like to have gone mad,
So that of late it would have beene thought strange,
In all this Citie to have seene one sad.
Each wall resounded some melodious song,
To ravish curious eares with rare delight;
Strange Tapestries were stretch'd the streets along,
And stately objects made to charme the sight;
As if our King his conquests so would crowne,
Of all the world a Parliament to hold,
He (plac'd with pompe in this imperiall towne)
Did of magnificence the height unfold.
Here glory (in her richest robes array'd)
Should have shewne all that Greatnesse could expect:
Yet were our hopes even at the height betraid:
To death those Trophees fortune did erect.
A tragicke end this triumph quite confounds,
All our applauses vanish in complaints,
Our Musicke marr'd by melancholy sounds,
Loe, by the Cypresse press'd, the lawrell faints.
To funerall shrikes, our shouts of joy we turne,
(With gorgeous garments, Griefe cannot comport),
We that so much rejoyc'd, farre more must mourne,
" Dayes spent with woe are long, with pleasure short.

[636] E. T'encounter their comanders and in armes [637] E. will dash them [I. them dash] [638] E. and a most suddaine change [645] E. t'amuse the sight [646] E. As if his conquests gloriously to crowne [648] E. He came with [649] E. The height of all magnificence t'unfold [655] E. are turnd to complaints [656] E. melancholious sounds [657] EI. Spoild by the cypresse, loe the lawrel faints [659] EI. Our gorgeous garments must giue place to grief [661] EI. with pleasure brief

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This breeds most anguish, when that one compares
The present time with others that are past,
Whilst wonted hopes are ballanc'd with despaires,
Which all heroicke mindes with woe doe waste.
Betwixt these two, what difference finde we forth,
The rising Sunne, and it that is declin'd ?
Where is that Zodiacke (lodging of all worth)
Whence valours beames (still lightning courage) shin'd ?
Now desolation spreads it selfe o're all :
A solitary silence, griefe allowes,
Ah, (as quite crush'd by that great Monarchs fall)
How many male-contents cast downe their browes ?
A strange suspition hath possess'd the streets,
Whilst every man his neighbours fall conspires,
Each one who unawares another meets,
(As fearing treason) with distrust retires.
Of rumours strange each eare is greedy growne,
Which (though but doubtfull) move the minde to rue,
And (doting still on that which is their own)
What they conjecture, all affirme for true.
Sel. With eyes that flame for rage, our deeds heaven viewes,
And (mov'd for us) a high disdaine doth beare ;
Loe, all mens heads are heavy for ill newes,
And though we know not what, yet still we feare :
For, since the widow'd world doth want a head,
Each member now doth labour to be chiefe,
Which (whilst they divers wayes the body lead)
May give beginning to some endlesse griefe ;
Some (like the foole who thunder fayn'd like *Iove*)
Would make their fame like *Alexanders* sound,
And (all brought low) to be themselves above,

662 E. This greatest anguish breeds when one 663 E. The tyme that present is, with it that's past 664 E. And ponders the particular dispaires 666 EI. These two between 668 E. Where is that bright Zodiack of all worth 669 E. From whence the light of ualour only shind 672 E. Ah as being bruisd by that 673 EI. abase their browes 676 EI. When vnawares one with an other 677 E. As straight suspecting treason he I. He (fear'd for treason) with 679 EI. to ruth 680 E. And as all hearts haue idols of their own 681 EI. for truth 682 E. The heaun with wrathfull eyes our actions views 688 E. As it towards vs that high disdaine doth beare I. And bent from vs 689 E. May a begining giue t'an 692 E. And to bring others lowe, or t' be above

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Would order all, or else would all confound ;
Then some vaine wits which onely would seeme wise,
(By flatt'ring mirrours of their shape deceiv'd)
Doe every thing that is not theirs despise,
And perish would, ere them another sav'd.
A number too whom all things doe content,
What each one thinkes, are still resolv'd to doe :
They make a choice, then doe the choice repent,
And straight repent of that repentance too.
The publike good is spoil'd by private hope,
Whilst many thus high dignities doe claime ;
This discord gives to rash ambition scope :
" For, all would fish within a troubled streame.
See how dissention hath dissolv'd so soone,
All kinde of order, and confusion brought :
Our Councell quite this variance hath undone,
" Whilst one would have done all, all have done nought :
Although *Perdiccas* (as it would have seem'd)
Whilst for his masters race he onely stood,
Sought (by that meanes more vertuous to be deem'd)
His Princes honour, and his Countries good ;
Yet his companions having in contempt,
He did by subtile meanes himselfe advance :
And so to shadow his disguis'd attempt,
Aym'd at the royall place as but by chance ;
He toyles that the unborne none should beguile,
As by the heavens for th'Orphanes good reserv'd :
Yet wanting of a King nought but the stile,
He would not want that when th'occasion serv'd.
And *Meleager* partially dispos'd,
To hinder others, doth pretend a love
To bastard *Philip*, by effect disclos'd,

693 E. Would ether govern all, or all confound 695 E. Whilst by prepost'rous fancies being deceiv'd 697 E. or them ane other sav'd 702 EI. The publick weal is spoild by priuate hopes 703 E. highest honour claime 704 E. This variance gives their fancies freest scopes 705 E. Its best to fish 708 E. This discord hath our council quite undone 711 E. As being devoted to the sacred blood 712 E. to b'esteemd 715 E. He sought by 718 E. He care pretends that none th'unborne beguile 719 EI. for orphans weal reservd 722 E. And *Meleager* with the lyke respect 723 E. To crosse *Perdiccas* counterfets a loue 724 E. To bastard *Philips* right, though in effect

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Since he but seekes *Perdiccas* to disprove ;
And if that foe, whom he doth feare, but faile,
He cares not much what Emperour they proclaime :
And his designe with many may prevaile :
" A cloake of right, apparels any claime ;
" They whose descent some title doth disclose
" (As by their birth made capable to raigne :)
" Must be preferr'd by reason unto those,
" Who of all right without the bounds remaine.
The furious foot-men (insolently stout)
A title to maintaine, did brave our band,
And (indignation thundring threatnings out)
Would with our bloud have bath'd this barbarous land.
O ! what indignity would this have been,
Whilst those whom we subdu'd with such great toiles,
Had in this sort their victors vanquish'd seen,
So of their spoilers purchasing the spoiles ?
Thus darkening all that we had done before,
(Our swords first stayn'd by ignominious wounds)
We, of our conquests could have kept no more,
But burials base (if those) in th'enemies bounds.
O ! what excellency consists in th' one,
(Though oft not mark'd till miss'd) cleare at this houre :
" Some with a word, or look, doe more alone,
" Then thousands joyn'd with policy and pow'r.
When squadrons arm'd with Ensignes full displaid,
As of their Prince all due regard quite lost,
His generous course would (obstinate) have staid,
By them abandon'd, when endanger'd most ;
Then of disorder yeelding bitter fruits,
They boldly march'd with bragges before his Tent,
And charg'd their Soveraigne with unlawfull suits,

[725] E. His purpose is but th'others to disproue [726] E. And so prouiding, that his enemy faile [731] E. Being borne in possibilitie to [735] E. Bent to maintaine a title, brau'd [737] E. haue dide [741] E. And without paine possesse their spoylers spoyles [747] E. More than in many as witnesses this houre [750] EI. all displaid [751] E. As those that fo their Prince all reuerence lost [752] E. His generous course t'haue obstinately stai'd [753] E. Did best t'abandon him when busied [755] E. march'd before th'imperiall tent

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To innovations violently bent ;
Of duty then, they by no band detain'd,
First grudg'd, grew factious next, last rebels plaine,
Like waters for a time (by Art restrain'd)
Their bounds once pass'd, which do all bounds disdain :
But from that patterne of accomplish'd worth,
Whom imitate none may, all must admire,
Through just disdaine when fury spark'led forth,
These troupes (astonish'd) trembling did retire ;
His stately count'nance calm'd tumultuous sounds,
And lightned Majesty through clouds of wrath,
That (even as if his words had given them wounds)
They fell, afraid of him, though not of death :
Those lofty bands which were of late so proud,
That they disdain'd to wait their Emperours will :
Then (by his looke all at an instant bow'd)
Did beg but leave that they might serve him still ;
And yet what wonder though he gain'd all hearts,
Which to his presence happened to repaire,
With that perfection of all vertuous parts,
As large in him, as in all others rare ?
Loe, when we meet to treat, by peace or warres,
How all our conquests may be best secur'd,
The Souldiers doe burst out in publike jarres,
Even by their Captaines no respect procur'd.
And who can call that valorous Prince to minde,
That unto vertue any reverence beares,
But he must be constrain'd, or prove unkinde,
To offer up a tribute of some teares ?

757 E. As t'innouations 758 E. They by no band of duety more detaind 760 E. Like waters by industrious meanes 761 E. Which if their dams once breake forth flouds do raine 762 E. But of th' vntainted tipe of matchlesse worth 765 E. Th'astonish'd troups all trembling 767 E. Lightning forth maiestie 769 E. They prostrated themselues exspecting death I. They fell, as fear'd for him 771 E. disdain'd t'attend 772 E. Then by his sight being at an instant I. Then (by his sight . . .) 773 E. Did beg for licence but to tarry stil 774 E. he wanne all harts 775 E. presence did repaire 776 E. accomplishment of vertuous parts 778 E. Whiles when we come to meete as each man sees 779 E. In this maim'd state bent t'entertaine some life 780 E. Still hauing in contempt all our decrees 781 E. The souldiers are not stai'd from ciuill strife

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Lys. His death doth make my soule faint sorrows prey,
Though many thought that I for it had long'd ;
For, if by any whom he should obey,
One can be wrong'd, then I indeed was wrong'd.
Sel. Though fame abroad by divers tongues did bring,
To what huge danger you were once expos'd ;
It did not paint out each particular thing,
Which by your selfe I long to heare disclos'd.
Lys. When wise *Calistenes* for no request,
With superstitious customes could comport,
But with franke words all flattery did detest,
He was abus'd, and in a barbarous sort :
" So plaguing him (no doubt) the King did ill,
" Yet to prosperity we must impute
" Those fatall faults which follow fortune still,
" As of great mindes a kinde of bastard fruit ;
" We should in Kings, as loth their state to touch,
" Speake sparingly of vice, praise vertue much.
But I whose soule that wise man dearely lov'd,
Whilst his perfections spying thus injur'd,
(To tender passions by compassion mov'd)
Would his reliefe have willingly procur'd.
But when my credit fail'd, all hope quite past,
That I could purchase grace in any sort :
I desp'rate physicke did afford at last,
That if his life was ill, it might be short.
The King enrag'd, that I had thus presum'd
To limit his revenge by giving death,
That by a Lyon I should be consum'd,
Did throw my doome out of the depths of wrath ;
But when with rowling eyes the Lyon roar'd,
He, by my strength (as strengthlesse) was or'e-thrown,
Which to the King whose minde did then remord,
My constancy and courage both made knowne,
So that incontinent I was set free,

786 E. His death of sorrow makes my soule the prey 788 E. For if by those that he rests bound t'obey 790 EI. Fame to mine eares by 791 E. T'a danger huge how you 792 E. But specifide not each 801 E. As being of all great mindes a 810 E. I gaue him desp'rate physicke at the last 813 E. by sodaine [I. sudden] death

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By this rare proofe esteem'd amongst the strong,
And with a minde from inward rancour free,
As he his wrath, so I forgot the wrong :
For, whilst alone he through a Forrest rang'd ;
A prey expos'd, yet did no danger dreame,
Some at that time had former wrongs reveng'd,
If but for mischiefe bent to gaine a name ;
Yet that which others did attempt in vaine,
And (tyr'd by travell) of a surfet dy'd,
I did performe, and brought him backe againe,
As swiftly running as his horse could ride ;
And of that deed my sprite rests well appaid :
For, since that time my Soveraigne held me deare,
Which afterwards he to the world bewraid,
Whilst by this meanes his favour did appeare.
When unawares my brow he chanc'd to wound,
To stay my bloud which striv'd to dye his Launce,
He with his Diadem my Temples crown'd,
A happy signe though comming but by chance ;
And O ! who knowes but once before I dye,
Some good event may second the presage ?
Sel. What hinders us but we should fortune try,
And for a Crowne our travels straight engage ?
Those bended mindes which ayme at Greatnesse still,
" (Growne popular, of purpose to be prais'd :)
" Doe winde themselves in every mans good will,
And would seeme humble, that they may be rais'd.
" What counterfeited friends seale truthlesse bands,
" Whil'st in the generall cause that wit pretends,
" Though never joyning hearts, all joyne their hands,
" And worke one way, yet worke for divers ends ?
Yea, those whose mindes move in the sphere of State,
Have purchas'd pow'rs, as purpos'd for the fields,

825 E. If it had bin but so, to purchase fame 826 E. Some by that meanes 827 E. Bent like *Erostratus* t'acquire a name 830 E. him bringing backe againe 831 E. Whilst I did runne as swift as he could ride 835 E. Whilst in this forme 841 E. That the successe I. Some good successe may 842 EI. vs our fortune now to trie ? 843 E. And for a diademe our cares t'engage I. our trauels to engage 845 E. popular by th'armie to 849 EI. that each pretends 852 E. whose thoughts intend t'attend the state

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With jealous mindes their rivals to abate,
Whilst (equals all) none to another yeelds ;
Yet with suspended thoughts they doubtfull stand,
And their designes to venture doe forbeare,
Least all the rest joyn'd by a generall band,
Doe him o'rethrow, who first gives cause of feare ;
But he may speed who for a Crowne doth thirst,
And (free from feare) with courage doth advance :
Some to be second, doubting to be first,
Will make their course depend upon his chance ;
And by a battell if that one prevaile,
There will rich hopes at easie rates be sold,
Whil'st those seek help, whose Fortune then doth faile,
As first by hope, last by despaire made bold,
All this to me great cause of feare affords,
Lest that we two protract the time too long ;
And wounded be before we draw our swords :
" All at such times must do, or suffer wrong.
Lys. No chance of late hath brought me so to bow,
But I have throwne some thoughts at those high hopes :
" Yet in my minde that man do most allow
" Who doth with judgement moderate fancies scopes :
Those Provinces which are to us assign'd,
As calme in minde, we manage must a space :
Till all attempt that which they have design'd,
By enterchanging damage and disgrace :
Then living but like those whose force is small,
From which the world no great thing can expect :
We shall professe a favour to them all,
As who nought else, save publicke peace affect ;

854 E. bent t'abate 855 E. now none t'another yeelds 857 E. designes t'accomplish 859 E. March him t'orethrow 860 E. But he may prosper best whom burning thirst 861 E. Of gouernement enflames at first t'aduance 866 E. For of that faction first whose fortune failes 867 E. Euen all will striue who shall be first to folde 871 E. If those we not preuent that would vs wrong 873 E. But I expect a part of those great hopes 874 I. Yet in my minde his iudgement most allow 875 E. That [I. Who] ouer a dang'rous ditch aduis'dly leapes 876 E. There are t'our charge some prouinces assign'd 877 E. Whose peacefull states we manage must awhile I. must a while 879 E. Whilst from the world each th'other [I. each other] doth exile 883 E. And an indifferencie pretend t'affect

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Yet then, our thoughts shall not have leave to sleep,
But subtle plots must circumspectly frame,
Those whom we feare at variance still to keep,
So alwayes strengthning us, and weakening them ;
If wrongs provoke, or when occasion claimes,
We may make warre with some ere it be long,
Like cunning wrestlers at th'Olympick games,
Who exercise themselves to be more strong ;
And when themselves have thus prepar'd the way,
Whil'st that their pompe doth beare a lower sayle.
(For at the last their force must much decay,
Since all must alwayes lose, though one prevaile)
Then prompt to tempt that which we now contrive,
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Those could no kinde of want bemone,
For, craving nought, they had all things :
And since none sought the regall Throne,
Whil'st none were Subjects, all were Kings :
" *O ! to true blisse their course was set,*
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Then innocency naked liv'd,
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885 E. But subtilties 886 E. The mightie men at 888 E. And when th'occasion stricter dealing claimes 896 E. Then prom[illegible]t'atchiue 910 E. *th'emperious throne*

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With jealous mindes their rivals to abate,
Whilst (equals all) none to another yeelds ;
Yet with suspended thoughts they doubtfull stand,
And their designes to venture doe forbeare,
Least all the rest joyn'd by a generall band,
Doe him o'rethrow, who first gives cause of feare ;
But he may speed who for a Crowne doth thirst,
And (free from feare) with courage doth advance :
Some to be second, doubting to be first,
Will make their course depend upon his chance ;
And by a battell if that one prevaile,
There will rich hopes at easie rates be sold,
Whil'st those seek help, whose Fortune then doth faile,
As first by hope, last by despaire made bold,
All this to me great cause of feare affords,
Lest that we two protract the time too long ;
And wounded be before we draw our swords :
" All at such times must do, or suffer wrong.
Lys. No chance of late hath brought me so to bow,
But I have throwne some thoughts at those high hopes :
" Yet in my minde that man do most allow
" Who doth with judgement moderate fancies scopes :
Those Provinces which are to us assign'd,
As calme in minde, we manage must a space :
Till all attempt that which they have design'd,
By enterchanging damage and disgrace :
Then living but like those whose force is small,
From which the world no great thing can expect :
We shall professe a favour to them all,
As who nought else, save publicke peace affect ;

854 E. bent t'abate 855 E. now none t'another yeelds 857 E. designes t'accomplish 859 E. March him t'orethrow 860 E. But he may prosper best whom burning thirst 861 E. Of gouernement enflames at first t'aduance 866 E. For of that faction first whose fortune failes 867 E. Euen all will striue who shall be first to folde 871 E. If those we not preuent that would vs wrong 873 E. But I expect a part of those great hopes 874 I. Yet in my minde his iudgement most allow 875 E. That [I. Who] ouer a dang'rous ditch aduis'dly leapes 876 E. There are t'our charge some prouinces assign'd 877 E. Whose peacefull states we manage must awhile I. must a while 879 E. Whilst from the world each th'other [I. each other] doth exile 883 E. And an indifferencie pretend t'affect

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Yet then, our thoughts shall not have leave to sleep,
But subtle plots must circumspectly frame,
Those whom we feare at variance still to keep,
So alwayes strengthning us, and weakening them ;
If wrongs provoke, or when occasion claimes,
We may make warre with some ere it be long,
Like cunning wrestlers at th'Olympick games,
Who exercise themselves to be more strong ;
And when themselves have thus prepar'd the way,
Whil'st that their pompe doth beare a lower sayle.
(For at the last their force must much decay,
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Whil'st spightfull sprits no meanes contriv'd,
To plague the simple sort with harmes ;
Then snaring laws did not extend
The bounds of Reason as they do,
Strife oft begun where it should end,
One doubt but clear'd to foster two :
By conscience then all order stood,
By which darke things were soone discern'd,
Whil'st all behov'd there to be good,
Where as no evill was to be learn'd :
And how could any then prove nought,
Whil'st by example vertue taught ?

Then mortals mindes all strong and pure,
Free from corruption lasted long,
(By innocency kept secure)
When none did know how to do wrong ;
Then sting'd with no suspitious thought,
Men mischiefe did from none expect :
For, what in them could not be wrought,
In others they would not suspect ;
And though none did sterne laws impart,
That might to vertue men compell,
Each one by habite in his heart,
Had grav'd a law of doing well :
And all did wickednesse forbeare
Of their free-will, and not for feare.

The first who spoyl'd the publike rest,
And did disturbe this quiet state,
Was Avarice, the greatest pest
Which doth of darknesse fill the seat :
A Monster very hard to daunt,

917 E. *To plague th'vnprouident* 920 E. *Strife being begunne* 921 E. *Clearing one doubt t'ingender two* 922 E. *Then customes but by conscience stoode* 928 EI. *all most pure* 930 E. *Whilst arm'd with innocencie sure* I. (Whilst innocent) in all secure 934 E. *For that which in themselues was not* 937 E. *That might t'vse vertue* 938 EI. *Each in the table of* 941 E. *Through a free-will* 945 E. *That euer past th'infernall gate*

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Leane, as dry'd up with inward care,
(Though full of wealth) for feare of want,
Still at the borders of dispaire ;
Scarce taking food for Natures ease,
Nor for the cold sufficient clothing,
She whom her owne could never please,
Thinks all have much, and she hath nothing :
This daughter of sterne Pluto, *still*
Her fathers dungeon strives to fill.

That Monster-tamer most renown'd,
The great Alcides, Thebes *glory,*
Who (for twelve severall labours crown'd)
Was famous made by many a story,
As one who all his time had toyl'd
To purge the world of such like pests,
Who robbers rob'd, and spoylers spoyld,
Still humbling hauty Tyrants crests,
He by this Monster once o're-throwne,
Did passe in Spaine *o're lands and flouds,*
And there took more then was his owne,
What right had he to Gerions *goods ?*
Thus Avarice the world deceives,
And makes the greatest Conquerours slaves.

Ah ! when to plague the world with griefe,
This poore-rich Monster once was borne :
Then weaknesse could finde no reliefe,
And subtiltie did conscience scorne :
Yet some who labour'd to recall
That blisse which guilded the first age,
Did punishment prepare for all,
Who did their thoughts to vice engage ;
And yet the more they laws did bring,
That to be good might men constraine,

950 E. *food t' haue nature eas'd* 952 E. *She with her riches neuer pleas'd* 965 EI. *Did passe in Spaine his strength to try* 967 EI. Gerions *ky* 970 E. *Ah, when t'afflict* 975 E. *th'ancient age* I. The blesse

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The more they sought to do the thing
From which the laws did them restraine :
So that by custome altred quite,
The world in ill doth most delight.

Exeunt.

Act 3. Scene 1.

Perdiccas. Eumenes.

Perdiccas. Now Fortune smyles upon my rising State,
And seemes to promise more then I require ;
Loe, by degrees my glory doth grow great,
And by their death who did my death conspire.
Proud *Meleager* who disdain'd to bow,
And my advancement alwayes did mislike,
Hath with his bloud seal'd my assurance now,
To fright all those who would attempt the like.
Eum. Yet of his fall the forme my minde appalls,
Even at *Ioves* Altar, and without regard ;
We were too rash to violate those walls
Which the most impious could not but have spar'd.
Lascivious *Ajax* by *Minerva's* spight,
Earst for prophaning such a sacred place,
On the *Capharian* Rocks did lose the light,
And all his Navie too for ones disgrace.
" We should not irritate celestiall powr's ;
" And, all beginnings are consider'd most :
Such horrour breeds this odious act of ours,
That we (I feare) opinions pow'r have lost.
Perd. Let others seek to keep such points as those,
I am not scrupulous, for, I protest,
Ov'r all, and by all meanes I'le kill my foes,
And then thereafter argue of the rest.
" They wrong the Gods who think their church should be
" A refuge free for Malefactors still :
" For, with their justice this cannot agree :

[991] E. T'astonish those that I. To dash [993] E. At th'altar of the gods without [995] E. impious persons would haue [999] E. nauie to his great disgrace [1001] I. Then, all [1002] E. And by this sacriligious act [1003] E. I feare that we the hearts of some

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" Who guard ill doers, guilty are of ill.
Was he not stain'd with many a monstrous crime,
And *Salamander*-like amidst the fire
(Contentiously dispos'd) did spend his time,
And (never pleas'd) did still some change require ?
Eum. " One hum'rous head that doth in brawls delight,
" May poyson thousands with the gall of spight.
Perd. As still seditiously affecting strife,
He but abus'd the credit of his King :
And sent some of his slaves to take my life,
Such bitter envy did his stomack sting.
Eum. I saw, how that advanc'd before our band,
You first did check, then chase them in the end :
And did with courage resolutely stand,
Our Soveraignes corps (though dead) bent to defend.
Perd. " He but a dastard is who basely yeelds,
" And in no conflict hath his Fortune try'd,
We (if in time not ventring to the fields)
Like beasts (all sacrific'd) had poorely dy'd :
But when without we masters did remaine,
(Lest *Babylon* had straight beene barr'd from food :)
I those proud squadrons quickly did constraine
Even as we pleas'd, a Treaty to conclude.
Grac'd whil'st my foe (as in some kinde compar'd)
A chiefe in charge, he many mindes did sway,
But (found inferiour) when a friend declar'd,
My credit did increase, and his decay.
Eum. Yet in this course all (who observe) do see,
That of the multitude the minde prevail'd :
He whom they did elect our Prince must be,
And our designe hath altogether fail'd :

1013 E. And like the *Salamander* in 1014 E. Did loue to liue in trouble all his time 1015 E. And alterations alwayes did require 1024 E. And with what mightie courage you did stand 1026 E. is t'a foe that yieldes 1029 E. Like beasts being sacrific'd had simply dyed I. had simplie dy'd 1032 E. rebellious squadrons did constraine 1033 E. Euen t'our aduantage concord to conclude 1034 E. Th'agreement that gaue me a great reliefe 1035 E. Made my competetour his marke to misse 1036 E. For when I came, though hee before was chiefe 1037 E. The shadow of my greatnesse darkned his 1038 E. Yet in this treatie all the world may see 1039 E. Th'opinion of the multitude preuail'd

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But how comes this? that every Captaine gets
A certaine Realme committed to his charge,
And with an Army bravely forward sets,
Their bounds allow'd to guard, or to enlarge?
Perd. I by my means have every great man crown'd,
That from my greatnesse great things might proceed:
Yet by that meanes to make my pow'r renown'd,
The doing lik't me better then the deed;
I this division chiefly did procure
To have those great-men from the Court remov'd,
Where they might be imploy'd, yet I secure,
Their favour purchas'd, or at least thus prov'd:
For, him who hath them to such honour brought,
They must be bound to hold in high account,
And their advancement for this end I sought,
That by their meanes I with more ease might mount.
Eum. O! but your fancies may be much deceiv'd,
" There is no bond can binde unthankfull mindes:
I feare the favour that they thus receiv'd,
Hath showne them wayes to sayle by other windes.
So long, of late, as they had need of you,
To seeme your friends they (courting kindnesse) sought:
But since their greatnesse is well grounded now,
They will disdaine what derogates in ought.
" To those all great men friends most frankly prove,
" Whom (for their pleasure) freely they affect,
" And (loathing bands) cannot be forc'd to love,
" As brav'd by worth, when merits urge respect.
" Few mark from whence they rose, when once aloft,
" None can endure that they should owe their state:

1043 E. assign'd now 1044 E. And with a warlike armie forward 1045 E. The limits of his gouernment t'enlarge 1048 E. Yet to make my authoritie renown'd 1051 E. To make the court from other great men free 1052 E. That so my credit might remaine more sure 1053 E. And they by such great gifts engag'd to me 1056 E. And I haue not aduanc'd them thus for nought 1057 E. They be the meanes by which I minde to mount 1062 E. To seeme your constant friends they kindly 1064 E. greatnesse giues them freedom now 1065 E. They do disdaine what may abase them ought 1067 E. Whom without cause they alwayes fauour still 1068 E. And can not be as t'were compell'd to loue 1069 E. Those whose deserts do challenge their good will 1070 E. This would preiudge the freedome of their state 1071 E. That any might claime interest in their hearts I. Nor can

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" Desarts grow odious when upbraided oft,
" And are deprav'd, not guerdon'd, when too great.
" Yea, in my judgement you have greatly err'd,
" Them to exalt, whose state you would surprise :
" Their common custome is who are preferr'd,
" That they may stand, not to let others rise.
Perd. " To ruine loftie mindes when least afraid,
" Whil'st carelesse carriage jealous censures sift,
" By spyes abroad to foes at Court betray'd,
" Then by preferrement what more subtle drift ?
Their hearts with hate are parted all by pride ;
One is already to confusion gone :
I long to learne how *Leonatus* dy'd,
Not that I minde his funerals to bemone.
Eum. That Prince magnanimous whom all admire,
(As was his custome) clemently proclaim'd,
That banish'd *Grecians* might to *Greece* retyre,
Save onely such whom murder had defam'd ;
But who them banish'd, griev'd for their returne,
Did feare what just revenge might have design'd,
As knowing well (whil'st wrongs make wrath to burne)
" How misery doth irritate a minde ;
The indignation which they had conceiv'd,
Did breed rebellion bursting out with rage,
The which our King (deep in his minde ingrav'd)
By *Athens* spoyles did purpose to asswage :
But since that death afforded them releefe,
Growne bold to prosecute their proud attempt,
Th'*Athenians*, and th'*Ætolians* were the chiefe
Who brought *Antipater* first in contempt ;

1072 E. No, Kings can hold of none their kingly seat 1073 E. None must vpbraid them with so great deserts 1078 E. Ile make their brests such iealous thoughts imbrace 1079 E. That euery one shall seeke his mate t'ore-throw 1080 E. And then I purpose to supply their place 1081 E. When by such sleights the highest are brought low 1082 E. This subtill course rests by experience try'd 1083 E. The stronget [I. strongest] else is to 1087 E. Through his accustom'd clemencie 1090 E. At this, some *Grecian* great men were commou'd 1091 E. Whose partiall grudge occasion'd their exile 1092 E. Lest th'others restitution should haue prou'd 1093 E. A meanes t'haue brought their state t'a lower stile 1095 E. Did burst out in rebellion for a time 1097 E. And thought by *Athens* spoyles t'avenge that cryme I. it purpos'd to 1098 E. ministred them reliefe

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And by their pow'r constrain'd to quite the field,
He (in a little Towne enclos'd) at last,
Was once reduc'd in danger neere to yeeld,
And staine the glory of his actions past ;
But yet by accident as oft it falls,
" (It better is to happy be, then wise)
An unsuspected shaft throwne from the walls,
Their foes chiefe Captaine happened to surprise ;
Then did *Antipater* his courage reare,
Which had almost his stagg'ring hopes betray'd :
Yet still in doubt, and not quite free from feare,
He *Leonatus* did intreat for aide ;
And he who seem'd his friendship to affect,
To further him desirous did appeare ;
But (if he had prevail'd) some do suspect,
Antipater had bought his succours deare.
Yet by the end his purpose bent to show
(How ever in effect) he seem'd a friend ;
But when th'*Athenians* did his coming know,
They him to fight did all directly tend.
And though their thoughts in depths of doubts did fleete,
They when alone, to match him thought it best,
And whil'st they march'd th'adventrous troups to meet,
Did hardly welcome the unwelcome Guest :
When both the Armies were to battell brought,
And shew with what bright flames their breasts were stor'd,
Brave *Leonatus* like a Lyon fought,
So to prove worthy of his wonted Lord :
But whil'st he bravely did his charge acquite,
Yet lost himselfe, who others came to save,
And by their Captains fall discourag'd quite,
His scatt'red troups great damage did receive ;

1102 E. And being by them constrain'd 1107 E. It's better to be fortunate 1109 E. Th'*Athenian* captaine 1112 E. And yet not altogether free'd 1113 E. He sent to *Leonatus* seeking aid 1114 E. friendship much t'affect 1115 E. Did carefull of his countrie-men appeare 1118 E. Yet by th'effect 1119 E. What euer that he was 1120 I. But the Athenians did 1121 E. T'encounter him they did directly I. And him to fight they did 1125 E. Hard was the welcome of th' I. They hardly 1127 E. And all the fruits [I. parts] of valour did afford 1129 E. Bent to proue

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When old *Antipater* was surely told
Of their mishap, who came for his reliefe,
He not one signe of sorrow did unfold :
" A little gaine doth mitigate much griefe :
Well did he know that though his foes prevail'd,
Yet this great fight enfeebled had their host,
And then he took to him (which much avail'd)
Those beaten bands who had their Captaine lost ;
Yet that in which he did most comfort finde,
Was his delivery from a secret foe,
Who did with jealousie torment his minde,
Though outwardly not seeming to be so.
Perd. Thus, we who earst below one ensigne warr'd,
Slept in one Tent, and all one Fortune prov'd,
And (with a friendship then, that never jarr'd)
Like *Pylades*, and mad *Orestes* lov'd,
Since that we want a Lord, and all are Lords,
We (loe) renounce all kinde of kindnesse now,
And (secret rancour budding in discords)
Do others harmes procure, at least allow.
" Such is the sacred famine of a Crowne,
" That it to satisfie, before we faile,
" What in our way doth stand, all must go down,
" And bands of bloud, or friendship not availe :
" These glory-ravish'd souls that would be great,
" No meanes omit, although they be unjust,
" None beares with patience partners in the state ;
" What jealous lover can his Rivals trust ?
Eum. Well, I perceive *Antipater* doth tend
With all his pow'r to gaine that sacred prey,
Whose meanes (of late enlarg'd) to reach his end :
Through every danger may enforce a way ;
And *Alexander* sometimes spake at large,

1134 E. Yet when the newes to *Antipater* were told I. Yet when *Antipater* 1138 E. For he did know, though then 1152 E. Euen euery one doth th'others ruine vow 1156 EI. What stands within our way 1159 E. Will pretermit no meanes although vniust 1160 E. Impatient of copartners in the state 1161 E. For amongst riuals there can be no trust 1163 E. powre, t'attaine 1164 E. Which loe of late augmented now in th'end 1165 E. once may make a way I. may procure

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Yet that in which he did most comfort finde,
Was his delivery from a secret foe,
Who did with jealousie torment his minde,
Though outwardly not seeming to be so.
Perd. Thus, we who earst below one ensigne warr'd,
Slept in one Tent, and all one Fortune prov'd,
And (with a friendship then, that never jarr'd)
Like *Pylades*, and mad *Orestes* lov'd,
Since that we want a Lord, and all are Lords,
We (loe) renounce all kinde of kindnesse now,
And (secret rancour budding in discords)
Do others harmes procure, at least allow.
" Such is the sacred famine of a Crowne,
" That it to satisfie, before we faile,
" What in our way doth stand, all must go down,
" And bands of bloud, or friendship not availe :
" These glory-ravish'd souls that would be great,
" No meanes omit, although they be unjust,
" None beares with patience partners in the state ;
" What jealous lover can his Rivals trust ?
Eum. Well, I perceive *Antipater* doth tend
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Whose meanes (of late enlarg'd) to reach his end :
Through every danger may enforce a way ;
And *Alexander* sometimes spake at large,

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And by their pow'r constrain'd to quite the field,
He (in a little Towne enclos'd) at last,
Was once reduc'd in danger neere to yeeld,
And staine the glory of his actions past ;
But yet by accident as oft it falls,
" (It better is to happy be, then wise)
An unsuspected shaft throwne from the walls,
Their foes chiefe Captaine happened to surprise ;
Then did *Antipater* his courage reare,
Which had almost his stagg'ring hopes betray'd :
Yet still in doubt, and not quite free from feare,
He *Leonatus* did intreat for aide ;
And he who seem'd his friendship to affect,
To further him desirous did appeare ;
But (if he had prevail'd) some do suspect,
Antipater had bought his succours deare.
Yet by the end his purpose bent to show
(How ever in effect) he seem'd a friend ;
But when th'*Athenians* did his coming know,
They him to fight did all directly tend.
And though their thoughts in depths of doubts did fleete,
They when alone, to match him thought it best,
And whil'st they march'd th'adventrous troups to meet,
Did hardly welcome the unwelcome Guest :
When both the Armies were to battell brought,
And shew with what bright flames their breasts were stor'd,
Brave *Leonatus* like a Lyon fought,
So to prove worthy of his wonted Lord :
But whil'st he bravely did his charge acquite,
Yet lost himselfe, who others came to save,
And by their Captains fall discourag'd quite,
His scatt'red troups great damage did receive ;

1102 E. And being by them constrain'd 1107 E. It's better to be fortunate 1109 E. Th'*Athenian* captaine 1112 E. And yet not altogether free'd 1113 E. He sent to *Leonatus* seeking aid 1114 E. friendship much t'affect 1115 E. Did carefull of his countrie-men appeare 1118 E. Yet by th'effect 1119 E. What euer that he was 1120 I. But the Atheniens did 1121 E. T'encounter him they did directly I. And him to fight they did 1125 E. Hard was the welcome of th' I. They hardly 1127 E. And all the fruits [I. parts] of valour did afford 1129 E. Bent to proue

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When old *Antipater* was surely told
Of their mishap, who came for his reliefe,
He not one signe of sorrow did unfold :
" A little gaine doth mitigate much griefe :
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Then whil'st *Antipater* with *Agis* striv'd,
That he (without the limits of his charge)
More like a King, then a Lieutenant liv'd.
Antigonus, and *Ptolomie* in Armes
Are joyn'd in one, our ruine bent to breed ;
I feare that friendship procreate our harmes,
Unlesse their spight prevented be with speed.
Perd. I'le lodge you now (*Eumenes*) in my brest,
And let you see the ground of my intent :
Since that we both alike must toyle, or rest,
As those whose courses must have one event.
Since at his death, I by our dying Lord,
Was in his place appointed to succeed,
And that my Fortune doth a meanes afford,
How I may compasse that which he decreed.
To leave that place I cannot well agree,
As if I wanted courage to command,
I'le take that which the fates do force on me :
For, if without a Throne, I cannot stand.
" And those who would performe difficult things,
" Must not regard what way, so they prevaile :
" Oft fraud, then force, a greater furtherance brings,
" The Foxe must help, if that the Lyon faile.
So old *Antipater* to have betray'd,
His daughter I in marriage did require,
That so the time might but have beene delay'd,
Till that I had accomplish'd my desire :
For, with the shadow of pretended love,
And hop'd affinity which seem'd design'd,
I from his bounds some bands aym'd to remove,
By raising me that he might have declin'd ;
" But who can snare a minde all ey'd with fears ?
He quickly did mistrust the purpos'd wrong,
And from my Messengers straight barr'd his eares,

1175 EI. of my designes 1177 E. whose course one planet now confines 1181 E. How that I compasse may what 1184 E. do throw on me 1188 E. Oft sleight 1190 E. So for *Antipater* a snare t' haue layd 1195 E. And hope of that affinitie to come 1196 E. I from his bounds was minded to 1197 E. A warrelike troupe wherewith himself e t'orecome 1198 E. But to deceiue deceiuers, t'is most hard

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As did *Vlysses* from the *Syrens* song.
Eum. Yet this (if rightly weigh'd) might much import,
If that you match your selfe with such a Mate,
Whose beauty, pleasure, birth might bring support,
And both concurre in one to blesse your state,
If you to make your high attempts more sure,
By *Hymens* meanes with some your selfe allie,
Thus of some Prince you may the pow'r procure,
On whom for help you boldly may relye.
What griefe were this if you have hap to gaine,
That faire *Idea* which your fancies frame,
If after you, none of your owne remayne
To keep your Conquests, and revive your name?
" Kings live most safe who of their owne have heires,
" Whose sacred persons none dare seek to wound:
" Since, though they dye, yet there rest some of theirs,
" Who are to venge their death, by Nature bound.
Perd. All shall be try'd which may enlarge my might;
I minde to match my selfe with such a one,
Who (if she have my pow'r to prove her right)
May be thought worthy of her Fathers Throne.
I with *Olympias* have devis'd a thing,
Which may secure her state, and make mine strong,
And (if accomplish'd) prove a prosp'rous spring,
From whence may flow great acts ere it be long:
By *Cleopatra* may a meanes be catch'd,
Which to a glorious end our course may bring,
She whom at first her Father *Philip* match'd
With *Alexander* of *Epirus* King,
Who having heard great *Alexanders* fame,
(In emulation of that Monarchs praise)
Went with his troups th'*Etrurians* bent to tame,
Which enterprise did but abridge his dayes:

1202 E. This to our state, I think, might 1208 E. If to your selfe you chose a vertuous mate 1209 E. That wil conioynd with you one fortune trie 1210 E. hap t'attaine 1213 E. That may enioy your conquests, and your name 1217 E. That are t'auenge 1218 E. Noght rests vntride that might 1221 E. of th'*Æmathian* throne 1223 E. That may assure 1224 E. The which I hope shall prooue 1227 E. That our designes t'a glorious end 1228 E. I meane she whom her 1229 E. of th' *Epirots* King

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In marriage with that widow'd Queene combinde,
(If that her Mother thus her course assist)
Whil'st I performe that which I have in minde,
Who dare presume my purpose to resist?
For, whil'st this friendship doth my name renowne,
It may my thoughts from further feare seclude:
Since having thus a title to the Crowne,
As one engrafted in the royall bloud.
Eum. I feare that this your purpose to prevent,
A number now take armes all in one forme,
As those whose feares conjecture your intent,
And by the lowring clouds fore-know a storme.
Already many do together runne,
Who for our ruine wonderfully thirst.
Perd. Where do you think that we should then begin,
And exercise hostility at first?
Eum. Though we our selves in strangers Thrones enstall,
And (having *Asia* to subjection brought)
Make *Nilus*, *Indus*, and *Euphrates* thrall,
Yet all those victories would serve for nought,
Whil'st *Macedonie* doth continue free,
(A fertile field to bring brave Armies forth)
Which (till first forc'd) can now not subject be,
And ere they love a King, must prove his worth,
" Then unto those who seek a Prince in Armes,
" His chiefest Realme the greatest vantage gives,
" Where warres (held out) are alwayes with his harmes,
" Since that his foe still at his charges lives;
" And warres protracted with a peoples losse,
" Do from their Soveraigne alienate their love;
" They lose their hearts, whom Fortune once doth crosse,
" And foil'd at home, can no where else remove:

1236 E. Whilst I effect [I. performe] that which I haue design'd 1241 EI. engraffde 1244 E. As those that haue discouerd your intent 1246 E. For loe how many else together I. A number els with rage together 1254 E. Whilst martiall *Macedonie* liuing free 1255 E. The spring that still will powre new armies forth 1256 E. Doth not acknowledge you her king to be 1257 E. Nor hath not proou'd your militarie worth 1258 E. To those that would pursue 1260 E. Where if the warre hold out, t'is 1261 E. Since that within his bowells th'enemy

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Who *Macedonie* hath, hath still the best,
Which of our state the stately Mistrisse is :
As which with courage conquer'd all the rest,
And but depends on *Mars*, as onely his :
If you were Lord of that undaunted soyle,
And by *Olympias* countenanc'd but a time,
Straight from *Antipater* all would recoyle,
And, bent t'undo him, we would finde a crime ;
To you who are a *Macedonian* borne,
(If match'd with *Cleopatra*, great in pow'rs)
The *Macedonians* gladly would be sworne,
And (if commanding them) then all were yours.
Perd. Yet this opinion partly I disprove,
Which would not (as you thinke) our troubles end :
For, if we do from hence our force remove,
And to th'*Æmathian* bounds directly tend,
There must at first a doubtfull warre be prov'd,
With those brave bands whose valour is well known :
Of whom *Craterus* dearly is belov'd ;
Antipater is borne, and bred their owne.
And though indeed (as kindly to those parts)
My friendship may affected be by some,
Yet those who start in time by many arts,
May under-myne their mindes before we come.
Then whil'st we trouble *Macedony* most,
And leave those Realmes unarm'd which now are ours,
Straight *Ptolomie* when strengthned is his host,
May (like a tempest) swallow *Asia's* pow'rs.
I, for the time most willingly would take
The course which seemes to make our state most sure :
" A foe is dangerous, when behinde ones backe,
" (Who whil'st not look'd for) may our harme procure.

1267 E. Which of our Monarchie the 1268 E. That conquerd hath couragiously the rest 1273 EI. but a while 1273 Ei. And him as traitor to the state exile 1285 E. That bound t'*Antipater* are all his owne I. Who for *Antipater* themselues haue showne 1288 E. Yet others haue preoccupi'd their harts 1289 E. And will discredite vs before 1290 Ei. Then whilst that we the *Macedonians* boast 1293 E. May enter *Asia* and supplant our powres 1294 EI. I by my iudgement willingly 1296 E. It dangerous is t'haue foes behind 1297 E. That vnawares our ruine may procure I. Who (when not look'd for) ruine may procure

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My purpose is, though yet to none made knowne,
That *Egypt* first shall burden'd be with warre :
For, if that *Ptolomie* were once o'rethrowne,
Then that from *Greece* all hope of help would barre.
Eum. Hold still with you those of the sacred bloud,
Whom to protect you alwayes must pretend :
" The count'nance of the great, may do much good,
" Whom still (though weake) all glory to attend.
Exeunt.

Act 3. Scene 2.

Olympias. Roxane.

Olympias. Let sorrow prove a tyrant to my soule,
Whose rage with reason now no measure keeps ;
What of my teares the torrent can controull,
Since flowing from afflictions deepest deeps ?
How can my breast but burst whil'st sobs rebound,
Since once the seat of joyes now not the same ?
May not huge horrours presse me to the ground,
In thinking what I was, and what I am ?
I was a great mans wife, a greaters mother,
Even she to whom the heavens their best did give ;
Yet I, even I, more plagu'd then any other,
In dungeons now of desolation live.
My sonne who was the glory of his time,
Staine of times past, and light of times to come,
(O fraile mortality ! O slippery slyme !)
Though having all o're-com'd, death did o're-come.
And I (dejected wretch) whose dying eyes
(By Natures custome bound) he should have clos'd,
Was not to shut his starres with th'yvory skies,
Which curtain'd once where Majesty repos'd :
But ah ! his falling in a forraine part
Hath (if ought can enlarge) enlarg'd my griefe,

1305 E. weake, the world delights t'attend 1306 E1. Let sorrow then euen tyrannize my soule 1320 E. O sliderie slime 1323 E. He was by Natures custome bound t' haue closde 1325 E1. That tapestried where

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Or else on him I melted had my heart,
And spent my selfe to purchase his reliefe.
Yet though I was not present at his death,
He shall not be defrauded of my teares :
But for his funerall fires my flaming breath
Shall smoak, and to his Ghost a tribute beares.
Rox. Ah ! to what corner rolls my watrie sight,
Where it not findes some matter to bemone ?
O foolish eyes ! why lose ye not your light,
Since your delight is lost, your object gone ?
Once of all Queenes I might the fortune scorne,
To whom just love that great man did engage,
Whose match in worth the world hath never borne,
Nor never shall enrich another age.
When those perfections do transport my minde,
Which admiration doth disclose too late ;
I curse the fates that did his judgement binde,
To make me partner of so high a state.
And I repent that to his sight I past
(Though highly grac'd) once on a festuall day,
A feast which many a time must make me fast,
And with slow woe that flying mirth defray ;
Then if my fortune had not blinded me,
But ah ! whose judgement had it not bereav'd ?
Whil'st that great Monarch daign'd to like of me,
Of my high flight I had the fall conceiv'd.
Of *Asia's* Prince whose state did then decline,
He both the wife, and daughters had at will,
Whose beauties lustre might have darkned mine,
Yet free from snares restrain'd his fancies still.
And when my father chose out from the rest
Those Virgins all whom Fame affirm'd for rare ;
Though having view'd them all, he lov'd me best,

1339 E. t'haue purchasde 1337 EI. Since that your treasure is to ruine gone 1343 EI. Which admiration onely doth dilate 1344 E. I'm woe that me the destinies designde I. I curse the Fates by which I was design'd 1345 EI. To be the partner of his glorious 1352 E. Whilst the worlds Monarke 1353 E. I had th'euent of my high flight 1354 E. He of th'*Asian* Prince whose 1355 E. Had both the wife and daughters at his will 1356 E. Whose beauties glorie would [I. might]

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Then thought most fortunate, if not most faire ;
And when this match his Nobles all dismai'd,
That he himselfe with captives had alli'd :
That act, he then (as love had dited) said
Took from the vanquish'd shame, from victors pride ;
Yet me (as Empresse) all did entertaine,
Though his inferiour farre in all respects,
Till I from him by death divorc'd remaine,
Whom with his Sonne now all the world neglects.
Olymp. Although this will but aggravate my woe,
From whom the fates all comfort now seclude,
Yet I do tender his remembrance so,
That of my Sonne to heare, it doth me good ;
And (daughter) now to double my distresse,
Make me at length acquainted with his death,
That sorrow may each part of me possesse,
Sad news mine eares, teares eyes, and sighs my breath.
Rox. Though griefe to me scarce liberty affords,
To presse forth passions which oppresse my minde,
Yet would affection wrestle out some words
To speake of him who all my thoughts confin'd ;
When he had conquer'd all that could resist
(A Monarchie not equall with his minde)
Still in his haughty course he did insist,
And search'd the Ocean other worlds to finde :
But when from it his Navy was redeem'd,
He stood in doubt where Trophees next to reare :
The world (though large) for him too little seem'd :
His minde could more conceive, then Nature beare.
Last (ah !) this Emp'rour purpos'd was in th'end,
At *Babylon* his glories hight to show,
Where all the world his coming did attend ;
As *Iove* above, who onely raign'd below.
When he drew neare that then thrise Monarchs seat,
The Astrologians by their skill fore-told,

1362 E. And when his martiall nobles were dismaid I. this made 1364 E. He by that meanes I. That meanes 1372 E. Yet do I reuerence 1379 E. T'expresse the passions that 1388 E. For all the world 1395 E. All th'Astrologians

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What danger huge was threatned to his state,
The which else-where might better be contrould :
But he who was not capable of feare,
And could not muse of misadventures then,
Would triumph there, and the worlds Scepter beare,
Back'd with moe Kings then other Kings with men.
There (as a God) transporting mortals sights,
(Which mirth with mourning I must still record)
He spent, or lost a time, in all delights,
Which Fortune could (when flatt'ring most) afford,
Till *Thessalus*, for mischiefe but reserv'd,
Once to his house invited him to dine,
Where false *Cassander* at the Table serv'd,
And as he us'd with water mixt his wine.
Olymp. Alas, alas, and so it prov'd in th'end,
" But who could feare a benefited friend ?
Rox. There were all creatures valued for their worth,
As wholsome, dainty, sumptuous, stately, rare,
Which (forc'd by *Phœbus*) th'Easterne Realmes bring forth,
To live by Sea, by Land, or in the ayre.
Then when that Reason drunk with pleasure slept,
Which all the senses with abundance stor'd,
And whil'st (save Musicke) nothing measure kept,
With *Ceres*, *Bacchus* onely was ador'd.
Even when the King beginning was to drinke,
(As strangely mov'd) he thund'red forth a grone :
And from the Table suddenly did shrinke,
His wonted vigour at an instant gone ;
Whil'st he was softly to a Chamber led,
That death a title to his body claim'd,
The sorrowing Souldiers swarm'd about his bed,
With looks once fierce, then for compassion fram'd :
But he whom victory had still array'd,

1396 E. What dangers there were 1400 E. Causde through that towne him selfe in triumph beare 1102 E. god in all his subiects 1405 E. That a successfull fortune could 1412 E. The creatures al (*sic*) esteemde of greatest 1413 E. That either are in th'earth, the sea, or th'aire 1414 E. In *Persia*, *Arabia*, or the *Ind*'s brought forth 1415 E. That walke, that swim, that flie, that grow, were there 1417 E. Which all things did aboundantly afford 1418 E. And whilst that nought saue musicke 1422 EI. As one whose strength was 1424 I. Chalmer

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With others past this battell bent to even,
Did look like one whom all the world obey'd,
And boasted shortly then to take the heaven:
Whil'st (lightning comfort to afflicted bands)
He stretch'd them forth to kisse in severall parts,
By Sword then Scepter his more honour'd hands,
On which, it seem'd, they melted all their hearts.
Last, unto them those gen'rous words he told:
Yet to my life my death doth bring no blot:
Thus, to dye yong in yeares, in glory old,
Of all our Family is still the lot;
And since no worlds are resting to o're-come,
Life serves for nought; I did an Empire found:
Liv'd, warr'd, and raign'd (all done) for which I come:
Then goe great Ghost (not griev'd) below the ground.
No further weighing what belong'd to life,
He with a count'nance constant even in death,
(As too victorious in that fatall strife)
The ayre perfuming, spent th'imperious breath.
But through the Campe when that it once was knowne,
That from the world that world of worth was gone,
What anguish was, it cannot well be showne,
I had my part, yet had not all alone.
O! let that day which makes my dayes all night,
Be registred amongst the dismall dayes,
Whose melancholy, and portentuous light
With some disaster still the world dismayes.
And *Babylon*, curst be thy fatall towres,
Once seate of Monarchs, Mistresse of the earth,
But from hence-forth (a slave to forraine pow'rs)
Still burden'd be thy bounds with bloud and dearth.
Olymp. You need not use those execrations more,
Though *Babylon* of breath that Prince depriv'd,

1429 E. This battell with the rest bent to make euen I. With all the rest this 1432 E. Then that he comfort might th'afflicted bands 1433 E. He stretcht them out to kisse respected partes 1434 E. More by the Sword than Scepter honord hands 1440 E. And since that no mo worlds now rest t'orecome 1441 E. It's time to die 1442 E. And liu'd and raignde; it's done for 1443 E. Now my great ghost must goe beneath the ground 1444 E. Then hauing thus dischargde all debt of life 1456 E1. Whose inauspicious and lugubrious light

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Yet (as an Oracle had told before :)
In *Macedonie* was his death contriv'd ;
Antipater had heard, how divers times
The King against him had been mov'd to wrath,
And damn'd (as guilty of opprobrious crimes)
His sonne in law *Lincestes* unto death.
Then he was told, the King did strictly try
How his Lievtenants had their places us'd,
Still making all as traitours straight to dye,
Who had the same in any sort abus'd ;
Thus, he who well did know his owne misdeeds,
Had learn'd by others what he might expect,
As whose ambitious brest in pride exceeds,
And alwayes did a Soveraignty affect :
But when *Craterus* was to have his place,
And he requir'd the Army to attend,
He thought that thus Time would some means embrace,
To plague his pride with a deserved end ;
Then to prevent that which I thinke was still
More fear'd by him, then purpos'd by the King,
With guilty thoughts oft exercis'd in ill,
He sought what might to death his Soveraigne bring ;
And this the traitour compass'd at the last,
As I (alas !) have learn'd (although too late)
When to my sonne, his sonne *Cassander* past,
As to congratulate his prosp'rous state ;
Then in his company he did retaine
A poyson powerfull where it was employ'd,
Whose violence no metall could restraine,
But in a horses hoofe was still conveigh'd ;
He and his brother fit occasion watch'd,
And for their Prince a cup of poyson made ;
Thus he who never could by force be match'd,
By treason, loe (O cruell fate !) lyes dead.

1464 E. T'*Antipater* t'was told 1466 E. And doom'd 1468 E. And he had heard 1472 E. Then he that priuate was t' his owne 1476 E. was nam'd to his place 1477 E. And he in his requir'd the warres t'attend 1478 E. He thought that it was but a meanes t'embrace 1492 E. then th'advantage watchde 1494 E. neuer was by th'enemies matchde 1496 E. Doth by the treason of his friends lye dead

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That all men them admir'd, none envy could ;
And that none durst his sacred person touch,
Whom men ador'd, and *Iove* as his did hold.
How oft have I those bitter throwes allow'd,
By which I brought that demi-god to light ?
And well I might of such a birth be proud,
Which made me glorious in the peoples sight ;
Though divers too (as I have some time knowne)
To draw his love from me did wayes prepare,
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Rox. His love to you it could not but abound,
(By nature, parents of their owne are lov'd)
Since those to whom he by no band was bound,
Of his humanity the fruits have prov'd.
His clemency did make his state more sure,
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Which whilst he liv'd, did publike love procure,
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And faintly yeeld as vulgar wretches can.
Though griefe at first must mollifie me once,
Or (as unnaturall) I might be admir'd,
Yet will I not still burst my brest with grones ;
Then that, of me more courage is requir'd,
I'le not degener from my generous kinde,
" (Faint-hearted Hindes brought never Lyon forth)
" Nor yet a Mother of an abject minde,
" Had never borne a Monarch of such worth.
And O ! who knowes, but once the time may come,
That I to venge my selfe a meanes may have ?
Whilst those vile traitors ruin'd are by some,
Who with their bloud may bath their Soveraigns grave.
Now on *Perdiccas* I repose my trust,
Who with *Eumenes* would our wrongs redresse ;
Their valour (ventring in a cause so just)
By all appearance, promise doth no lesse.
Rox. Loe, now of late delivered of a sonne,
I to those Captaines scarce dare make it knowne,
His kingdomes all to part who have begunne,
And might (by killing him) make them their owne.
Ah ! (Madame) this doth move me most to pause,
Who of those great men the ambition feare,
Lest by pretending but a publike cause,
They seeke themselves the Diadem to beare.
Thus, they of my yong babe (fraud masking wrath)
Would but be Tutors first, and Traitors then,
Farre from obedience, duty, love or faith :
" No things more deare then Diadems to men.
Olymp. As those whose courage cannot be dismaid,
Let us now strive what way a force to finde ;
And whilst that pitty doth procure for ayde,
The peoples passions tune unto our minde.

1563 E. And yeeld to miserie as many can 1574 E. And may against these traytors yet mooue some 1579 E1. Doth by appearance promise good successe 1582 E. That else to part his kingdomes haue 1587 E. th'authoritie to beare I. the Soueraigne badge to beare 1588 E. Ah, they of my yong babe as mou'd with ruth 1590 E. Voyd of obedience, dutie, loue, or truth 1593 E. Let vs a faction studie now to 1595 E. Go tune the peoples passions now t'our

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If that their love not vanish'd with his life,
Of *Alexander* (in a high degree)
I thinke the Sonne, the Mother, and the Wife,
By *Macedonians* still must reverenc'd be.
And this doth with disdaine my soule consume,
That *Arideus* amongst other wrongs,
And proud *Euridice* his wife presume
To take the honour which to us belongs.
O ! they shall finde my fortune not so chang'd,
But I am able yet to curbe their pride :
What ? what ? *Olympias* must be reveng'd,
And (save her selfe) no Queene she can abide.

Exeunt.

CHORUS.

Loe, how all good decayes,
And ills doe now abound ;
" *In this sky-compass'd round,*
" *There is no kinde of trust :*
" *For, man-kinde whilst it strayes*
" *In pleasure-paved wayes,*
" *With flouds of vice is drown'd ;*
And doth (farre from refuge)
In endlesse shadowes lodge,
Yet strives to rise no more :
" *No doubt (as most unjust)*
" *The world once perish must,*
And worse now to restore,
Then it was of before,
When at the last deluge,
Men by Deucalion *once*
Were made againe of stones ;
And well this wicked race
Bewrayes a stony kinde,
Which beares a stubborne minde,

1596 E. Vnlesse their loue haue perishde with 1603 E. To vsurpe those honours that but t'vs belongs 1605 E. t'abate their pride 1607 EI. disdaynes t'abide 1609 E. *And euills begin t'abound* 1621 EI. *Then that it was before*

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Still hardned unto sinne.
Loe, now in every place
All vertuous motions cease,
And sacred faith we finde,
Farre from the earth is fled,
Whose flight huge mischiefe bred,
And filles the world with warres,
Whilst impious brests begin
To let base Treason in :
Which common concord marres,
Whilst all men live at jarres,
And nets of fraud doe spreade,
The simple to surprise,
Too witty, but not wise ;
Yet those who in deceit
Their confidence repose,
A thing more deare doe lose
Then can by guile be gain'd ;
Which when repented late,
May ruine once their state,
Whilst purer sprites disclose
With what their breasts are stor'd ;
For, though they would remord,
They get not trust againe ;
But, having honour stain'd,
And covenants prophan'd,
Are held in high disdaine,
" *And doe in end remaine,*
" *Of all the world abhorr'd ;*
" *Not trusty when they should,*
" *Not trusted when they would :*
But ah ! our Nobles now,
Loe, like Lysander *still,*
So that they get their will,
Regard not by what way,
And with a shamelesse brow,

1632 E. *Now farre from th'earth* 1633 EI. *huge euills hath bred* 1636 E. *Still to let* 1640 E. *Th'vnwarie* 1644 EI. *A deerer thing* 1646 E. *Which being* 1647 E. *ruine to their state*

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Doe of the end allow,
Even though the meanes were ill;
Which all the world may see,
Disgraceth their degree,
Who (changing every houre)
Doe all base slights assay;
What can brave mindes dismay,
Whose worth is like a Tower,
Against all fortunes pow'r,
Still from all fraud whilst free?
" *These keepe their course unknowne,*
" *Whom it would shame if showne:*
Who not from worth digresse,
To slights which feare imparts,
Doe shew heroicke hearts,
The which would rather farre
An open hate profesee,
Then basely it suppresse:
" *No glory comes from fearefull Arts:*
But those who doe us leade,
As for dissembling made,
Even though that they intend
Amongst themselves to warre,
Seeme in no sort to jarre,
But friendship doe pretend,
Not like their Lord now dead,
Who trusting to his worth,
Still what he meant spake forth;
The great men not for nought,
Doe seeke the peoples love:
Their deeds that to approve,
They may their mindes allure:
But Perdiccas *is thought*
Too slowly to have sought

1668 E. *That* [I. Who] *should not learne to lowre* 1669 EI. *But throwe base sleights away* 1677 E. *T'vse sleights that* 1681 E. *Then secretly suppresse* 1682 E. *Honor scornes fearefull artes* 1686 E. *t' haue warre* 1694 E. *And them their deeds t'approue* 1695 E. *Do labor still t'allure* 1696 E. *it's thought* 1697 E. *Too sparingly hath sought*

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Their doubtfull mindes to move,
As one who still conceits
He may command the fates ;
His pride so great is growne,
That none can it endure ;
Yet stands his state unsure,
Since odious to his owne :
" *He must be once o're-throwne,*
" *Whose humour each man hates,*
" *Pride doth her followers all,*
" *Leade head-longs to a fall.*

Act 4. Scene 1.

Antigonus. Eumenes.

Antigonus. Though stormy discord, and tumultuous wars,
Doe fire the mindes of men with flames of rage,
That (having haughty thoughts, as heaven hath Starres)
Their indignation nothing can asswage :
Yet loe, amongst the Souldiers waving bowres,
The Heraulds cryes doe calme the Trumpets sounds ;
And peace dare inter-pose unarmed pow'rs,
To limit for a time *Bellona's* bounds ;
And (whilst of fury they suspend th'effects)
The seeming-friended foes together treat,
And every one shewes what his soule affects,
Of peace a shadow ! th'essence must be great.
Thus men magnanimous amidst the field,
Dare of their en'mies to the promise trust,
And (loathing what disloyaltie doth yeeld)
Not violate their vowes, nor prove unjust.
" Though love be past, yet truth should still remaine,
" I vertuous parts even in my foes applaud ;
" A gallant minde doth greater glory gaine,
" To dye with honour, then to live by fraud.

1698 E. *Our mindes towards him to moue* 1705 E. *He must b' at last* 1708 E. *headlong* 1714 EI. cryes, whiles calmes 1718 EI. foes haue conference whiles 1719 I. Each one relating what 1720 E. A shadow of the blisse that [I. which] *Mars* exiles 1722 E. Dare to th'assurance of their enemies

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The world had never me but victor spy'd,
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Proud *Neoptolemus* that traytour still,
(Not worthy of a Macedonians name)
He to betray the hoste, and me to kill,
Had labour'd long to his eternall shame.
But I of *Craterus* lament the fall,
Whom for his vertue I did dearely love,
And was constrain'd (I *love* to witnesse call)
For my defence that refuge last to prove.
Antig. How fortun'd you your forces to dispose,
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" More then a shamefull peace I like just strife;

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" To generous mindes more deare then honour nought ;
" And ere I leave my faith, I'le lose my life :
Thus when despair'd that I would prove their friend,
They sought in time to plague me as a foe,
Where love could not begin, that hate might end,
And came in haste to have surpris'd me so :
But *Neoptolemus* to crosse by slight,
The Macedonians I for him did bend,
And *Craterus* concealing from their sight,
To match with him, caus'd troupes of strangers tend.
This policy which none could justly blame,
I with my selfe in secret did conspire,
And had my shirt beene privy to the same,
It should have beene an offring to the fire.
When deaths first game (with danger playd) was past,
I *Neoptolemus* did toile to finde,
And he me too, which happ'ned at the last ;
" Two will doe much to meet, when of one minde.
Then whilst we met for whom both th'armies warr'd,
Whose fortune did depend upon our hands,
All was perform'd that force or fury dar'd,
Whilst both were bent t'abate the others bands.
And yet the heavens would not betray my trust,
(" Foule treason never had a fairer end)
But smil'd upon my cause (as which was just)
And did destruction to the traitour send :
For, forc'd by him whose force he did despise,
(Though fighting fiercely long) he lost his breath,
As one more strong then true, more stout then wise,
Whose greatest honour was his honest death.
But weakened with huge wounds, almost I div'd
In seas of bloud, even quite from knowledge stray'd ;
Yet by so great a victory reviv'd,
My courage grew more then my strength decay'd.

1834 E. t'orethrow me as their foe 1836 E!. bent to surprise me so 1838 E. Did him against the *Macedonians* bend 1839 EI. And to conceale *Craterus* 1840 E. T'encounter him, causde 1845 E. When once that the first game of death was past 1852 E. Bent by reuenge t'abate each th'others bands I. Both bent how to abate 1855 E. The gods smilde on my cause because t'was iust

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Yet what against his foes he did performe,
From martiall mindes might plead for some excuse,
Since irritated thoughts which (wrong'd) doe storme,
In mindes offended, fury doe infuse :
But yet why sought he in a servile sort,
To play the tyrant, braving his best friends,
Who with disdainefull formes could not comport ?
" More then an enemies yoke, a friends offends.
And when of late by *Ptolomie* constrain'd,
He brought his bands with disadvantage backe,
How by the same his governement was stayn'd,
The world can witnesse by his Armies wracke :
" But hate made judge, each errour seemes a crime,
" Whilst present ils doe aggravate things gone :
His Souldiers mov'd by fortune and the Time,
Did by his death venge all their wrongs in one.
Eum. " As nought smels well to a distemper'd taste,
" So to conceits pre-occupy'd before ;
" Even good seemes bad in them whom they detest :
" Men must mislike where they can like no more.
To you who loath'd *Perdiccas* and his state,
What ever came of him could not seeme good :
And I not wonder though your soule did hate
One who had right and pow'r, to take your bloud :
For, fled from him to whom you once belong'd,
His Trumpet still breath'd terrour in your eare :
" Then all men hate those whom they once have wrong'd,
" And by no meanes can love them whom they feare.
Antig. " That which you speake of hate, in love I spy,
" Love cannot finde an imperfection forth,
" But doth excuse, extenuate, or deny,
" Faults (where it likes) with shadowes of no worth :
I left *Perdiccas*, but did him no wrong,
Who first to take my life, all meanes did prove ;
I told *Antipater* how he so long

1967 E. Whilst vindicatiue thoughts that 1968 E. In th'irritated minde did furie infuse. 1970 E. T'extend his tyrannie, euen towards his friends I. storming at his friends 1971 E. That could not with disdainfull formes comport 1978 E. Then whilst the present aggrauates whats gone 1986 EI. What came of him could neuer yet seeme

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I (having finish'd thus this fatall strife)
Did come where *Craterus* his course had runne,
Even in the confines plac'd 'twixt death and life,
The one neere gone, the other not begun :
He with great valour had resisted long,
As all *Briareus* hands had mov'd his sword,
And did his Masters memory no wrong,
Whilst with his courage, not his fortune stor'd.
" What life refus'd, to gaine by death he thought :
" For, life and death are but indifferent things,
" And of themselves not to be shun'd, nor sought,
" But for the good or ill that either brings.
With endlesse glory bent to change his breath,
Of desp'rate valour all the pow'r was prov'd,
" And for great Captaines no more glorious death,
" Then to dy fighting with a minde unmov'd.
When it appear'd where victory did tend,
That armies courage with their Captaine fell ;
And whilst I safely might be seene a friend,
I went where death his Spirits did expell ;
And whil'st I told how both to be betrayd,
By *Neoptolemus* were brought about,
My woe with teares I to the world bewray'd :
" Milde pitty and true kindenesse must burst out.
Ah, if the newes of this that I expresse
Had come in time unto *Perdiccas* eares,
He might have liv'd their pride now to represse,
Who by his fall were first divorc'd from feares.
Antig. The humour of that man was too well knowne,
Could he have parted other men from pride,
Whose soule was sold a slave unto his owne,
And for the same (forc'd by his followers) dy'd ?
Eum. " The proud must still be plagu'd by prouder ones,
" There must be had sharp steel to smooth rough stones.
Antig. " No vice then pride doth greater hate procure,

1868 E. Whilst th'one was gone and th'other not 1881 E. When this daies toiles were drawne vnto an end I. When victorie (resolu'd) all doubts did end 1883 EI. That [I. Whilst] I might safely shew my selfe a friend 1884 E. his senses did cancell 1889 EI. of this my good successe 1890 E. comd 1895 E. That was becomd a slaue

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Such raging Tyrants o're my fancies raigne.
Lysim. And yet I thinke you have an easie part,
To whom his State your Father did resigne,
For, it may make you smile, which made him smart :
" Some presse the grape, and others drinke the wine.
Cass. I'le not beleeve that ever any ill
Was bred for me within my Fathers brest,
Since children must suppose their Parents will
(Though seeming bad) still purpos'd for the best.
And yet my Fathers Ghost must pardon me,
Though when from us he minded to remove,
I thinke the tenor of his last Decree,
Show'd lack of judgement, or at least of love :
For, what base course had ever beene begun
To make me seeme not worthy of his place,
That he preferr'd a Stranger to his Sonne,
As bent to cloud the glory of his race ?
Thus since in such a sort he did neglect,
The Sonne who should his name from death exempt,
(As dis-regarded for some great defect)
All other men may have me in contempt.
But ere his age attain'd the fatall date,
He saw my brows with lawrell boughs array'd,
And spy'd my skill in warre, and wit in state,
Which grew as much as his had then decay'd.
Nor can my courage so be brought to bow,
But *Polypercon* shall by proofe finde soone,
That in my Fathers will, I will allow,
Not what he did, but what he should have done ;
And since by him high dignities were wonne,
I minde to prosecute what he began ;
" For (though I would) so great a Fathers Sonne
" Can not securely live a private man.
Loe, *Polypercon* by our pow'r repell'd
From *Macedonie* hath rety'rd dismay'd,
And for the feare of us hath beene compell'd

2076 I. Shew 2080 E. And sought t'obscure 2088 E. as much as th'other mans decai'd 2090 EI. shall experience soone 2095 E. For such a fathers greatnesse from his sonne 2096 E. Takes the securitie of a

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The truth of all (it may be) was not told.
Cass. When thus the Tygresse happ'ned to surprise
Those wretched souls (as ravish'd in a dreame)
Her heart at first seem'd scarce to trust her eyes,
She surfetted her sight so with their shame ;
But when she saw (by reason of her pow'r)
That she might safely let her rage burst out :
She them about caus'd build a lightlesse Tower,
Press'd by whose walls, they scarce could turne about ;
And in that dungeon (as entomb'd) they stood
With high disgrace t'appease more high disdaines,
Farre from all comfort, whil'st a little food
Their life prolong'd, but to prolong their paines.
" But for misfortune pity last doth pleade,
" As envy doth prosperity oppose ;
The *Macedonians* (then indifferent made)
On murmur'd rumours doubtfully did glose.
The peoples grudge *Olympias* did perceive,
And of just fury fearing the effect,
She straight resolv'd lifes remnant to bereave,
From weakened pow'rs which did no lesse expect.
And when some *Thracians* basely bent for bloud
(As she had charg'd) with mercenary spight,
Had murdred *Philip*, and his Queene imbru'd
With these red streames that drown'd her lifes delight.
She sent to her whose soule in griefe did sinke,
(As messengers of death to bragge her brest)
A sword, a cord, and an empoyson'd drink,
A Tyrants presents, yet a wretches best.
Those seene, the Queene unmov'd this speech did make,

2132 E. The certaintie to vs hath not bin tolde I. The truth of all hath not to vs beene told 2133 E. the famish'd tygresse did surprise 2134 E. Those miserable soules, (as in a dreame) 2139 E. She causde about them both to build a towre 2140 E. Within whose walles they 2145 E. But Pittie for th'vnfortunate contendes I. But for Misfortunes pitty last contends 2146 EI. As Enuy still prosperitie controules 2147 EI. The Macedonians doubtfull of their ends 2148 E. Would sometime murmure [I. murmure oft, greeu'd] for those marterd soules 2150 EI. And to preuent what fury might effect 2154 E. As she appointed in th'excesse of spight 2156 E. With purple streames that [I. which] spoil'd her husbands spright 2161 EI. Those when the Queene perceiu'd, vnmou'd she spake

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(As one who had imbrac'd some great reliefe)
Fit gifts for her to give, for me to take,
Since she exceeds in hate, and I in griefe.
And tell the Tyrant that I gladly dye,
That once the angry gods to venge my death,
May thunder forth that judgement, which I spie
With bloud must choak that bloudy womans breath.
Last, looking on her Lord who there lay slaine,
Once partner of his joy, then, of his woe,
Whil'st that his Roses did her Lillies staine,
She kiss'd his wounds, as taking leave to goe ;
Lest Time her Resolution had betray'd,
Her snowie necke (not us'd with such a chaine)
Her girdle grasp'd ; then dy'd no way dismai'd ;
And if she sigh'd, she sigh'd but for disdaine.
Lysim. This barbarous act my breast with griefe doth sting ;
Can spight so much transport the meekest kinde ?
" And yet on th'earth there's no more cruell thing
" Then malice raging in a womans minde !
Cass. But yet this sacrifice could not asswage
The boyling thoughts of her unbounded will :
For, entring thus she rioted in rage,
(As dogges that once get bloud, would alwayes kill)
Each light occasion kindling still her wrath,
The Soveraignty she shamefully abus'd ;
And put my brother *Nicanor* to death,
Though for no crime condemn'd, no, not accus'd.
To some (when dead) an hate by her was borne,
Whose cruelty no floud of bloud confin'd :
(Of *Iolas* the Tombe prophanely torne)
She (robbing th'earth) with ashes stain'd the winde ;
To be *Cassanders* friend was such a crime,
As none could scape who ever favour'd me ;
Thus huge disorders did abound a time :

2166 E. That th'irritated gods t'auenge 2173 E. And lest her resolution were I. Lest Resolution Time might haue 2175 EI. She binding with her belt, di'd vndismaide 2179 I. And yet on Earth what else more 2189 E. Yea more, her hate extended toward the dead 2191 E. The monument that t'*Iolas* was made 2192 E. She raz'd and rent his ashes with the wind

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" Where laws not valued are, all things are free ;
When having heard of this outragious pride,
Which made my native soyle contemn'd to be,
I those indignities could not abide,
Whose shame and danger did ayme most at me.
So that at last (mov'd by my Countries care)
(As much as by particular respects)
I with great speed an Army did prepare
To punish, or prevent the like effects.
But when I was to *Macedony* come,
To fortifie a Towne she did designe,
Which I enclos'd, and quickly did o're-come,
Whil'st famine forc'd the Fortresse to resigne.
Then to necessity weake pride gave place,
Her lofty courage was constrain'd to bow :
So that she rests depending on our grace,
To be dispos'd, as it shall please us now.
Lysim. This chance the world to wonder may invite ;
Loe, there a Queene who had (though now distress'd)
The rarest Fortune, and the greatest sprite
That ever any of her sex possess'd.
The widow'd Empresse who first bragg'd the *Indes*,
Or proud *Thomiris* though both prais'd have beene,
Or th'*Amazons* all borne with martiall mindes,
Have never beene more stout then was this Queene ;
Her lifes first progresse did but prove too sweet,
Whom once the world with treasures striv'd to blesse :
But now sad soule (foil'd under Fortunes feet)
Her misery no creature can expresse.
Cass. Those were but Fortunes gifts which made her great,
Whil'st treacherous shows by shallow wits were prais'd,
Her imperfections did but staine the State,

2196 EI. Where nothing lawfull is, all 2200 EI. The shame whereof redounded most to me 2205 E. comd 2207 E. Which by my valour quickly was ore-comd 2209 E. Then pride vnto necessitie gaue 2217 E. that first warrde with th'*Indes* 2218 E. Nor stout *Tomiris*, though most gallant seene 2219 E. Nor all th'*Amazons* [I. braue *Amazons*] borne 2220 E. Had neuer stouter stomakes then this I. They neuer were more 2222 E. Whom all th'earths treasures once concurr'd to 2223 E. trod vnder 2226 E. All was without her-selfe that made her praisde

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Even by the meanes which might support her most :
For, pity shall barre pity, whil'st they all
Waile for their friends, who through her pride were lost.
Lysim. " As those to whom all other things are free,
" Must have their life and raigne both of one date,
" So private men who passe their owne degree,
" Can hardly turne to take their former state.
" Your Fortune thus is trusted to the fates ;
" None can retyre who enters in such things :
" All those who dare attempt against great States,
" Must dye as Traitors, or else live as Kings ;
" And though you would but some disorders stay,
" You deale with those who (borne not to be thrall)
" As torrents beare away what stops their way,
" And must of force (if not undone) do all.
" Such (though set free) will storme when they are gone,
" Who scorne to take the thing, that they should give ;
" All those must dye who dare but touch a Throne :
" Who may endanger Kings, they must not live.
Cass. Since in this course I onely once can erre,
I shall be sure ere she herselfe with-draw.
Lysim. And yet what surety can you have of her,
" Can laws binde them who are above the law ?
" Who can a concord make betwixt the two,
" Whereas the one must hate, the other feare ?
Cass. O, but I minde to use the matter so
That both from hence shall further strife forbeare.
Lysim. What can her freedome, and your peace procure ?
Cass. Death both can make her free, and me secure.
Lysim. And would you do such ill to shed her bloud ?
Cass. Yea, ill to others, so it do me good.
Lysim. The *Macedonians* will abhorre this wrong.
Cass. And yet obey me if I be most strong.

2259 E. shall spoile 2260 EI. Sigh for 2265 E. Thus you commit your fortune to 2267 E. For those that ought attempt 2272 E. And either must do nothing, or doe all 2273 EI. No, keepe not such, to sigh when 2276 E. Those that might take their life, they must not liue 2281 E. It's hard t'establish concord twixt 2282 E. Where th' one must hate, and th'other alwayes 2286 I. and make me sure 2288 E. I, t'others euill, so that it I. I, euill to others euill, so it

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Lysim. But who shall have the Realme amidst those broils ?
Cass. " Who ever winnes the field, doth owe the spoils.
Lysim. So to possesse the Realme you have no right.
Cass. But I have more, so long as I have might.
Lysim. This State doth to it selfe an heire afford.
Cass. " All kingdomes rights are pleaded by the Sword.
Lysim. The people all will grudge against your state.
Cass. But dare not stirre, whil'st feare exceeds their hate.
Lysim. And in their hearts they will detest you too.
Cass. Think what they will, who have no pow'r to doe.
Lysim. What though *Olympias* in a little space
May lose her pow'r, together with her breath ?
Yet there remaines another of her race,
Who is by Nature bound to venge her death.
Cass. " The raging streames of a tempestuous flood,
" Which drowns the old, not yeelds the yong reliefe :
" What foole who of his foes victorious stood,
" Would spoyle an Army, and yet spare the chiefe ?
No, since I must my selfe with murder staine,
I'le by the roots raze all the Royall race,
So that no pow'r shall spring from thence againe,
That may my selfe, or yet my plants displace.
The strength hath left great *Alexanders* arme,
Whose mothers fatall threed is now neere spunne ;
And I have meanes to keep my selfe from harme,
Both of *Roxane*, and her tender Sonne.
But since this course may much our states advance,
By which a ground for great attempts is layd :
I must entreat you now (what ever chance)
To lend us your applause, though not your ayd.
Lysim. I'le be your friend, yet wish you would refraine,
From doing this ; but, ere you be undone,
Since by your guiltinesse I thus may gaine,
I'le suffer that which I would not have done.

Exeunt.

2292 EI. must keep the spoils 2304 E. t'auenge 2305 E. Th'impetuous 2306 E. That drownes all th'olde 2313 E. T'oregrow my greatnesse, and my 2317 E. may serue our states t'aduance 2318 E. great designes 2320 E. To lend your approbation 2323 E. Since that I by your guiltinesse may I. Since by your guilt that I securely gaine

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Olympias alone.

Can I be she whom all the world admir'd,
As the most happie Queene that raign'd below,
Whom all the Planets have to plague conspir'd,
Of fickle Fortunes course the pow'r to show ?
No, no, not I, for what could me controull,
Or force me thus t'attend anothers will,
Since I despise this prison of my soule,
Where it disdaines t'abide in bondage still ?
Ah ! whil'st vaine pompe transported fancies fed,
The jealous gods my state to grudge did tempt,
My state which Envy once, and Reverence bred,
Though now it breed but pity, and contempt :
Olympias once high as *Olympus* stood,
The wife of *Philip*, *Alexanders* Mother,
Who match'd *Alcides*, and *Achilles* bloud,
To breed a man more worth then both together.
Am I the woman whose majesticke state
Seem'd once so happy to deceiv'd conceits ?
I, I am she, and never yet more great
Then at this present, even in spight of fates.
A double bondage long did burden me,
I to my selfe, my selfe to Fortune thrall :
But now captivity hath set me free,
Who could not rise till first I had a fall ;
" A sprit whil'st it prosperity benummes,
" Scarce like the selfe can to the world appeare :
" But then when vertue every crosse o're-comes,
" True Greatnesse shines most bright in Glories spheare.
" Our treasure now (I see) consists no more
" Without our selves in th'eye-betraying shows,
" But in the breasts inestimable store,

2326 E. As being the happiest 2329 EI. No, t'is not I, nought could my course 2330 I. Nor force me thus to waite 2333 E. Ah, whilst I did on th'outward pomp rely 2334 E. My state the powre of higher powres did 2335 E. My state that once bred reuerence and enuie 2340 E. T'engender one more 2344 E. present, in despight of 2349 E. The sprite thats with prosperitie benum'd 2351 E. When Vertue hath Aduersitie ore'com'd [I. o're-come] 2352 E. Then shines true greatnes in her highest spheare I. Then shines true Greatnesse in

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" Which neither Time entombes, nor Pow'r o're-throws.
O never were my thoughts enlarg'd till now
To mark my selfe, and quintessence my minde :
For, long (a prey to pride) I know not how,
A mist of fancies made my judgement blinde.
As those who dreame sweet dreames, whil'st wak't at last,
Do finde their errour when their eyes finde light :
Free from the slumb'ring of my Fortune past,
I now arise to judge of all things right.
" That cloud of pomp, whose smoak me shadow'd once,
" Loe, now remov'd, unmasks my life too late :
" And now I see, that Scepters, Crownes, and Thrones,
" Are burd'nous badges of a dangerous state.
O happie woman, of true pleasure sure,
Who in the Countrey lead'st a guiltlesse life !
From Fortunes reach retyr'd, obscure, secure,
Though not a Queene, yet a contented wife.
Thy Mate more deare to thee then is the light,
(Though low in state) loves in a high degree,
And with his presence still to blesse thy sight,
Doth scorne great Courts whil'st he lives courting thee.
And as thou wound'st him not with hid disgrace,
He with no jealous thought doth rack thy brest :
Thus both lye downe to rest, and rise in peace,
Then (if they strive) they strive who should love best ;
What ? though thou have not as the mighty ones,
Thy neck surcharg'd with chains (ah chains indeed !)
Nor eares weigh'd down with orientall stones,
Nor Robes, whose worth may admiration breed ;
So want'st thou that which we have ever had,
Sad mis-contentments, jealousie, and spite ;
And though thy back be not with purple clad,
Thy thoughts are deck't with Innocencies white.
As birds (whose cage of gold the sight deceives)
Do seeme to sing, whil'st they but waile their state :
So, with the mighty match'd, (made glorious slaves)

2361 E. awakt, at last 2378 El. torments thy breast 2361 El. But though thou 2388 E. are clad with innocencies quite

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Had been abus'd by a pretended love :
For, as I frankely love, whilst lov'd againe,
If the ingrate, ingrately me acquite,
Straight kindling fury with a just disdaine,
I by love past, proportion then my spite ;
And yet (*Eumenes*) I commend thy minde,
Who to defend thy friend, hast prov'd so free,
And since in love so constantly inclin'd,
A friendship firme I would contract with thee ;
Then where that now thy state hath been brought low,
(Since spoil'd of him in whom thou did'st repose)
Whilst ayded by our power, thou great maist grow,
And raise thy hopes of kingdomes to dispose.

Eum. I'le be your friend, whilst friend to right you rest :
" For, without vertue, friendship is but vaine,
" Which cannot lodge in a polluted brest,
" Whose impious thoughts do sacred things prophane.
While as the oath is kept, which once was sworne
To *Alexanders* selfe, and to his race,
Still shall this sword for your defence be borne,
But in my heart they hold the highest place ;
And doe not thus, as o're one vanquish'd, vaunt,
Nor thinke me thrall'd, though once by chance o'rethrowne,
" The world must perish ere advent'rers want,
" Who tosse all States to stablish once their owne.
" Whil'st bravely taking or yet giving place,
" How ever feare (objecting danger) comes,
" Misfortune, bondage, torment, death, disgrace,
" And all things else, a minde resolv'd o're-comes.

Act 4. Scene 2.

Cassander. Lysimachus.

Cassander. " And must we buy our pompe at such a rate,
" Who beare th'authority, or whom it beares ?
" O, O ! how thorny are the wayes of State,

2004 EI. then my hate 2017 E. So long as th'oath 2023 E. Whilst ther's a world aduenturers cannot 2024 E. Ile tosse all states t'establish 2025-2028 *omitted in* E *and in* I

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The apprehended death great comfort brings,
And hath no crosse, but that it should be forc'd.
O heare me now (deare Sonne) if that thy Ghost
May leave th'Elysian fields to look on me :
Of all things else this doth content me most,
That from this time I may remaine with thee.
And blush not now to see thy Mothers end,
My death in glory with thy life shall strive :
It (as a captive) Fortune shall attend,
That (as thy fellow) follow'd thee alive.

Exit.

CHORUS

Ah, ah ! though man the image of great Iove,
And, th'onely creature that gives Reason place,
With reverence due unto the powres above,
His heavenly progeny should seeke to prove,
By still resembling the immortall kinde ;
Yet makes the world our better part so blinde,
That we the clouds of vanity imbrace,
And from our first excellency decline ;
This doth distinguish that celestiall grace,
Which should make soules to burne with Vertues love,
Whose fancies vice luxuriously now feasts ;
" *Vice is the* Circe *that enchants the minde,*
" *And doth transforme her followers all in Swine ;*
" *Whil'st poyson'd pleasures so corrupt our tastes,*
" *That of halfe-gods, we make our selves whole-beasts :*
And yet of ruthlesse Pluto's *raging host,*
The vice which doth transport presumptuous hearts,
And makes men from the Gods to differ most,
Is cruelty, that to the sufferers cost,
And actors both, is often-times appeas'd :
The gods delight to give, and to forgive,
By pardoning, and not by plagueing pleas'd ;
And why should men excogitate strange Arts,

2471 E. *Made to make* [I. to worke] *faith below of* [I. for] *powres* 2488 E. *must oftentimes b'appeasd* 2490 E. *By pardoning more than by*

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" With open dangers pav'd, and secret feares ;
" Each of our steps is waited with some snare,
" Whil'st from our selves we all repose repell,
" And (in fraile Barks) press'd by tempestuous care,
" Do seek a haven, whose heaven is but a hell.
Lysim. " Whil'st *Eolus* and *Neptune* joyn'd in all,
" With winds, and waves, beat th'earth, and brag the skies,
" The tumbling Mountains do not rise and fall,
" Though each of them another doth surprise :
" As do th'aspiring pow'rs which are with doubt
" Toss'd through the waving world on stormy Thrones,
" And are (as in a Circle) hurl'd about,
" Ascending, and descending, both at once.
" Loe, some whose hopes would at their birth have seem'd,
" By Fortunes strictnesse, with contempt confin'd,
" Have from the vulgar yoke themselves redeem'd,
" To do farre more then such durst have design'd ;
" And they who once might life to thousands give,
" When some great period revolutions brings,
" Brought downe even low cannot have leave to live,
" Made lesse then Subjects, who were more then Kings.
Cass. What once they scarce could dreame, some thus procure,
Whose pow'r though nought at first, last, Scepters swayes ;
And some whose states seem'd once to be secure,
Throwne from their Fortunes height lose glorious Bayes :
My Father, loe, to gaine that soveraigne place,
Through many dangers boldly march'd of late,
And, then the greatest, greater for a space,
Did manage all the *Macedonian* State :
But I his Sonne who (as some would suppose)
Might keep with ease, that which he got with paine,
Can by no meanes my rest-lesse thoughts repose,

2035 E. And through the waues of greatnesse tossde with care 2041 E. th'aspiring potentates with doubt 2046 E. Within the compasse of contempt confinde 2048 El. could haue 2049 El. And some to whom the heauens mishaps will giue 2050 El. Though on their breath the breath of thousands hings 2051 El. Lo, whiles brought low 2053 E. Thus some without appearance do procure 2054 E. The most respected place where greatnes stayes 2055 E. once t'all eyes secure 2057 E. t'attaine th'imperiall place I. that glorious Place 2058 E. March'd through impossibilities of late 2060 E. Was Monarch of

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Such raging Tyrants o're my fancies raigne.
Lysim. And yet I thinke you have an easie part,
To whom his State your Father did resigne,
For, it may make you smile, which made him smart :
" Some presse the grape, and others drinke the wine.
Cass. I'le not beleeve that ever any ill
Was bred for me within my Fathers brest,
Since children must suppose their Parents will
(Though seeming bad) still purpos'd for the best.
And yet my Fathers Ghost must pardon me,
Though when from us he minded to remove,
I thinke the tenor of his last Decree,
Show'd lack of judgement, or at least of love :
For, what base course had ever beene begun
To make me seeme not worthy of his place,
That he preferr'd a Stranger to his Sonne,
As bent to cloud the glory of his race ?
Thus since in such a sort he did neglect,
The Sonne who should his name from death exempt,
(As dis-regarded for some great defect)
All other men may have me in contempt.
But ere his age attain'd the fatall date,
He saw my brows with lawrell boughs array'd,
And spy'd my skill in warre, and wit in state,
Which grew as much as his had then decay'd.
Nor can my courage so be brought to bow,
But *Polypercon* shall by proofe finde soone,
That in my Fathers will, I will allow,
Not what he did, but what he should have done ;
And since by him high dignities were wonne,
I minde to prosecute what he began ;
" For (though I would) so great a Fathers Sonne
" Can not securely live a private man.
Loe, *Polypercon* by our pow'r repell'd
From *Macedonie* hath rety'rd dismay'd,
And for the feare of us hath beene compell'd

2076 I. Shew 2080 E. And sought t'obscure 2088 E. as much as th'other mans decai'd 2090 EI. shall experience soone 2095 E. For such a fathers greatnesse from his sonne 2096 E. Takes [illegible]e of a

Act 5. Scene 1.

Aristotle. Phocion.

Aristotle. Long have I us'd that light which cleares my minde,
On Natures labours curiously to look,
And (of all creatures finding out the kinde)
Have read strange wonders in the worlds great book :
I mark her course by contraries maintain'd,
Whose harmony doth most subsist by strife,
And of all creatures in the same contain'd,
How various is the mystery of life ?
But as all things are subject unto change,
Which partners are of th'elementall pow'rs,
So (roll'd about with revolutions strange)
" The state of man rests constant scarce for houres.
" Loe, what doth fame more frequently report,
" Then sudden risings, and more sudden falls ?
" I thinke the world is but a Tenis-court,
" Where Fortune doth play States, tosse men for Balls.
Phoc. And never any age show'd more then this,
The wavering state of soule-ennobled wights,
Who soare too high to catch an aiery blisse,
Whil'st lowest falls attend the highest flights.
That matchlesse Monarch who was borne (it seem'd)
To shew how high mortality attaines,
Hath not from death th'adored flesh redeem'd ;
But paine hath made an end of all his paines.
And those brave bands which furnish'd Fame with breath ;
Whil'st all the world their valorous deeds did spie,
Rest now (confounded since their Soveraignes death)
Like *Polyphemus* having lost his eye.
And they are like that teeth-ingendred brood,
Which took their life out of a Monster dead,

2563 E. Long haue I now invr'd th'eyes of my minde 2565 E. finding foorth 2568 E. in th'vniuersall booke 2567 E. I marke the world by 2569 EI. Whilst of all things within the same 2570 EI. The death of one still giues another life 2574 E. constant but few howres 2575 E. For what 2576 E. Then of our sodaine rising ; and our falls 2578 E. Where men are tossde by fortune as her balls I. Where Fortune still playes States, Men toss'd for Balles 2581 EI. to seaze on th'ayrie blisse

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Whilst each of them would drinke the others bloud,
Since that great Dragons death who was their head.
Aris. " So change all things which subject are to sight :
" Disorder order breeds, and order, it :
" Next light comes darknesse, and next darknesse light,
" This never-changing change transcends our wit.
" Thus health and sicknesse, poverty and state,
" Dishonour, honour, life and death, with doubt,
" Still inter-changing (what a true deceit !)
" All link'd together, slide by turnes about ;
" To worldly states the heavens a height appoint,
" Where, when they once arrive, they must descend,
" And all perfections have a fatall point,
" At which Excellency it selfe must end.
" But as all those who walke on th'earth, are cross'd
" With alterations, happ'ning oft, and strange,
" The greatest States with greatest stormes are toss'd,
" And (sought of many) must make many a change.
Nor speake I this by speculation mov'd,
(As gathering credit out of ancient scroules)
" No, I have liv'd at Court, and oft have prov'd
" Nothing below more vex'd, then great mens Soules ;
" The Tyrant honours thralls, while as they mone,
" Their plaints to vulgar eares loath to impart,
" They all the weight of woes must beare alone,
" Where others of their griefe lend friends a part.
" Their verie rising o're us to the height,
" Which seemes their best is worst, for, being Lords,
" They never know the truth that comes to light,
" When franke society speakes naked words.
" Whilst sadnesse oft seemes Majestie, Time tels
" How deare they buy their pompe with losse of rest :

2593 E. them pursues for others blood 2599 E. Thus pouertie and riches, sickenesse, health 2600 E. Both honour and dishonor, life and death 2601 E. Do so depend on other, that by stealth 2602 E. All goe and come as th'accidents of breath 2603 E. T'ech worldly 2611 E. speculation now 2613 E. court and I know how 2614 E. Ther's nought on th'earth more 2615 E. Thral'd to the tirant honor, whilst they mone 2616 E. to subiects eares asham'd t'empart 2619 E1. Their rising vs aboue to such a height

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" Some but three furies faine in all the hels ;
" There are three thousand in one great mans brest.
Phoc. I thinke all Monarchies are like the Moone,
Which now eclips'd, now under cloud, now cleare,
Growes by degrees, and is (when full) undone :
Yet Æson-like renew'd doth re-appeare :
For, loe they first, but small beginne to shine,
And when they once their Spherick forme obtaine,
Doe coldly languish, and (till chang'd) decline,
Yet (falne) in other realmes doe rise againe.
Assyria once made many nations bow,
Then next, all power was in the Persians hand,
And Macedonians last (grown Monarchs now)
Amongst themselves divided cannot stand.
Aris. " A secret fate (alternatly) all things
" Doth in this circle circularly leade :
" Still generation from corruption springs,
" That some may live, of force some must be dead ;
" Each Element anothers strength devours ;
" Th'aire to the fire succumbes, the fire to raine,
" The waters strive to drowne the Earth with showres,
" Which it by vapours vomits out againe ;
" Thus (with a Gordian knot together bound)
" All things are made, un-made, and made againe :
" Whilst ruine founds, perfection doth confound :
" Free from some change no State can long remaine ;
" But what in th'earth more dangerously stands
" Then Soveraignty (though rated at such worth)
" Which like the stormy Gods tumultuous bands,
" Doth flie from th'East to West, from South to North ?
Phoc. A long experience now makes this not strange,
That mighty States whose reines one only leades,
Be oft distracted, and constrain'd to change,
As too great bodies for so little heads,

2626 E. And ther's three thousand 2633 E. Do then begin to languish and decline 2635 E. Th'*Assyrians* once made many a nation 2637 E. And lo, the *Macedonians* monarchs now 2642 E. To th'end that some may liue, some 2650 E. And nothing in one state doth long 2651 E. But nought in th'earth 2653 E. the stormie deities blustring bandes 2656 E. Though

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The truth of all (it may be) was not told.
Cass. When thus the Tygresse happ'ned to surprise
Those wretched souls (as ravish'd in a dreame)
Her heart at first seem'd scarce to trust her eyes,
She surfetted her sight so with their shame ;
But when she saw (by reason of her pow'r)
That she might safely let her rage burst out :
She them about caus'd build a lightlesse Tower,
Press'd by whose walls, they scarce could turne about ;
And in that dungeon (as entomb'd) they stood
With high disgrace t'appease more high disdaines,
Farre from all comfort, whil'st a little food
Their life prolong'd, but to prolong their paines.
" But for misfortune pity last doth pleade,
" As envy doth prosperity oppose ;
The *Macedonians* (then indifferent made)
On murmur'd rumours doubtfully did glose.
The peoples grudge *Olympias* did perceive,
And of just fury fearing the effect,
She straight resolv'd lifes remnant to bereave,
From weakened pow'rs which did no lesse expect.
And when some *Thracians* basely bent for bloud
(As she had charg'd) with mercenary spight,
Had murdred *Philip*, and his Queene imbru'd
With these red streames that drown'd her lifes delight.
She sent to her whose soule in griefe did sinke,
(As messengers of death to bragge her brest)
A sword, a cord, and an empoyson'd drink,
A Tyrants presents, yet a wretches best.
Those seene, the Queene unmov'd this speech did make,

2133 E. The certaintie to vs hath not bin tolde I. The truth of all hath not to vs beene told 2133 E. the famish'd tygresse did surprise 2134 E. Those miserable soules, (as in a dreame) 2139 E. She causde about them both to build a towre 2140 E. Within whose walles they 2145 E. But Pittie for th'vnfortunate contendes I. But for Misfortunes pitty last contends 2146 EI. As Enuy still prosperitie controules 2147 EI. The Macedonians doubtfull of their ends 2148 E. Would sometime murmure [I. murmure oft, greeu'd] for those marterd soules 2150 EI. And to preuent what fury might effect 2154 E. As she appointed in th'excesse of spight 2156 E. With purple streames that [I. which] spoil'd her husbands spright 2161 EI. Those when the Queene perceiu'd, vnmou'd she spake

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(As one who had imbrac'd some great reliefe)
Fit gifts for her to give, for me to take,
Since she exceeds in hate, and I in griefe.
And tell the Tyrant that I gladly dye,
That once the angry gods to venge my death,
May thunder forth that judgement, which I spie
With bloud must choak that bloudy womans breath.
Last, looking on her Lord who there lay slaine,
Once partner of his joy, then, of his woe,
Whil'st that his Roses did her Lillies staine,
She kiss'd his wounds, as taking leave to goe ;
Lest Time her Resolution had betray'd,
Her snowie necke (not us'd with such a chaine)
Her girdle grasp'd ; then dy'd no way dismai'd ;
And if she sigh'd, she sigh'd but for disdaine.
Lysim. This barbarous act my breast with griefe doth sting ;
Can spight so much transport the meekest kinde ?
" And yet on th'earth there's no more cruell thing
" Then malice raging in a womans minde !
Cass. But yet this sacrifice could not asswage
The boyling thoughts of her unbounded will :
For, entring thus she rioted in rage,
(As dogges that once get bloud, would alwayes kill)
Each light occasion kindling still her wrath,
The Soveraignty she shamefully abus'd ;
And put my brother *Nicanor* to death,
Though for no crime condemn'd, no, not accus'd.
To some (when dead) an hate by her was borne,
Whose cruelty no floud of bloud confin'd :
(Of *Iolas* the Tombe prophanely torne)
She (robbing th'earth) with ashes stain'd the winde ;
To be *Cassanders* friend was such a crime,
As none could scape who ever favour'd me ;
Thus huge disorders did abound a time :

2166 E. That th'irritated gods t'auenge 2173 E. And lest her resolution were I. Lest Resolution Time might haue 2175 EI. She binding with her belt, di'd vndismaide 2179 I. And yet on Earth what else more 2189 E. Yea more, her hate extended toward the dead 2191 E. The monument that t'*Iolas* was made 2192 E. She raz'd and rent his ashes with the wind

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" Where laws not valued are, all things are free ;
When having heard of this outragious pride,
Which made my native soyle contemn'd to be,
I those indignities could not abide,
Whose shame and danger did ayme most at me.
So that at last (mov'd by my Countries care)
(As much as by particular respects)
I with great speed an Army did prepare
To punish, or prevent the like effects.
But when I was to *Macedony* come,
To fortifie a Towne she did designe,
Which I enclos'd, and quickly did o're-come,
Whil'st famine forc'd the Fortresse to resigne.
Then to necessity weake pride gave place,
Her lofty courage was constrain'd to bow :
So that she rests depending on our grace,
To be dispos'd, as it shall please us now.
Lysim. This chance the world to wonder may invite ;
Loe, there a Queene who had (though now distress'd)
The rarest Fortune, and the greatest sprite
That ever any of her sex possess'd.
The widow'd Empresse who first bragg'd the *Indes*,
Or proud *Thomiris* though both prais'd have beene,
Or th'*Amazons* all borne with martiall mindes,
Have never beene more stout then was this Queene ;
Her lifes first progresse did but prove too sweet,
Whom once the world with treasures striv'd to blesse :
But now sad soule (foil'd under Fortunes feet)
Her misery no creature can expresse.
Cass. Those were but Fortunes gifts which made her great,
Whil'st treacherous shows by shallow wits were prais'd,
Her imperfections did but staine the State,

2196 EI. Where nothing lawfull is, all 2200 EI. The shame whereof redounded most to me 2205 E. comd 2207 E. Which by my valour quickly was ore-comd 2209 E. Then pride vnto necessitie gaue 2217 E. that first warrde with th'*Indes* 2218 E. Nor stout *Tomiris*, though most gallant seene 2219 E. Nor all th'*Amazons* [I. braue *Amazons*] borne 2220 E. Had neuer stouter stomakes then this I. They neuer were more 2222 E. Whom all th'earths treasures once concurr'd to 2223 E. trod vnder 2226 E. All was without her-selfe that made her praisde

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Where her not here, but others merits rais'd :
When first that Dame with famous *Philip* match'd,
Her coming marriage was not free from blame :
But though she then with *Argus* eyes was watch'd,
'As was suppos'd some forfeited her Fame ;
At least shame-fear'd, he did her first disdaine,
" And of that sexe the precious fame is such,
" Their tender honour any breath may staine,
" If stirred, feare ; if but suspect'd, too much ;
Yet this at last did his destruction breed,
For which her spightfull thoughts had labour'd long :
She by *Pausanias* privy to his deed,
Had spurr'd him to performe th'intended wrong ;
And by such meanes long sought, that to her will,
Her husbands murder might enlarge the raynes,
Whilst back'd by power she boldly did the ill,
Of which, too late, the troubled Realme complaines.
Though hat'd of all (long suffred for her Sonne)
She play'd the Tyrant safely as she pleas'd :
But by the course that I have now begun,
I hope those whom she plagu'd, shall be appeas'd.
Lysim. Yet of *Olympias* (though cast downe by you)
The sight her Sonne and Husband will revive,
And so may make the *Macedonians* now,
For her reliefe strange courses to contrive.
" Of those whose greatnesse doth regard extort,
" The miseries entender every minde,
" And still th'affections of the vulgar sort,
" Are (head-long led, too cruell, or too kinde.
Cass. O ! but I can precipitate her fall,

2229 E. To which anothers merits had her raisde 2233 E. For when she first with 2234 E. Then her behavior was L. Her curious 2238 E. But even though she with 2232 E. As t'was supposde she forfeited her 2233 E. At least, her husband fear'd for some disgrace 2234 E. From her himselfe had publikly devorc'd 2235 E. And entertain'd another in her place 2236 E. Which, for the time, to suffer she was forc'd 2237 E. Yet this in th'end 2239 E. She was acquainted with *Pausanias* deede 2241 I. the purpos'd wrong 2241 E. She sought, that by such meanes t'ambitious will 2243 E. Whilst with authoritie she did all th'ill 2246 E. Of which too late th'afflicted realme 2245 E. Long suffred for the greatnesse of her sonne 2248 E. shall now b'appeasde 2249 EI. abasde by you 2254 E. Th'afflictions must entender

Even by the meanes which might support her most :
For, pity shall barre pity, whil'st they all
Waile for their friends, who through her pride were lost.
Lysim. " As those to whom all other things are free,
" Must have their life and raigne both of one date,
" So private men who passe their owne degree,
" Can hardly turne to take their former state.
" Your Fortune thus is trusted to the fates ;
" None can retyre who enters in such things :
" All those who dare attempt against great States,
" Must dye as Traitors, or else live as Kings ;
" And though you would but some disorders stay,
" You deale with those who (borne not to be thrall)
" As torrents beare away what stops their way,
" And must of force (if not undone) do all.
" Such (though set free) will storme when they are gone,
" Who scorne to take the thing, that they should give ;
" All those must dye who dare but touch a Throne :
" Who may endanger Kings, they must not live.
Cass. Since in this course I onely once can erre,
I shall be sure ere she herselfe with-draw.
Lysim. And yet what surety can you have of her,
" Can laws binde them who are above the law ?
" Who can a concord make betwixt the two,
" Whereas the one must hate, the other feare ?
Cass. O, but I minde to use the matter so
That both from hence shall further strife forbeare.
Lysim. What can her freedome, and your peace procure ?
Cass. Death both can make her free, and me secure.
Lysim. And would you do such ill to shed her bloud ?
Cass. Yea, ill to others, so it do me good.
Lysim. The *Macedonians* will abhorre this wrong.
Cass. And yet obey me if I be most strong.

2259 E. shall spoile 2260 El. Sigh for 2265 E. Thus you commit your fortune to 2267 E. For those that ought attempt 2272 E. And either must do nothing, or doe all 2273 El. No, keepe not such, to sigh when 2276 E. Those that might take their life, they must not liue 2281 E. It's hard t'establish concord twixt 2282 E. Where th' one must hate, and th'other alwayes 2286 I. and make me sure 2288 E. I, t'others euill, so that it I. I, euill to others euill, so it

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Lysim. But who shall have the Realme amidst those broils?
Cass. " Who ever winnes the field, doth owe the spoils.
Lysim. So to possesse the Realme you have no right.
Cass. But I have more, so long as I have might.
Lysim. This State doth to it selfe an heire afford.
Cass. " All kingdomes rights are pleaded by the Sword.
Lysim. The people all will grudge against your state.
Cass. But dare not stirre, whil'st feare exceeds their hate.
Lysim. And in their hearts they will detest you too.
Cass. Think what they will, who have no pow'r to doe.
Lysim. What though *Olympias* in a little space
May lose her pow'r, together with her breath?
Yet there remaines another of her race,
Who is by Nature bound to venge her death.
Cass. " The raging streames of a tempestuous flood,
" Which drowns the old, not yeelds the yong reliefe:
" What foole who of his foes victorious stood,
" Would spoyle an Army, and yet spare the chiefe?
No, since I must my selfe with murder staine,
I'le by the roots raze all the Royall race,
So that no pow'r shall spring from thence againe,
That may my selfe, or yet my plants displace.
The strength hath left great *Alexanders* arme,
Whose mothers fatall threed is now neere spunne;
And I have meanes to keep my selfe from harme,
Both of *Roxane*, and her tender Sonne.
But since this course may much our states advance,
By which a ground for great attempts is layd:
I must entreat you now (what ever chance)
To lend us your applause, though not your ayd.
Lysim. I'le be your friend, yet wish you would refraine,
From doing this; but, ere you be undone,
Since by your guiltinesse I thus may gaine,
I'le suffer that which I would not have done.

Exeunt.

2292 EI. must keep the spoils 2304 E. t'auenge 2305 E. Th'impetuous 2306 E. That drownes all th'olde 2312 E. T'oregrow my greatnesse, and my 2317 E. may serue our states t'aduance 2318 E. great designes 2320 E. To lend your approbation 2328 E. Since that I by your guiltinesse may I. Since by your guilt that I securely gaine

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Olympias alone.

Can I be she whom all the world admir'd,
As the most happie Queene that raign'd below,
Whom all the Planets have to plague conspir'd,
Of fickle Fortunes course the pow'r to show ?
No, no, not I, for what could me controull,
Or force me thus t'attend anothers will,
Since I despise this prison of my soule,
Where it disdaines t'abide in bondage still ?
Ah ! whil'st vaine pompe transported fancies fed,
The jealous gods my state to grudge did tempt,
My state which Envy once, and Reverence bred,
Though now it breed but pity, and contempt :
Olympias once high as *Olympus* stood,
The wife of *Philip*, *Alexanders* Mother,
Who match'd *Alcides*, and *Achilles* bloud,
To breed a man more worth then both together.
Am I the woman whose majesticke state
Seem'd once so happy to deceiv'd conceits ?
I, I am she, and never yet more great
Then at this present, even in spight of fates.
A double bondage long did burden me,
I to my selfe, my selfe to Fortune thrall :
But now captivity hath set me free,
Who could not rise till first I had a fall ;
" A sprit whil'st it prosperity benummes,
" Scarce like the selfe can to the world appeare :
" But then when vertue every crosse o're-comes,
" True Greatnesse shines most bright in Glories spheare.
" Our treasure now (I see) consists no more
" Without our selves in th'eye-betraying shows,
" But in the breasts inestimable store,

2326 E. As being the happiest 2329 EI. No, t'is not I, nought could my course 2330 I. Nor force me thus to waite 2333 E. Ah, whilst I did on th'outward pomp rely 2334 E. My state the powre of higher powres did 2335 E. My state that once bred reuerence and enuie 2340 E. T'engender one more 2344 E. present, in despight of 2349 E. The sprite thats with prosperitie benum'd 2351 E. When Vertue hath Aduersitie ore'com'd [l. o're-come] 2352 E. Then shines true greatnes in her highest spheare I. Then shines true Greatnesse in

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" Which neither Time entombes, nor Pow'r o're-throws.
O never were my thoughts enlarg'd till now
To mark my selfe, and quintessence my minde :
For, long (a prey to pride) I know not how,
A mist of fancies made my judgement blinde.
As those who dreame sweet dreames, whil'st wak't at last,
Do finde their errour when their eyes finde light :
Free from the slumb'ring of my Fortune past,
I now arise to judge of all things right.
" That cloud of pomp, whose smoak me shadow'd once,
" Loe, now remov'd, unmasks my life too late :
" And now I see, that Scepters, Crownes, and Thrones,
" Are burd'nous badges of a dangerous state.
O happie woman, of true pleasure sure,
Who in the Countrey lead'st a guiltlesse life !
From Fortunes reach retyr'd, obscure, secure,
Though not a Queene, yet a contented wife.
Thy Mate more deare to thee then is the light,
(Though low in state) loves in a high degree,
And with his presence still to blesse thy sight,
Doth scorne great Courts whil'st he lives courting thee.
And as thou wound'st him not with hid disgrace,
He with no jealous thought doth rack thy brest :
Thus both lye downe to rest, and rise in peace,
Then (if they strive) they strive who should love best ;
What ? though thou have not as the mighty ones,
Thy neck surcharg'd with chains (ah chains indeed !)
Nor eares weigh'd down with orientall stones,
Nor Robes, whose worth may admiration breed ;
So want'st thou that which we have ever had,
Sad mis-contentments, jealousie, and spite ;
And though thy back be not with purple clad,
Thy thoughts are deck't with Innocencies white.
As birds (whose cage of gold the sight deceives)
Do seeme to sing, whil'st they but waile their state :
So, with the mighty match'd, (made glorious slaves)

2361 E. awakt, at last 2378 EI. torments thy breast 2361 EI. But though thou 2388 E. are clad with innocencies quite

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We happy seeme, whil'st we but curse our fate.
That blesse whose shew in us vaine eyes doth please,
Makes thee indeed with pleasures spend thy breath,
Who liv'st while yong in mirth, whil'st ag'd in ease,
And know'st not what it is to dye till death ;
Ah ! since I liv'd, I alwayes did but dye,
When seeming happy, then most wretched still ;
Whil'st dazeling with vaine pompe each vulgar eye,
What strange mishaps did me with anguish fill ?
The fates with fortune from my birth conspir'd
To make my life, a patterne of their might :
For both my parents from the world retir'd,
When I had scarcely look'd upon the light :
The world may judge how I was justly griev'd,
Whil'st angry *Philip* sought for my disgrace,
(A thing which once I scarce could have beleev'd)
And unto *Cleopatra* gave my place.
Then though I long (as desp'rate of reliefe)
For his offence afflicted had my minde,
Yet did his sudden death augment my griefe :
He was my husband, though he was unkinde ;
And when my Sonnes rare deeds which fame doth sound,
The world with wonder, ravish'd me with joy,
Those (as himselfe) who would all his confound,
To compasse me, did spite and power imploy ;
Yet stood my courage when my Fortune fell,
And still I toil'd to persecute his foes,
That some might fall downe who too much did swell,
Their bloud in Marble registring my woes.
That which I purpos'd, long so prosp'red too,
That some of them did try (by torments strange)

2394 EI. a true contentment breathe 2395 EI. Thou spendst thy youth in mirth, thy age in ease 2397 E. liu'd, I haue done nought but die 2398 EI. Still when I seemde most blest, then most accurst 2399 EI. Since on fraile greatnes first I did relie 2400 EI. How oft hath my swolne breast bin like to burst 2404 E. When I was scarcely com'd t'inioy the 2413 E. sonnes rare trophees, and renowne 2414 E. With wonder filld the world, and me with ioy 2415 E. Those as himselfe that striu'd to throw his downe 2416 E. Did to supplant my state their powres imploy 2418 EI. toilde distracted from repose 2419 E. Those that had him betrayd from th'earth t'expell [I. betray'd hence to expell] 2420 EI. And with their blood to register my woes 2421 E. And my designes a time so I. All which I

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To shew their tyranny, as those who strive
To feed on mischiefe though the Author smarts,
Oft for the deed of which himselfe did boast,
Whil'st whence the blow first came, the griefe doth turne?
" *For, that by which the minde at first was eas'd,*
" *May it in th'end the greatest burden give;*
" *Oft those whose cruelty makes many mourne,*
" *Do by the fires which they first kindled burne;*
" *Of other tyrants which oppresse the minde,*
" *With pleasure some delight it, in such sort*
" *That first the hony, then the gall we finde;*
" *And others (though from Honors Court declin'd)*
" *Some comfort yeeld (but base) by hope of gaine;*
" *And, though some make us to be loath'd of one,*
" *We by their meanes anothers love obtaine;*
" *But cruelty, with which none can comport,*
" *Makes th'authors hated when the deed is done,*
" *Oft even by those whom it did most support,*
" *As that which alienates men from their kinde;*
" *And as humanity the minde enchaunts,*
" *So barbarous soules which from the same refraine,*
" *More fierce than savage beasts, are lov'd of none:*
" *Since with such beasts one with lesse danger haunts,*
" *Then with the man whose minde all mercy wants;*
Yet though the minde of man, as strong, and rude,
Be ravish'd oft with violent desire,
And must, if fir'd with rage, be quench'd with bloud,
How can this tender sexe whose glory stood
In having hearts inclin'd to pity still
It selfe delight in any barbarous deed?
For, Nature seemes in this to use her skill,
In making womens mindes (though weake) entire,
That weaknesse might, love, and devotion breed;
To which their thoughts (if pure) might best aspire,
As aptest for th'impressions of all good,

2493 E. *T'extend* 2500 E. *Of th'other* [I. Of other] *tyrants that* [I. which] *extort the* 2504 E. *though base* 2508 E. *deede is gone* 2512 E. *So sauage soules that* [I. which] 2513 E. *than fiercest beasts* I. then barb'rous beasts 2514 E. *With barbarous beasts one* 2521 E. *Delight it selfe by* 2522 E. *t' haue vsde*

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But from the best to worst all things do weare ;
Since cruelties from feeble mindes proceed,
" *In breasts where courage failes, spite, shame and feare*
" *Make envy, hate, and rigour rule to beare.*
Our Queene Olympias, *who was once so great,*
And did such monstrous cruelties commit,
In plaguing Philip, *and his Queene of late,*
Loe, now brought low to taste the like estate,
Must take such entertainment as she gave,
And yet good reason that it should be so,
" *Such measure as we give, we must receive.*
Whil'st on a Throne she proudly earst did sit,
And with disdainefull eyes look'd on her foe,
As onely vanquish'd by her pow'r, and wit,
She did not weigh what doth proceed from fate :
O, O ! th'Immortals which command above,
Of every state in hand the Rudder have,
And as they like, can make us stay or go ;
" *The griefe of others should us greatly move,*
" *As those who sometime may like Fortune prove ;*
" *But as experience with rare proofes hath showne,*
" *To look on others, we have* Linx-*his eyes,*
" *Whil'st we would have their imperfections knowne ;*
" *Yet (like blinde Moles) can never marke our owne.*
" *Such clouds of selfe-regard do dimme our sight ;*
" *Why should we be puff'd up when foes do fall ?*
" *Since what to day doth on another light,*
" *The same to morrow may our state surprise.*
" *Those that on this inconstant constant Ball*
" *Do live environ'd with th'all-circling skies,*
" *Have many meanes whereby to be o're-throwne :*
" *And why should dying worldlings swolne with wrath,*
" *So tyrannize o're an afflicted wight,*
" *Since miseries are common unto all ?*
" *Let none be proud who draw a doubtfull breath,*
" *Good hap attends but few, unto their death.*

2538 EI. *she did superblie sit* 2541 E. *Not mindefull of th'ineuitable fate* I. weigh ineuitable Fate 2552 E. *puffde vp by a' enemies fall* 2562 EI. *few still till their death*

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To shew their tyranny, as those who strive
To feed on mischiefe though the Author smarts,
Oft for the deed of which himselfe did boast,
Whil'st whence the blow first came, the griefe do
" For, that by which the minde at first was eas'd
" May it in th'end the greatest burden give ;
" Oft those whose cruelty makes many mourne,
" Do by the fires which they first kindled burne ;
" Of other tyrants which oppresse the minde,
" With pleasure some delight it, in such sort
" That first the hony, then the gall we finde ;
" And others (though from Honors Court declin'd)
" Some comfort yeeld (but base) by hope of gaine ;
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To which their thoughts (if pure) might best aspire,
As aptest for th'impressions of all good,

2495 2500 2505 2510 2515 2520 2525

2492 E. *T'extend* 2500 E. *Of th'other* [I. Of other] *tyrants that* [I. *the* 2504 E. *though base* 2508 E. *deede is gone* 2513 E. *So sauage soules* 2513 E. *than fiercest beasts* I. then barb'rous beasts 2514 E. *With b one* 2521 E. *Delight it selfe by* 2522 E. *t' haue vsde*

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Since every common-wealth (where all mens wits
Doe joyne in one to breed the publike ease)
Hath many fevers and pestiferous fits,
Which physick oft, oft poison must appease :
For (ah) the multitude more rash then wise,
A Hydra-headed beast which humor blindes ;
Doth passionately praise, or else despise,
As some prepost'rous fancies move their minds ;
" From vice and vertue oft like danger flowes ;
" Whil'st th' one breeds envie, and the other hate :
" As jealousie, or emulation growes,
" Those oft are crush'd who doe support a state.
Aris. " Whil'st some their betters, others equals scorne,
" The popular authority decayes,
" And when it dies the Monarchie is borne,
" Whose violence disorders fury staies ;
" The raines of state it with most ease doth swaie,
" Of power (as joyn'd in one) the strongest kind :
" Still whilst it (humbly high) doth hold a way
" Twixt tyrannie and too remisse a minde ;
" But though States rul'd by one, may flourish long,
" Whilst one can well command, and all obey,
" Whilst guerdon goodnesse, vengeance followes wrong,
" That (vertue cherish'd) vice is made decay :
" Yet (if nought else) Time doth great States orecome :
" And all are bounded by some fatall houre ;
" What mis-adventures many wayes may come
" To dissipate the most united pow'r ?
" O ! huge mishaps a Monarchie may marre,
" When prosp'rous Times doe (forc'd by fates) expire,
" To further which oft strangers must make warre,

2661 E. Is subiect oft to feauers, and to fits 2664 E. which nought it binds 2667 E. Oft vice and vertue haue like danger bred 2669 E. By iealousie, or emulation dred 2670 E. Those ruin'd are by it that raisde the state 2672 E. The gouernment that's popular decaies 2674 E. disorders broiles alaies 2675 EI. It from corruption doth continue cleane 2676 E. As freest from infirmities we finde I. As from infirmities most free we finde 2677 EI. hold a meane 2679 E. But though th' one-headed state may 2680 E. Whilst th' one knowes to command, the rest t'obey 2684 E. Heauens haue confinde all by 2685 E. As there may many misaduentures come 2688 E. When once prosperitie beginnes t'expire

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" And mut'nous subjects som-time may conspire ?
" As jealous feare (when brav'd by danger) moves,
" All princes would suppresse aspirers still :
" And then a subjects course most dangerous proves,
" When either feare, or hope transports his will.
" But though that first to rise, last to descend,
" Great States are guided by a secret fate :
" Yet, still the cause which doth forgoe their end,
" Springs from contempt, or is enforc'd by hate ;
" The first in kings the lack of courage breeds,
" Encouraging Ambition to rebell ;
" The other doth attend tyrannicke deeds,
" That violence may violence repell.
Phoc. " Yet never did so many Monarchs fall
" By forraine battells, nor by civill broiles,
" As by themselves who (seeming free) were thrall,
" Whil'st smooth-tongu'd Minions gloried of their spoils.
" Those who have raign'd by choice, by birth, or worth,
" Or did encroach on Crownes by chance, or crime,
" Oft suffer vices to burst freely forth,
" Which vertues colours guilded till that time.
" Men clearely show what harbours in their brest,
" Whilst (Envies object) free from any feare :
" That which is eminent is marked best,
" And highest fortunes hardest are to beare.
" Low States to censure Criticks doe despise,
" Whilst oft grosse faults for vertues fame esteemes,
" The stupid, patient, and the fearefull wise,
" Will, constancie, and softnesse goodnesse seemes.
" But on the Stage of State when one must stand

2691 E. As iealousie, or else ambition moues 2695 E. But though to the beginning, and to th'end 2697 E. Yet their design'd destruction doth depend 2698 E. Still, either on contempt, or else on hate 2699 EI. Of those the first kings lacke of 2700 E. Which makes th'ambitious minds t'attempt more bold 2701 E. And th'other doth 2702 E. By violence t'haue violence controld 2704 EI. nor intestine broiles 2708 E. Or yet through others errours, or their crime 2709 E. Oft suffer ougly vices to burst forth 2711 E. Men are decipherd best then whilst they rest 2713 E. Most high aduaunc'd being free from hope or feare 2715 E. Low fortunes cloake the faults that some commit 2716 E. Whilst imperfections th'earth perfections deemes 2717 E. Stupiditie seemes patience, feare seemes wit I. patient, feare appearing wise 2719 E. But when in the worlds theatre one

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" A publike Actor plac'd in all mens sight,
" And (swaying pow'r) with an imperious hand,
" Doth hold the ballance both of wrong and right,
" Then, he for every action that is his
" The censure of a thousand tongues must have,
" Not onely damn'd for doing things amisse,
" But for not doing all that all men crave ;
" That Prince but undermines the Soveraigne seate,
" Who cares not who be weak so he be strong,
" More studious for himselfe then for the state,
" Or (if for it) that he may hold it long :
" For, where *Iove* him for all mens good ordaines,
" He thinkes both them, and theirs, made him to please,
" As if a charge of weight, a place of paines,
" Were but a bed of rest, a Heaven of ease.
" The worlds great weight which *Atlas* shoulders beare,
" Is not so weighty all to weigh one downe,
" As that which on his head a king doth weare :
" No burdens charge more heavie then a crowne.
" Th'*Ægean* waves Time may more soone appease,
" Then restlesse thoughts whose course for state prepares :
" Can they have rest who toile for all mens ease ?
" The purple ever must be lin'd with cares.
Aris. " Good kings are like the fire which (flaming bright)
" Doth waste it selfe to serve anothers turne :
" And soveraignty is like fires glancing light,
" Which (if but view'd) delights, if touch'd, doth burne ;
" I like for warmenesse to stand *Vulcan* by,
" But not to burne amid'st the *Lemnian* flame :
" In Cedars shadowes men more safely lie,
" Then on their tops, the roaring deities game :
" All th'eie-attracting pompe and glorious showes,
" Do merit scorne, though they amazement breed :
" The world them pittie more then Envie owes,
" Who to seeme happy wretched are indeed.

2721 E. And swaies the signe of powre, and in his hand 2738 E. There is no burden heauier than 2739 E. waues more easie are t'appease 2740 E. Then are their thoughts whose minde for 2749 E. And rather in the Cedars shadow lie 2750 E. Than on the top to stand the wind-gods game 2751 E. splendrous showes

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" What alterations strange attend a Throne,
" As if the spheare of fortune were a crowne ?
" The great still toss'd like *Sysiphus* his stone,
" When rais'd most high, rest ready to fall downe.
Of this what greater proofe can fame afford
Then mighty *Philips* memorable fall,
Who daunted had the Grecians by the sword,
Though till that time by strangers not made thrall ?
He, he, then whilst he solemniz'd with state,
His daughters marriage, suddenly was lost :
It seem'd when Heaven that Monarchs daies would date,
That Hymens torch gave light to *Pluto's* post.
When strong regards had grav'd within my heart,
The miseries that proper were to Court,
I thought them happie who (retir'd apart)
Could never know such things, but by report.
I might have liv'd with *Alexander* still,
To vertuous men, whose favours were not scarce :
Yet rather choos'd (though having both at will)
To serve with *Pallas*, then command with *Mars*.
And whilst he toil'd of others Lord to be,
I of my selfe did labour to be Lord ;
Yet made as great a conquest too as he ;
My pen shall be as famous as his Sword.
Phoc. And had I willingly engag'd my rest,
The way to trace which to vaine glory tends,
I might have liv'd (respected with the best)
A speciall one of *Alexanders* friends.
Though I of him did never merit ought,
He entertain'd my friendship till his death,
And when he once our Cities o'erthrow sought,
At my request did pacifie his wrath.
Then once to me a masse of gold he sent,
And offred too a stately Asian Towne,
Which I refus'd, more pleas'd with my poore rent,

2758 E. Whilst highest vp, rest readiest to 2762 E. Though not till then t'a stranger being made 2765 E. So that it seem'd that Monarchs dayes to date 2767 E. Then when that I conceiude with griefe of heart 2774 E. T'obey with *Pallas* 2776 E. I labor'd ouer my selfe to be made 2783 E. As one of *Alexanders* chiefest

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Then he with all the treasures of a Crowne ;
I told, that such a summe but serv'd to make
Him a corrupter, me corrupted thought,
And foule for him to give, for me to take,
If us'd, sham'd both, unus'd, did serve for nought ;
But all those baites I never daign'd to touch,
Least I (who all my life had liv'd so free)
Might be possess'd too much, possessing much,
If taking Riches, it had taken me.
No, I would rather learne to live with lesse,
Then for superfluous furniture to strive :
" Who seekes out substance but to nurse excesse,
" To use it lives, not it that he may live.
" My fortune doth afford sufficient meanes,
" That may preserve all natures pow'rs in force ;
" And he who on a golden Scepter leanes,
" Can not have more, but may well use it worse.
" Then since aboundance, but abuses brings,
" Why seeke men more then how to be well eas'd ?
" And (ah !) why toile they for so many things,
" Since with a little nature can be pleas'd ?
Aris. Loe ! how the Heavens, whose love to man exceeds,
Have made his body strong, his minde divine,
And have made th'earth to furnish all his needs,
Least curbing Cares might make his thoughts decline :
So that he hath a meanes to raise his flight
(If wing'd with vertue) and may (mounting hie)
By time approach to the celestiall light,
And deifie himselfe before he die,
Yet doth he straight forgoe that glorious way,
To toile for things which th'earth not forc'd affords,
The which his wants first fram'd were to defray,
But by himselfe are of his life made Lords.
" O ! how unworthie of the worth of man,
" Are many labours which delight him most,
" Since that corruption boldly first beganne
" To make men nurse vile vice at vertues cost.

2817 E. Aspire t'approach 2826 E. nourish vice

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And now what hath great *Alexander* gain'd
By endlesse travell, and excessive cares ?
(Of whom (loe) now, they onely say he raign'd)
But death vnto himselfe, worse to his heires.
And for the guiltlesse blood which he hath spill'd,
His conquests partners (loe) doe now beginne
To die even by the swords by which they kill'd,
And all his off-spring expiates his sinne.
Phoc. " Strange revolutions sway all worldly things :
" The wheele of fortune still must slipperie prove,
" And chiefely then when charg'd it is with kings,
" Whose states (as weighty) quickly make it move.
Yet *Alexander* I must say was blest,
Who (still a victor) from distresse estrang'd
The worlds chiefe Monarch when his state was best,
Did die in time before his fortune chang'd :
And for his favour which I oft did try,
Whom earnestly he labour'd to advance ;
It grieves me that himselfe so soone did die,
And that his off-spring hath so hard a chance.
His Successors have set all *Greece* on fire,
Of which I feare to perish by some sparke ;
For, *Polypercon* doth my death conspire,
" And who can scape when made a great mans marke ?
Yet for my Countries cause I'le give my blood,
" Whilst safely prais'd all follow vertue can,
" But (when by danger bragg'd) then, to doe good,
" O ! that is worthie of a worthie man.
Nor doe I tender so this puffe of breath,
But I can yeeld that Nature it expell :
" A minde that is resolv'd, triumphes o're death,
" He hath liv'd long enough who hath liv'd well. *Exeunt.*

2828 E. By endlesse labours 2829 E. it's onely said 2832 E. The partners of his conquests doe beginne 2833 E. To die by the same swords 2836 E. Such is the reuolution of all things 2837 E. And chiefly when it burdend is I. And chieflie then when burden'd but with 2838 E. weightiest most must make it moue 2840 E. That ouer the worlde a victor alwaies rang'd 2841 E. And hauing ended all his warres, in rest 2844 E. Whilst earnestly he labord me t'aduaunce 2845 E. I'm sorie that 2853 E. But when with danger threatned to 2854 E. Thats onelie worthy 2856 E. But I could be contented it t'expell

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Act 5. Scene 2.

Cassander. Lysimachus. Ptolomie. Seleucus.

Cassander. No doubt (great *Heroes*) whom the Heavens have lov'd,
(What ever count'nance duty doth pretend)
Your minds are glad, since those (by me remov'd)
Who might have made you end, have made an end.
Loath not the meanes if pleas'd with the effect,
For though by this I have a realme obtain'd,
It yeelds you more, whose course none can suspect :
I onely guilty am, ye all have gain'd.
Yet to pursue my life they first began,
For my defence this refuge last I prov'd :
" What then himselfe can be more neere to man ?
" When bragg'd by danger who would not be mov'd ?
And if *Olympias* had not di'd in time
By offring up her blood to worke my peace,
Then mine had beene the harme, and hers the crime.
I but prevented her a little space ;
And if her off-spring had surviv'd her death,
Whose rising could not but procure our fall,
Yee, now who nought but soveraignty doe breath,
Had breath'd obedience, or not breath'd at all.

Lysim. You from a dangerous yoke have us releev'd,
Which (I suspect) we should have tri'd too soone :
" And why then should we labour to seeme griev'd
" At that thing done, which we wish not undone ?
No, no, since all for soveraignty do strive,
And have once tasted what it is to raigne,
Each one of vs would rather die, then live
To beare a subjects servile yoke againe.
And though perchance with *Alexanders* Sonne ;
(If heire to him in worth, as of his state)

2859 E. I doubt not now (great heroes) but ye all 2860 E. What euer miscontentment ye pretend 2861 E. Doe rest well pleasde, since those by me made thrall 2863 E. if yee allow th'effect 2869 E. Nought than himselfe is neerer vnto man 2870 E. All men with their owne dangers are most mou'd 2880 E. we had experienc'd soone 2888 E. T'embrace a subiects seruile state againe 2888 E. If heire both of his fathers worth and state

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We might have most respected places wonne,
As speciall pillars of the Princes seate.
" Though greater then the rest, as of before,
" It would have vex'd us, lesse then one to fall ;
" The fall from first to second grieves one more,
" Then from the second to the last of all ;
Our envi'd glory had destruction brought,
And would have made us odious to remaine :
" It dangerous is for subiects to be thought
" Such as desire, or yet deserve to raigne.
When any Tempest threatned had his Throne,
He would have sought for surety at our cost :
" When Iealousie (mindes worme) hath seaz'd on one,
" The greatest vertues are suspected most.
" Yea, though we could to quite our state consent,
" Us from suspition nought but death could purge :
" Still greatnesse must turmoile, or then torment,
" If borne a burthen, if layd downe a scourge.
Ptol. But when we have within our bosome weigh'd
The ruine of all *Alexanders* race,
Whom without blushing we might have obey'd,
By right succeeding in our Soveraignes place.
How can our soules but highly be asham'd,
If one below them farre emboldned thus,
Doth seeke by wrong that which by right they claim'd,
And by their o'rethrow would insult o're us ?
Nor neede I more as in suspense remaine,
To maske my meaning with ambiguous wordes,
No, no, our words may as his deeds be plaine,
Which fame (and that not whisp'ring) now records :
Ye heare how that *Antigonus* of late,
(Whose thoughts (wing'd with good succes) soare too high)
Doth strive above the rest to raise his State,
And by all meanes doth fortune frankely ply.

2891 E. Yet though more great than others, as before 2892 EI. haue grieu'd vs 2895 E. Our old renowne to vs had ruine 2897 E. It's dangerous for a subiect 2899 E. One that desires 2900 E. sought assurance 2901 E. For when that iealousie hath 2912 E. That one inferiour both to them and vs 2914 E. would b'exalted thus 2920 EI. wing'd with ambition 2922 E. And on his former fortune doth relie

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Since to his hands *Eumenes* was betrai'd,
Loe quite transported by præpost'rous pride,
(As if in nought adebted to our ayde)
To yeeld our due he cannot now abide.
Lysim. "Thus time the truth of all things doth proclame :
" Man is a crafty Creature, hard to know,
" Who can a face for every fortune frame :
" No trust in mortalls, no ; nor faith below,
" As our particulars doe sometime move,
" We, what we wish for most, seeme to mislike,
" And oft of others doe the course disprove,
" Whilst we want only meanes to doe the like.
Then whilst *Perdiccas* did attempt before
To make the rest who were his equalls thrall,
Who, then *Antigonus* detested more
The foolish pride of one that would have all ?
But since *Perdiccas* and his faction fell,
Whom he (as Traitours to the State) pursu'd,
He, in his place succeeding to rebell,
Hath what he seem'd to end, againe renew'd ;
And yet I many times have mus'd of this,
How from the world he did *Eumenes* send.
Sel. How ? but by Treason as his custome is,
False at the first, and cruell in the end.
Lysim. I know, that after many doubtfull fights,
He hath o'rethrowne *Eumenes* at the last :
But by what Stratagems, or treach'rous slights,
I would be glad to heare how all hath past.
Sel. *Antigonus* was at the first afrai'd,
To match *Eumenes* by plaine force in fight,
And therefore all that feare affords assai'd,
For valour franke, still using warie slight.
Amongst *Eumenes* troupes (their mindes to prove)
He scattred letters with allurements stor'd,
By promis'd treasures, and protested love,

2926 E. addicted now t'our aide 2926 E. He hath laide all regarde of vs aside I. What is our due he now cannot abide 2938 E. Th'ambitious minde of 2953 E. And the refuge that [I. which] feare 2954 E. For valour franke bent t'vse [I. to vse] some wary sleight

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Some to corrupt who might betray their Lord ;
But he (still wise) his Troupes in time advis'd
To cleare their vertue by their enemies vice,
And gave them thankes, who would not be entis'd
To sell their faith at such a bloodie price ;
Then said, that he himselfe those scroules procur'd,
That when they spy'd such practices againe,
They still might thinke them (by this meanes allur'd)
Their Captaines triall, not their Enemies traine.
Thus by the course which should have him entrap'd,
His adversarie did deluded stay :
Whilst both he from that present danger scap'd,
And to prevent the like, prepar'd a way.
Then when he saw this policy had fail'd,
And that there had some doubtfull conflicts past,
Antigonus who had at one prevail'd
(As having had some vantage at the last)
Did with *Eumenes* straight procure to speake,
And (as t' one vanquish'd) offred him good-will,
But he (whose minde could not be brought to breake)
Would onely talke as to his equall still :
For, when a band (betweene them made) did beare,
He to *Antigonus* should helpe impart,
That forme reform'd he first of all would sweare,
With *Alexanders* off-spring to take part.
Thus where they his submission did attend,
Imperiously conditions he impos'd :
So that thereafter to procure his end,
The other by all meanes his minde dispos'd ;
And shortly of his bands a vaine debate,
For his confusion fit occasion brought ;
" Still as by concord small things doe grow great,
" By discord great things are reduc'd to nought ;

2958 E. To moue some one that might betray his 2959 E. But he being wise 2963 E. that th'Author of those scroules was he 2965 E. They still would take them alwayes but to be 2967 E. Thus by the means that 2969 E. For both he from the present 2971 E. Then when this traiterous pollicie had 2975 EI. He with *Eumenes* did procure 2978 E. Would neuer talke but as t' his 2981 E. He did reforme that forme, and would first sweare 2986 E. Still th'other by

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While-as *Eumenes* fortunately liv'd,
The *Agiraspides* to him gave place,
Till that for state two of their Captaines striv'd,
And his authoritie would not embrace.
Such was that spite of theirs to have him spoil'd,
That though of valour he rare wonders prov'd,
And oft by force *Antigonus* had foil'd,
Yet from their mind it could not be remov'd,
For (by their meanes allur'd) the other bands,
To get some baggage which they lost againe,
Did take their Captaine, with outragious hands,
Their glory darkning by that odious stayne :
And though *Eumenes* trusting to new hopes,
By flying labour'd succour to have found,
He was prevented by his trait'rous Troupes,
And (like to some base fugitive) was bound.
Scarce could his stormy stomack bent to breake,
Daigne to entreat those who had him betrai'd,
Yet, having hardly purchas'd leave to speake,
He stretch'd them forth his fettred hands, and sayd :
Loe, what apparell now your Generall weares,
Since with your faith his libertie was lost ;
Yet he those bands not given by th'enemie beares ;
No, but by you in whom he trusted most :
And must he thus be led, who should you lead ?
Is this the triumph which I should receave
For all my victories, thus to be made
Of Captaine, Captive ; of a Conquerour, Slave ?
How oft (my Souldiers) have yee all of late
To me by solemne oathes sworne to be true ?
" But it becomes none in a captives state
" With loftie words his keepers to pursue ;
Nor crave I further favour at this houre,
Then that ye bath your weapons in my brest ;
Let not my life be in mine enemies pow'r,
Loe all that your Commander doth request,

3001 E. Did giue their captaine bound to th'enemies handes 3002 E. So darkening all their glorie by one staine 3014 E. But by his owne in 3021 F. not one in a'abiect state I. not one in such a state 3022 E. his Maisters 3024 E. Then strait to bathe

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I know *Antigonus* doth take no care
Who get my bodie, so he get my head ;
And he regards not, neither when, nor where,
Nor in what sort I die, so I be dead.
But if through horrour of so vile a deed
Your eyes looke downe, your haire erected stands,
Which in your mindes this much remorse doth breed,
That as your hearts ye will not staine your hands ;
Then as your Captaine, since not force I may,
I (as your friend) entreate, that now in time
I may but have a Sword my selfe to slay,
You to excuse, whilst partner of your crime.
But when he saw that words could not asswage
Their barb'rous thoughts which nothing could controule,
Then having turn'd his Courage all in rage,
He thus flam'd forth the fury of his soule :
O damned rascalls who have lost all faith,
Whom neither duty, nor yet merit bindes !
How oft was *Alexander* mov'd to wrath
By those your mut'nous and malitious mindes ?
And, O ! what could I at those hands attend,
Which yet were smoaking with *Perdiccas* blood ?
Of those who by like Treason did intend
With old *Antipaters* to be imbru'd ?
Heaven thunder on you from th'ætheriall Rounds,
And make you live (abominable band)
Base vagabonds, barr'd from your native bounds,
Then die detested in a barb'rous Land ;
And as ye have the world with murder fill'd,
So may your blood by the same Swords be shed,
By which you have moe of your Captaines kill'd
Then of your foes, from whom (like beasts) ye fled.
But neither courteous, nor outragious words
Could change his souldiers from their first intent ;
Who forward led their Captaine chain'd with cords,
(A scorned Captive) to his Rivals Tent,

3034 E. That with 3038 E. So you t'excuse 3050 E. t'haue beene imbrude
3062 E. A sacrifice prepar'd for th'enemies tent

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Where to the end that he might quickly end,
He ask'd, what stay'd *Antigonus* to goe
By setting of him free to gaine a friend,
Or by his death to rid him of a foe ;
And soone *Antigonus* did hast his fall,
By this great magnanimity not mov'd ;
And th'*Agiraspides* (dispers'd o're all)
As murderers, murder from the world remov'd.
" Thus oft have Traitours beene dispatch'd in time,
" By those whom their upbraiding lookes dismay :
" That loath'd remembrance of the Authors crime
" The actors death can onely wipe away.
Now claimes *Antigonus* when fame doth feast,
Above his Soveraignes selfe in ranke to sit ;
For *Alexander* but subdu'd the East,
And he hath conquer'd them who conquer'd it.
Cass. No doubt, but he will doe the best he can,
And hath within himselfe high things design'd :
" For whilst prosperity transports a man,
" Nought seemes difficult to a loftie minde.
Sel. Of those in whom he did suspect a sprite.
Whose courage serv'd his courses to resist,
He hath himselfe by diverse meanes made quite :
In others wreakes his safety doth consist ;
Thus martiall *Pithon* who no danger spar'd,
(Whom *Alexander* held in high account)
Did at the last receave a hard reward,
For helping him *Eumenes* to surmount.
His sprite to tempt, and power fit to performe
Made jealousie *Antigonus* torment ;
And yet he faign'd to love him for the forme,
Till he his Court did move him to frequent,
Where whilst he did (mistrusting nought) abide,
He publikely in all the peoples sight
(Though seeming justly) damn'd unjustly di'd :

3063 E. Where being arriude, to th'end he soone might end 3073 E. For the remembrance thus of th'Authors 3074 E. Can but by th'Actors death be wip'd away 3079 EI. No doubt, since he that great aduantage wan 3091 E. His spirit t'attempt 3094 E. Till that his court he moou'de

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" No wrong more vile then wrong that lookes like right.
Thus divers Governours within short space,
Their Government, or then their life have lost,
And others are preferr'd unto their place,
Who did depend upon his favour most ;
Oft likewise me he labour'd to surprise,
By policy whom he would have o'rethrowne :
But I, whom *Pythons* danger had made wise,
Learn'd by his ruine to prevent mine owne ;
To save my life abandon'd is my state,
And I have fled with danger as you see :
That you may know, how that man doth grow great,
Whose pride may plague you all, as well as me.
Cass. Then let us see what course we should intend,
Least (out of time made wise) we rue too late.
Lysim. " I rather first pursue, then last defend.
Ptol. " A fire would still be quench'd ere it grow great.
Cass. Then let us from *Antigonus* in haste
Demand our share of what he did attaine ;
Since in this warre we did our Treasure waste,
We should be likewise partners of the gaine :
But if against our suite his eares he barre,
And doe with scornefull words contemne our claime,
Then may our messenger denounce the warre,
And we shall shortly prosecute the same.
Ptol. A mutuall band must made amongst us be,
To make one fortune common to us all,
And from hence-forth we must all foure agree
To stand together, or together fall.
And since the Princely buds for which we car'd,
(How ever dead) are dead, what ere we doe,
So to procure from men the more regard,
We with the state must take the title too.
And we must both be crown'd, and knowne for kings,

3104 E. And pollicie was vsde, t' haue me ore-throwne 3111 E. Then let vs be resolu'd, what course t'intend 3113 E. It's better to pursue then to defend 3114 E. It's good to quench a fire ere 3116 E. To redemand th'vsurped bounds againe I. Vrge what we owe of conquer'd lands againe 3122 EI. intimate the same

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And when lives scant provision did decay,
Then did bare walles but small refuge afford :
" She *Scylla* scap'd to be *Charybdis* prey,
" Who fell on famine flying from the sword.
Straight like pale Ghosts, faint Souldiers did remaine,
Whose bowels hunger like a Harpie teares,
And with couragious words, the Queene in vaine
Did raise their sprite (the belly hath no eares)
All languishing did then begin to fade,
As if too weake to beare themselves about.
Legges fail'd the body, and the necke the head,
Then whilst the flesh fell in, bones bursted out ;
And when that meates which common are were spent,
Then Horses, Dogs, Cats, Rats, all serv'd for food,
Of which, no horrour th'eaters did torment,
For what not poyson was, all then seem'd good :
Some mouthes accustom'd once with dainty meates,
Wish'd what they oft had loath'd, vile crums, foule flouds,
And Ladies which had liv'd in pompous states,
Fed, as brought up with wolves amidst the woods.
Yea, nurst by those whom they themselves had nurst,
Oft by the off-springs death the Parent liv'd :
And which was worst, whilst brests were like to burst,
None could give comfort, all themselves were griev'd.
Such was their state, no friend bewail'd his friend,
No wife her husband, no, nor Syre his sonne ;
For apprehending their approaching end,
All with compassion of themselves were wonne.
The dead mens smell empoyson'd them who liv'd,
Whilst first made faint by a defrauded wombe ;
Heapes were of breath and buriall both depriv'd,
That all the towne in end was but a tombe.
Chor. " Life is the subject of distresse and griefe,
" That still affords us matter to bemone ;
" And we by death can onely have reliefe :
" To live, and to be wretch'd, are both but one.

2206 E. All then began to languish and to fade 2207 E. As if being tir'de to 2213 I. nor no 2221 E. That still ministers matters 2222 EI. And onely but by death can haue

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Th'Athenians prey *Leonatus* did remaine,
And (by *Eumenes* subtiltie dismai'd)
Neoptolemus and *Craterus* were slaine,
Then by his owne *Eumenes* was betrai'd.
Phil. " Man with his skill against his knowledge strives,
" Where death his way attends, that way he tends,
" And t'*Atropos* the fatall razor gives,
" To cut the threed on which his life depends.
When *Asia's* victor after all his warres,
Great Babylon to view had bent his mind ;
Both I, and others, studious of the Starres,
Did shew that there his ruine was design'd ;
And to his successors we oft have showne
The meanes by which their fate might be controul'd,
Yet was our skill contemn'd, and they o'rethrowne,
As we fore-told, and as they now have told.
Nunt. They have told much, and yet I must tell more,
Their newes were evill, yet were they not the worst.
Chor. And have the Heaven reserv'd more plagues in store ?
As if we yet were not enough accurst.
Nunt. "As th'earth in pride, the Heavens in plagues abounds;
Our highest hopes have perish'd but of late.
Chor. Then wound our eares by hearing others wounds,
That pittie now may tread the steps of hate.
Nunt. Our Queene *Olympias* (raging with revenge)
All *Macedonie* did with murders fill,
Which from her part the people did estrange,
Whilst rigor onely limited her will.
So that when fierce *Cassander* sought her wreake,
She did mistrust the Macedonians mindes,
And for the time the nearest strength did take,
There, till the storme was past, to waite faire winds.
But soone *Cassander* did the Towne enclose,
And as she held him out, did hold her in,
That (like a Captive guarded by her foes)
She knew not by what way a way to winne ;

3168 I. And *Atropos* 3171 E. To visit *Babilon* had 3174 EI. To his successours too we 3186 EI. rauisht by reuenge

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And when lives scant provision did decay,
Then did bare walles but small refuge afford :
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" Who fell on famine flying from the sword.
Straight like pale Ghosts, faint Souldiers did remaine,
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Some mouthes accustom'd once with dainty meates,
Wish'd what they oft had loath'd, vile crums, foule flouds,
And Ladies which had liv'd in pompous states,
Fed, as brought up with wolves amidst the woods.
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None could give comfort, all themselves were griev'd.
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All with compassion of themselves were wonne.
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Whilst first made faint by a defrauded wombe ;
Heapes were of breath and buriall both depriv'd,
That all the towne in end was but a tombe.
Chor. " Life is the subject of distresse and griefe,
" That still affords us matter to bemone ;
" And we by death can onely have reliefe :
" To live, and to be wretch'd, are both but one.

3206 E. All then began to languish and to fade 3207 E. As if being tir'de to 3223 I. nor no 3231 E. That still ministers matters 3232 EI. And onely but by death can haue

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" Yet foolish worldlings toss'd with endlesse care,
" (Though at too deare a rate) would still buy breath,
" And following feathers wavering through the ayre,
" Love life (though wretch'd) more then a happy death.
Nunt. When thus the world *Olympias* plagu'd did spy,
All sought *Cassander* though for severall ends.
Chor. All as a pest them who are wretch'd doe flye :
" Ecclipsed fortune threatens losse of friends.
Nunt. And she considering that she could not long
Hold out the siege, since victuals were grown scant,
Did send (as weake) for peace unto the strong.
Chor. " Thus time and travell all things once may daunt.
Nunt. Then did *Cassander* know that need constraind
Her so to bow, as every way diseas'd :
And, though he her request not quite disdain'd,
Yet the appointment was such as he pleas'd :
For, all the favour that she could procure,
Was leave to live a private person still ;
And yet of that she could not be made sure,
Which did depend upon the Victors will.
Then whilst *Cassander* sought his enemies ends,
Huge numbers with him alwaies did abide.
Chor. Yet might have many followers, and few friends :
" Friends by the touch-stone of distresse are try'd.
Nunt. But though the Queen was rendred in this sort,
A promise given that life should be preserv'd,
The tyrant with her sprite could not comport,
But from his faith, for her confusion swerv'd :
The Macedonians were together brought,
There to consult what did concerne their Queene :
Of whom when as a number deepely thought,
Both what she was, and what she once had beene ;

3236 E. And following after feathers thrown through th'aire 3237 E. Like life 3240 E. As from a pest all from th'vnhappy flie I. All as a pest vnhappie men doe flie 3241 E. Th'eclipse of *Fortune* 3244 E. t'intreat [I. to pray] the strong 3245 E. What cannot time and trauell sometime daunt 3247 E. as strangely being diseasde 3249 E. Th'agreement was appointed as 3253 EI. her enemies will 3255 E. There wanted not strange troupes with him t'abide [I. to bide] 3256 E. With protestation t'haue her life preseru'd I. With protestation Life

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Even as *Cassander* had suborn'd them all,
Their parents came whom she had damn'd to death,
And did her rigour to remembrance call,
By which the multitude was mov'd to wrath.
Whilst from their brests all pitty quite was barr'd,
They did conclude, their Queene behov'd to dye.
Chor. Durst Subjects damne their Soveraigne? and not heard?
So still may clouds obscure the worlds bright eye.
Nunt. Yet did *Cassander* put (false every way)
A maske of pitty on a cruell minde,
And offred her a ship to flye away,
As if to death against his will assign'd;
Nor was this course for her delivery fram'd,
But onely as by chance that she might drowne:
So for her death that he might not be blam'd,
But onely *Neptune* who had drunke her downe:
Yet she (a Princesse of a mighty spright),
Whose lofty courage nothing could o're-come,
Said, ere she scap'd by such a shamefull flight,
That she would heare the Macedonians doome.
But when *Cassanders* counsell was contemn'd,
Lest that the multitude had chang'd their minde,
When they remembred whom they had condemn'd,
And did the fulnesse of his purpose finde,
To rid her soone from paine, and him from feare,
He sent some bands from pitty most estrang'd:
Yet she 'gainst fortune did a banner beare,
And not her heart, no, not her count'nance chang'd.
She constant still, though mon'd, would never mone,
Whose stately gesture brav'd their bold attempt,
And did unite her vertues all in one,
To grace disgrace, and glorifie contempt.
She on two Ladies shoulders lean'd her armes,
And with a Majestie did march to death,
Like *Alexander* once amid'st th'alarmes,

3270 E. Whilst from their brasen breasts all ruth was I. all kinde of ruth 3274 E. put (all sleights t'assay) I. put (sleights to assay) 3289 E. And warily [I. grauely] weigh'd what rashly they design'd 3295 EI. scorn'd their foule attempt

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As if in triumph to abandon breath.
" The height of vertue admiration brings,
At this great magnanimity amaz'd :
As at the image of their antient Kings,
Or then some Goddesse all the Souldiers gaz'd :
But (ah) some (forced by the tyrant) striv'd
To spoile (unnaturall) Natures fairest frame,
And twixt th'alabaster Balles, they driv'd
Th'unwilling swords that straight grew red for shame.
Then, she in worth who did all else excell,
Would neither word, nor teare, nor sigh forth send,
But spread her garments o're her, whilst she fell,
As of her honour jealous to the end.
Chor. O strange barbarity, most monstrous deed !
Could men a woman, Subjects kill their Queene :
And could her fortune past no pitty breed ?
Who ever gave the wound, hath not her seene.
The ugly Author of those odious evils,
(Of punishment afraid) must still be sad,
His brest a hell, his thoughts all turn'd to divels,
(Through horrour of himselfe) must make him mad.
Nunt. And yet the plague of these detested times,
Doth by more mischiefe aggravate our grones.
Chor. " No end in sinne, crimes are maintain'd by crimes,
" Who fall in depths, must touch the bottome once :
" The path of honour hath but narrow bounds,
" On which who step, attentive must remaine :
" Since rais'd so high above the vulgar grounds,
" That who thence fall can never rise againe.
Nunt. Thus now *Cassander* (since he cannot winne
True reputation, but lives tainted still)
Imbark'd in mischiefe, sailes the depths of sinne,
So if not lov'd as good, yet fear'd as ill.
Though (by his meanes) his ruthlesse eyes have seene
Fates (as it were from fortunes bosome) take,

3301 E. bent t'abandon 3304 E. As spying th'Image 3308 E. And th'Alabaster [I. Alabaster] balles betweene they 3319 EI. Fear'd for deserued plagues 3328 E. Hath wrought more mischiefe t'aggrauate 3325 E. Who fall in th'Ocean touch I. Who fall in Seas 3335 EI. bosome rend

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His King by poyson, by the sword his Queene,
Even yet himselfe more guilty still to make,
He (prosp'ring in impiety) grew proud,
And murdred both his Masters Sonne and Wife ;
Thus he, who all the world by birth-right ow'd,
Could have no part of it, no, not his life.
Yet could *Roxanaes* death not ease his minde,
Nor her yong sonne, too soone made *Plutoes* guest :
But to undoe all *Alexanders* kinde,
That to revenge the rest, there might none rest.
By treason he (as all his deeds are done)
Caus'd *Hercules* his brothers steppes to trace,
Who was great *Alexanders* bastard sonne,
And th'onely remnant of that great mans race.
Loe, thus *Cassander*, enemy to all good,
Whose soule so much for *Macedonie* longs :
Hath to the Scepter swim'd through Seas of bloud,
Yet, O weake right, since builded but on wrongs !
Chor. O, how ambition doth abuse the great !
Who with enough not pleas'd, still strive for more :
Loe, how our Soveraigne seem'd to raise his state,
Yet made it but to fall whilst starv'd with store.
And since his Trophees rear'd in severall fields,
Both him and his have to confusion brought,
" Then, what is all the good that greatnesse yeelds,
" Which makes it selfe seem much to be made nought ?
" Thus, though the mountaines make a mighty show,
" They are but barren heapes borne up aloft,
" Where Plains are pleasant still, though they lye low,
" And are most fertile too, though trod on oft.
" Greatnesse is like a cloud in th'ayrie bounds,
" Which some base vapours have congeal'd above :
" It brawles with *Vulcan*, thundring forth huge sounds,
" Yet melts and falles there whence it first did move.
Phil. Since that worlds conqu'ror then whilst farre from feare,
(By too much power press'd) so soone was dead :

3337 E. In wickednes t'exceede [I. to passe] himselfe in th'end [I. end] 3346 E. But bent t'vndoe 3367 E. Which th'earths base vapours 3371 EI. Weigh'd with his greatnes downe

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Why doe his Captaines strive who now should beare
The Diadem that crush'd so strong a head?
O! when my minde is ravish'd through the starres,
To search the secret secrets of the fates:
What treasons, murthers, mutinies and warres,
Are threatning to o'rethrow usurp'd seates?
That false *Cassander* who betraid his Lord,
And spoil'd the princely race, in mischiefe chiefe,
(A traitour both of heaven and earth abhorr'd)
Shall live but with disgrace, and dye with griefe.
His sonnes (in wickednesse himselfe t'exceed)
Shall make the woman dye who made them live;
Then both (when drunke with bloud) to death shall bleed,
And none of theirs their funerals shall survive:
When rash ambition should be cool'd by age,
Lysimachus shall by *Seleucus* dye;
Nor shall *Seleucus* long enjoy the Stage,
But by like violence shall breathlesse lye;
And subtle *Ptolomies* degener'd race,
(Long onely famous for infamous things)
Shall end and to the pride of foes give place,
Whilst a lascivious Queene confusion brings;
Antigonus shall be in battell kill'd,
His Sonne a captive perish with disgrace.
And after that it *Greece* with bloud hath fill'd,
In th'end, destruction doth attend that race;
The last in pow'r (though of their line not bred)
A niggard, and a dastard, beaten downe,
Shall (through a strangers towne, a Captive led)
Of *Macedonie* bound the old renowne.

CHORUS.

"*What damned furies thus tosse mortals mindes,*
"*With such a violent desire to raigne?*
"*That neither honour, friendship, duty, bloud,*

3372 E. What makes each of his captaines striue to beare 3384 E. Then when being drunk 3386 E. Then when ambition should 3392 E. and once to th'enemies pride 3401 E. Bound of the *Macedonians* th'old

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" *Nor yet no band so sacred is as bindes*
" *Ambitious thoughts which would a kingdome gaine :*
" *But all is buried in blacke* Lethes *floud,*
" *That may the course of Soveraignty restraine,*
" *Which from the brest doth all respects repell,*
" *And like a torrent cannot be gaine-stood :*
" *Yea many would, a Scepter to obtaine,*
" *In spite of all the world, and* Ioves *owne wrath,*
" *March through the lowest dungeons of the hels,*
" *And from a Diademe would breath with pow'r,*
" *Though all deaths engines brag'd them every houre,*
Yet, though such restlesse mindes attaine in th'end
The height to which their haughty hearts aspir'd,
They never can embrace that dreamed blisse,
Which their deluded thoughts did apprehend ;
Though by the multitude they be admir'd,
That still to pow'r doth shew it selfe submisse ;
Yet by the soule still further is requir'd,
Which should seale up th'accomplishment of joy ;
" *Thus partiall judgements blindely ayme amisse,*
" *At things which stand without our reach retir'd,*
" *Which whilst not ours, as treasures we define,*
" *But not the same whilst we the same enjoy ;*
" *Some things afarre doe like the Glow-worme shine,*
" *Which look't too neere, have of that light no signe.*
" *No charge on th'earth more weighty to discharge,*
" *Then that which of a kingdome doth dispose :*
" *O ! those who manage must the reynes of state,*
" *Till their pale Ghost imbarke in* Charons *Barge,*
" *They never need t'attend a true repose :*
" *How hard is it to please each mans conceit,*
" *When gaining one, they must another lose ?*
" *Thus, hardly Kings themselves can evenly beare,*
" *Whom if severe (as cruell) subjects hate ;*
" *Contempt dare to the milde it selfe oppose ;*

3414 EI. *And vnderneath a diademe would breathe* 3415 EI. *Though euery moment threatned them with death* 3424 E. *Thus doth a partiall iudgement aime* 3433 E. *Till that their ghost b'imbarkt*

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" Who spare in time, as niggards are despis'd,
" Men from too franke a minde, exactions feare,
" Though in all shapes (as Proteus *us'd) disguis'd,*
" Kings by some scandall alwaies are surpris'd.
Yet one might well with every thing comport,
Which on opinion onely doth depend,
If further danger follow'd not by deeds,
But every Monarch (Loe) in many a sort
Death (laid in ambush) alwaies doth attend ;
Of some by mut'nous swords the life forth bleeds ;
By unsuspected poyson others end,
Which whilst they alwaies labour to prevent,
A thousand deaths within their breasts life breeds ;
Loe, this is all for which the great contend,
Who, (whilst their pride themselves and others spoiles)
With their dominions doe their cares augment :
" And O vaine man who toyl'st to double toyles,
" Though still the victory the Victor foiles :
Thus Alexander *could not be appeas'd,*
Whilst he to raise his state did wayes prepare,
Which when made most, diminish'd most remain'd,
Where (with his fathers bounds had he beene pleas'd)
He might have left our Crowne sure to his heire,
Who by his conquest nought but death hath gayn'd ;
Yet for no paines a number now doth spare,
To worke for that by which his wreake was wrought,
Which (though from it they rage to be restrain'd)
Would (if possest) their pleasures but impaire ;
Yet they by harme of others seeke the thing
Which by their harme of others will be sought :
" To him and his, each of them death would bring,
" That it might once be said he was a King.
" We may securely sitting on the shore,
" Whilst great men doe (as toss'd on th'Ocean) grone,
" Taught by their toyles, esteeme much of our rest :
" For this doth thousands with affliction store,

3448 El. *Death doth disguisde in diuers shapes attend* 3456 E. *t'abound in toiles* 3458 E. *still himselfe diseaside* 3459 E. *Whilst he t'vndoe* 3462 E. *crowne in peace t'his heire* 3473 E. *To see the great (as* 3474 E. *Learne by their toiles t'esteeme*

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" *Which of the world as most unhappy moane,*
" *If they but chance to view some few more blest,*
" *Where if they would but marke, how many a one*
" *More wretch'd then they in misery doth live,*
" *It straight would calme the most unquiet brest ;*
" *The Cottage oft is happier then the Throne ;*
" *To thinke our owne state good, and others ill :*
" *It could not but a great contentment give :*
" *There much consists in the conceit and will :*
" *To us all things are as we thinke them still.*

FINIS.

3476 E. *That as th'vnhappiest in the world do mone* 3485 E. *Since t'vs*

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The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

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THE ARGUMENT.

At that time when the Romans travelled with an unsatiable ambition to subdue all Nations, by whose overthrow they could conceive any expectation, either of glory or profit: Caius Iulius Cæsar, *a man of a lofty minde, and given to attempt great things, ascending by severall degrees to the Consulship, procured a power to warre against the* Gaules: *amongst whom, after a number of admirable battels and victories (by the approbation of all the world, having purchased a singular reputation both for his courage and skill in Arms) he being long accustomed to command, was so drunke with a delight of soveraignty, that disdaining the simplicity of a private life, he was so farre from denuding himselfe of the authority which he had, that altogether transported with a desire of more, he sent to the Senate, to have his government of the* Gaules *prorogated for five yeares: which suit being repugnant to the Lawes (as directly tending to tyranny) was by the people publikely repelled. By which occasion, and some others rising from an emulation between him and* Pompey *the great, pretending a high indignation, hee incontinent crossed the Alpes, with such forces (though few) as he had in readinesse, and with a great celerity came to* Rome, *which he found abandoned by* Pompey, *in whom the Senate had reposed their trust, whom shortly after, by a memorable battell in the fields of* Pharsalia *he discomfited: and having by the overthrow of* Scipio, *death of* Cato, *and flight of* Pompeyes *sonnes, as it were, rooted out all the contrary faction, he returned to* Rome, *and indirectly by the meanes of* Antonius, *laboured to be proclaimed King: which having rendred him altogether odious;* Caius Cassius, Marcus Brutus, Decius Brutus, Publius Casca, *and divers others (Noble men) conspired his death, and appointed a day for the same: at which time, notwithstanding that* Cæsar *was disswaded from going forth, by many monstrous apparitions, and*

[9] E. drunken

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ominous presages ; yet being perswaded by Decius Brutus Albinus, *he went towards the fatall place, where the Senate was assembled.*

The Conspirators in like manner had many terrors : amongst others, Portia *the wife of* Marcus Brutus, *although shee had insinuated her selfe in her husbands secret by a notable proofe of extraordinary magnanimity, yet on the day dedicated for the execution of their designe, through the apprehension of his danger, she fainted divers times, whereof* Brutus *was advertised, yet shrinked not, but went forwards with his confederates to the appointed place, where they accomplished their purpose, every one of them giving* Cæsar *a wound, and me a ground whereupon to build this present Tragedy.*

The Persons Names who speake.

Iuno.	Caius Cassius.
Cæsar.	Marcus Brutus.
Antonius.	Portia.
Cicero.	Calphurnia.
Decius Brutus.	Nuntius.

The Scene in Rome.

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THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Act 1.

Juno.

THOUGH I (a Goddesse) grace the azure round,
Whilst birds (all bright with eyes) my Coach do move,
And am with radiant starres, heavens Empresse crown'd,
The thunderers sister, wife of mighty *Iove*,
And though I banquet in th'etheriall bowres,
Where Ambrosie and Nectar serves for meate,
And at the meeting of th'Immortall powres,
Am still advanc'd unto the highest seat :
Yet by those glorious shewes of boundlesse blisse,
My burden'd minde can no way be reliev'd :
Since immortality affords but this,
That I live ever to be ever griev'd.
In vaine, vaine mortals seeke for helpe at me,
With sacred odours on my Altars throwne :
What expectation can they have to see
One venge their wrongs, who cannot venge her own ?
May *Pallas* then drowne thousands if she please,
Who metamorphos'd *Diomedes* mates ?
And must my enemies alwaies live at ease,
As me to spight appointed by the fates ?
Of all the dying race which lives below,
With such indignities none could comport,

[1] E. goddesse glance through th'azure [2] E. Whilst eie-feather'd birds my [6] E. The sister, and the wife of thundring *Ioue* [10] EI. martred minde [12] EI. That I may euer liue being euer grieu'd [17] EI. Might *Pallas* once drowne thousands in the seas

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[1] E. goddesse glance through th'azure [2] E. Whilst [illegible] [6] E. The sister, and the wife of thundering Ioue [14] E. married minde [15] E. That I may ever live being ever griev'd [17] E. Might Pallas [illegible] thousands [illegible]

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As wound my brest, whom Gods and men doe know,
To be abus'd by *Iove* in many a sort.
Though knowne to me, from others if conceal'd,
His faults might breed me griefe, but yet not shame ;
Where, loe, now both through heaven and earth reveal'd,
Each slandrous Theater doth his scorne proclaime.
If divine soules divinely liv'd aloft,
The world below would imitate them then,
But humaniz'd by haunting mortals oft,
Where men should grow like Gods, Gods grow like men.
My painted *Iris* in her beauties pride,
Smiles not on *Phœbus* with so many hewes,
As *Iove* in divers shapes himselfe can hide,
When he poore Maydes (by *Cupid* spurr'd) pursues ;
He *Danae* (a golden shower) deceiv'd ;
And did (a Swanne) in *Ledaes* bosome light ;
Then (turn'd a Bull) *Agenors* daughter reav'd ;
And *Io* made a Cow to mocke my sight :
But O ! I wish that with such wanton Dames,
He still to sport would as with me remaine ;
Not able then to touch celestiall flames,
All (like the drunkards mother) might be slaine.
Then such a troupe as *Rheas* bosome stores,
Would not hold him and me at endlesse jarres ;
The heavens are pestred with my husbands whores,
Whose lights impure doe taint the purest starres.
" Though wrongs, when grosse, are heavy to digest,
" An Actors greatnesse doth some griefe remove,
" Of whom to suffer wrong it shames one least :
" If I were wrong'd I would be wrong'd by *Iove*.
But (ah) this long tormented hath my brest,
A Man, a Boy, a shepheard, yea, and worse,
The Phrygian fire-brand, the adultrous guest,
Who first wrought wrong by fraud, and then by force ;
He, he was he, whose verdict mov'd me most,

[29] E. If heauenly soules [30] E. Th'inferior world [39] E. Then being [41] EI. But would to god that [43] E. Not able then t'imbrace [49] E. All iniuries are heauie to digest [50] E. Yet th'actors greatnesse [53] EI. But (ah) this long hath tirraniz'd

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Whilst partiall fancies judg'd of beauties right ;
Nor was it strange though one all judgement lost,
Who had three naked Goddesses in sight ;
And yet I know, had not his wandring eyes
The Cyprian brib'd by some lascivious smiles,
My pompous birds (in triumph) through the skyes,
Had borne the gold which oft her Nymphs beguiles ;
And am I she whose greatnesse is admir'd,
Whom *Iove* for wife, whom thousands court for love ?
Whom haughty *Ixion* to embrace desir'd,
Yet with a cloud deluded did remove ?
And what made me a matter to submit,
Where my authority might have avail'd ?
Whilst though I promis'd wealth, and *Pallas* wit,
Yet with a yong man, *Venus* most prevail'd ;
" But how durst he of one the glory raise,
" Where two contemn'd would needs the wrong repaire ?
" It spites our sexe to heare anothers praise,
" Of which each one would be thought onely faire.
To venge my selfe no kinde of paine I spar'd,
And made his greatest gaine his greatest losse :
As *Venus* gave him *Helen* for reward,
I gave him *Helen* for his greatest crosse ;
Nor did he long with joy her love enjoy,
Whose fatall flames his Country did confound,
Whil'st Armies arm'd for her did *Troy* destroy,
And *Neptunes* labours levell'd with the ground ;
Whilst *Simois* seem'd to be a buriall field,
Whose streams (as streets) were with dead bodies pav'd,
All *Zanthus* Plaine (as turn'd a Sea) did yeeld
A floud of bloud, from *Heroes* wounds receiv'd ;
Whilst braving thousands once, though much esteem'd,
By dust and bloud deform'd, of *Hector* slaine,
(Not like *Patroclus* by the sword redeem'd)

58 E. Whilst it on *Ida* wrong'd my beauties right 59 E. No wonder too though 65 EI. Am I not [I. not I] she 69 E. What needed me I. And what mou'd me 72 E. *Venus* gift preuaild 73 E. But how durst he t'ones pleasure thus giue place 74 E. their honour would repaire 75 E. Is not our Sexe impatient of disgrace 76 E. Of which there's none, but loues to be thought faire 82 EI. faithlesse flames

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The body basely was brought backe againe ;
Then, by the same mans sonne who kill'd his sonne,
Old *Priamus* surpriz'd, sigh'd forth his breath,
And even most harm'd where he for helpe had runne,
The Altar taking, taken was by death.
Though wrestling long to scape the heavens decree,
(Bloud quenching lust) last parted from the light,
He who lov'd *Helen*, and was loath'd by me,
Did (as a Sacrifice) appease my spight.
Then, having liv'd (if wretches have a life)
Till (in all hers ere dead, oft buried spi'd)
Though once known both, nor mother then, nor wife,
The fertile *Hecuba* (made childelesse) dy'd.
Thus, by those meanes it would have seem'd to some
That scorned beauty had beene well reveng'd :
But whilst they were o're-com'd, they did o're-come,
Since they their states for better states have chang'd.
I in one part that people did confound,
But did enlarge their power in every place :
All war-like Nations through the world renown'd,
From Phrygian ruines strive to raise their race.
And yet two traitors who betrayd the rest,
O that the heaven on treason sometime smiles !
Though having worst deserv'd, did chance the best,
More happy then at home in their exiles ;
Did not *Antenor* (stealing through his foes)
Neere to th'Euganian Mountaines build a Towne,
Of which some nurslings once shall seeke repose,
Amidst the waves, and in the depths sit downe :
Their Citie (spousing *Neptune*) shall arise,
The rarest Common-wealth that ever was,
Whose people, if as stout as rich and wise,
Might boast to bring miraculous things to passe.

[95] E. And being most [96] E. Whilst taking th'Altar [98] E. By th'enemies sword being parted from [100] E. Di'd . . . t'appease [101] E. liu'd (if miserie be a life) [102] E. T'entombe all hers, that high mishaps had tride [103] E. Though once being both [104] E. as being barren dide [106] E. That my scornde beautie had bin highly vengde [112] E. Now from the *Phrygian* ruines raise [114] EI. (O heauens, that treason thus should prosper whiles) [115] E. Of the *Dardanian* race did

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Then false *Æneas*, though but borne t'obey,
Did (of a fugitive) become a King :
And some of his neere Tibers streames that stay,
Would all the world to their obedience bring.
Their ravenous Eagles soaring o're all lands,
By violence a mighty prey have wonne,
That bastard brood of *Mars* with martiall bands,
Have conquer'd both the Mansions of the Sunne ;
Their course by mountaines could not be controld,
No ; *Neptune* could not keep his bosome free :
The parching heate, nor yet the freezing cold,
Their Legions limits no way could decree ;
Yet, of that City there can come no good,
Whose rising walles with more then barbarous rage,
The builder first bath'd with his brothers bloud,
Which their prodigious conquests did presage.
Oft hath that Towne my soule with anguish fill'd,
Whose new-borne state did triumph o're my wrath,
Like my old foe who in his Cradle kill'd
The Serpents which I sent to give him death.
By *Sabins*, *Albans*, *Tuscans*, oft assail'd,
Even in her infancy I toss'd *Romes* state,
Yet still *Laomedons* false race prevail'd,
And angry *Iuno* could doe nought but hate.
Then when the gallant *Gaules* had vanquish'd *Rome*,
Who basely bought her liberty with gold,
A banish'd man *Camillus* chanc'd to come,
And her imballanc'd state redeem'd of old ;
Great *Hanniball* our common cause pursu'd,
And made his bands within their bounds remaine,
With Consuls and with Pretors bloud, imbru'd,
At *Thrasimene*, and at *Cannas* slayne ;
In Romans mindes, strange thoughts did doubt infuse,
But whilst they fear'd the taking of their Towne,
He who could vanquish, victory not use,
Was by their brasen fate (when high) thrown downe ;

[135] EI. Th'antartike [I. Antartike] heate, nor yet the artike colde [156] E. That did attend the [159] E. But he that vanquish could, not victory vse [160] E. Was by their brasen destinie throwne

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O what a torrent of Barbarian bands,
In inundations once their walles did boast,
Whilst Teutons huge, and Cymbers from their Lands,
Like Gyants march'd, a more then monstrous hoste ?
But though from parts unknowne to ruine *Rome*,
I led those troupes which all the world admir'd,
Yet did fierce *Marius* me with them o're-come,
And I in vaine to venge old wrongs aspir'd ;
By meanes more base I likewise sought her harmes,
Whilst *Ianus* Church imported never peace,
I rais'd up abject *Spartacus* in Armes,
Who neere eclips'd *Romes* glory with disgrace.
Though I who all the world for helpe have sought,
From *Europe*, *Africke*, and from *Asia* thus,
Gaules, Carthaginians, and the Cymbers brought,
Yet did the dammage still redound to us :
Of heaven and earth I all the pow'rs have prov'd,
And for their wracke have each advantage watch'd :
But they by forraine force cannot be mov'd :
By Romans, Romans onely may be match'd.
And I at last have kindled civill warre,
That from their thoughts (which now no reason bounds)
Not onely laws, but Natures laws doth barre ;
The Sonne the Syre, the brother brother wounds ;
Whil'st th'Eagles are oppos'd to th'Eagles so,
O what contentment doth my minde attaine !
No wound is wrong bestow'd, each kills a foe,
What ever side doth lose, I alwayes gaine.
But this my soule exceedingly annoyes,
That all at one time cannot be supprest :
" The warre helps some, as others it destroyes,
And those who hate me most, still prosper best.
Whil'st with their bloud their glory thousands spend,
Ah ! ones advancement aggravates my woe,
Who vaunts himselfe from *Venus* to descend,

[161] EI. of Barbarians once [163] EI. Inunding ouer the *Alpes* their walles [163] E. Whilst *Teutons* and the *Cimbers* bigge of bones I. and Cimbers bigge of bones [167] E. Yet did the tyrant *Marius* them orecome [186] EI. mind containe [190] EI. All are not subiect to the like mis-hap [192] EI. most, haue still best hap

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As if he claim'd by kinde to be my foe.
I meane the man whose thoughts nought can appease,
Whil'st them too high a blinde ambition bends,
Whom (as her minion) Fortune bent to please,
Her rarest treasures prodigally spends ;
Not onely hath he daunted by the Sword
The *Gauls*, the *Germans*, and th'*Ægyptians* now,
But of all Lords pretends to be made Lord,
That who command the world to him may bow ;
Thus dispossessing Princes of their Thrones,
Whil'st his Ambition nothing can asswage,
That the subjected world in bondage grones,
The prey of pride, the sacrifice to rage,
" Men raile on *Iove*, and sigh for *Saturnes* time,
" And to the present, Ages past preferre,
" Then burden would the Gods with every crime,
" And damne the heavens, where onely th'earth doth erre.
Though *Iove* (as stupid) still with *Cupid* sports,
And not the humour of proud *Cæsar* spies ?
Who may (if forcing thus the worlds chiefe Forts)
Then *Titans* earst, more pow'rfull, scale the skies.
Yet lest he thrall him too, who none free leaves,
We from the bounds above him must repell,
To brawle with *Pluto* in th'umbragious Caves,
There since he will be first, made first in hell.
What ? with that Tyrant I will straight be even,
And send his soule to the Tartarian grove :
Though *Iove* will not be jealous of his heaven,
Yet *Iuno* must be jealous of her *Iove* ;
And though none in the heavens would do him ill,
I'le raise up some in th'earth to haste his death :
Yea, though both heaven and earth neglect my will,
Hell can afford me Ministers of wrath :
I'le crosse *Cocytus*, and the smoaking lakes,
To borrow thence my brothers damned bands,
The furies arm'd with fire-brands and with Snakes,

210 E. present still th'Age past preferre 216 E. More powerfull than the *Titans* scale I. Then *Titans* were

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Shall plant their hell where *Rome* so stately stands ;
Whil'st Furies furious by my fury made,
Do spare the dead to have the living pin'd :
O ! with what joy will I that Army leade ?
" Nought then revenge more calmes a wronged minde,
I must make this a memorable age,
By this high vengeance which I have conceiv'd :
But what though thousands dye t'appease my rage ?
So *Cæsar* perish, let no soule be sav'd.

Exit.

CHORUS.

" *We should be loath to grieve the gods,*
" *Who hold us in a balance still ;*
" *And as they will*
" *May weigh us up, or downe ;*
" *Those who by folly foster pride,*
" *And do deride*
" *The terrour of the Thunderers rods,*
" *In seas of sinne their soules do drowne,*
" *And others them abhorre as most unjust,*
" *Who want Religion do deserve no trust :*
How dare fraile flesh presume to rise
(Whil'st it deserves heavens wrath to prove)
On th'earth to move,
Lest that it opening straight,
Give death and buriall both at once ?
How dare such ones
Look up unto the skies,
For feare to feele the Thunderers weight ?
" *All th'Elements their Makers will attend,*
" *As prompt to plague, as men are to offend.*
All must be plagu'd who God displease,
Then whil'st he Bacchus *rites did scorne,*

236 EI. more sweet t'a [I. winnes a] wronged minde 237 E. Ile once make this a 239 I. to calme my rage 241 EI. *We should be grieu'd t'offend* [I. to grieue] *the gods* 245 E. *ingender pride* 247 E. *of th'eternalls roddes* 259 E. *th'immortalls will attend* 260 E. *And are as prompt to plague as men t'offend* 261 EI. *None scapes some plague that* [I. who] *gods displease*

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Was Pentheus *torne ;*
The Delians *high disdaine*
Made Niobe (*though turn'd a stone*)
With teares still mone,
And (Pallas *to appease*)
Arachne *weaves loath'd webbes in vaine :*
Heaven hath prepar'd ere ever they begin,
A fall for pride, a punishment for sinne.
Loe, Iuno *yet doth still retaine*
That indignation once conceiv'd,
For wrong receiv'd
From Paris *as we finde ;*
And for his cause (*bent to disgrace*
The Trojan *race*)
Doth hold a high disdaine,
Long layd up in a loftie minde :
" *We should abstaine from irritating those*
" *Whose thoughts* (*if wrong'd*) *not till reveng'd repose.*

Thus, thus for Paris *fond desire,*
Who of his pleasures had no part,
For them must smart :
Such be the fruits of lust ;
Can heavenly breasts so long time lodge
A secret grudge ?
Like Mortals thrall to yre,
Till justice sometime seemes unjust ?
" *Of all the furies which afflict the soule,*
" *Lust and revenge are hardest to controull :*
The Gods give them but rarely rest,
Who do against their will contend,
And plagues do spend,
That fortunate in nought,
Their sprits (*quite parted from repose*)
May still expose
The stormy troubled brest

267 E. *And* Pallas *spite t'appease* 269 E. *or euer they beginne* 297 E. *Th'vpbraiding troubled*

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A prey to each tyrannicke thought :
" All selfe-accusing soules no rest can finde ;
" What greater torment then a troubled minde ?
Let us adore th'immortall powers,
On whose decree, of all that ends,
The state depends,
That (farre from barbarous broiles)
We of our life this little space
May spend in peace
Free from afflictions showres ;
Or at the least from guilty toyles ;
" Let us of rest the treasure strive to gaine,
" Without the which nought can be had but paine.

Act 2. Scene 1.

Iulius Cæsar. Marcus Antonius.

Cæsar. Now have my hopes attain'd the long'd for heaven,
In spight of partiall Envies poysnous blasts :
My Fortune with my courage hath prov'd even ;
No Monument of miscontentment lasts.
Those who corrival'd me, by me o're-throwne,
Did by their falls give feathers to my flight :
I in some corner rather live unknowne
Then shine in glory, and not shine most bright ;
What common is to two, rests no more rare,
In all the world no *Phœnix* is save one,
That of my deeds none challenge might a share,
Would God that I had acted all alone :
And yet at last I need to mourne no more
For envy of the *Macedonians* praise,
Since I have equall'd all that went before ;
My deeds in number do exceed my dayes.
Some earst (whose deeds rest registred by fame)
Did from their Conquests glorious titles bring.

302 EI. *decree, of euery thing* 303 EI. *The State doth hing* 309 E. *striue t'attaine*
311 E. th'expected hauen 321 E. Grieu'd of my deedes that any claimes a share

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But Greatnesse to be great, must have my name,
To be a *Cæsar* is above a King.
Ant. Those warre-like Nations, which did Nations spoile,
Are by thy Legions to our laws made thrall ;
" What can brave mindes not do by time and toyle ?
" True magnanimity triumphs o're all.
Cæs. Th'out-ragious *Gauls* who in most monstrous swarmes
Went wasting *Asia*, thundering downe all things,
And (*Macedony* quaking at their Armes)
Did insolently make, and un-make Kings :
Those *Gauls* who having the worlds Conquerours foil'd,
(As if the world might not have match'd them then)
Would sacrilegiously have *Delphos* spoil'd,
And warr'd against the Gods, contemning men ;
Yea, those whose Ancestors our City burn'd,
(The onely people whom the *Romanes* fear'd)
By me (*Romes* nursling) match'd, and o're-match'd mourn'd ;
So what they first eclips'd, againe they clear'd.
Then, as to Subjects having given decrees,
The *Gauls* no more presuming of their might,
I (wounding *Neptunes* bosome with wing'd trees)
Did with the world-divided *Britains* fight ;
The *Germans* from their birth inur'd to warre,
Whose martiall mindes still haughtie thoughts have bred,
Whil'st neither men, nor walls, my course could barre,
(Mask'd with my banners) saw their Rhene runne red ;
The Easterne Realmes when conqu'ring now of late,
My comming, and o're-comming was but one ;
With little paine ear'st *Pompey* was call'd great,
Who fought soft bands whose glorious dayes were gone :
But what though thousands set ones praises forth,
For fields which shadows, and not swords, obtain'd ;
The rate (too easie) vilifies the worth :
" Save by great paines, no glory can be gain'd :

330 E. It's more to be a *Cæsar* than a King I. More to be a *Cæsar* is then be a King 333 E. What can not vertue doe by 337 E. And marching ouer the *Macedonians* armes 348 EI. I left the *Gaules* their rash attempt to rue 350 EI. The world-diuided *Britaines* did subdue 355 E. And th'orientall realmes amidst of late 358 EI. That [I. Who] warrd with those whose 361 E. Yet th'easie rate but vilifies 362 E. No glorie without labour can

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From dangers past, my comfort now proceeds,
Since all who durst gaine-stand I did o're-come :
And, in few words to comprehend my deeds,
Rome conquer'd all the world, and *Cæsar*, *Rome*.
Ant. Loe those who striv'd your vertue to suppresse,
(As whose great actions made them jealous still)
Whil'st labouring but too much to make you lesse,
Have made you to grow great against your will ;
Great *Pompeys* pompe is past, his glory gone,
And rigorous *Cato* by himselfe lyes kill'd ;
Then dastard *Cicero* more you honours none,
Thus all your foes are with confusion fill'd.
The Senatours who could not be asswag'd,
Long to your prejudice their pow'r abus'd,
Till at their great ingratitude enrag'd,
I swore our swords would grant what they refus'd.
When having scap'd, endanger'd, and despis'd,
Brave *Curio* and I did to your Camp resort,
In old bare gownes (like some base slaves) disguis'd,
All sigh'd to see us wrong'd in such a sort.
Cæs. The highest in the heaven who knows all hearts,
Do know my thoughts as pure as are their Starres,
And that (constrain'd) I came from forraine parts
To seeme uncivill in the civill warres.
I mov'd that warre which all the world bemoanes,
Whil'st urg'd by force to free my selfe from feares ;
Still when my hand gave wounds, my heart gave groanes ;
No *Romans* bloud was shed, but I shed teares :
But how could any elevated spright,
Who had for honour hazarded his blood,
Yeeld willingly (by foes outragious spight)
To be defrauded of th'expected good :
When as a multitude of battels wonne,
Had made *Romes* Empire, and my glory great ;
And that the *Gauls* (oft vanquish'd) had begun

364 E. Since all difficulties I did orecome 368 E. And were opposde to all your actions still 375 E. The Senatours whose wrath could not b'asswag'd 383 E. Th'inhabitants of heauen that know 384 El. They know 393 El. Yet yeeld by froward foes outragious spight

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To beare the yoke which they disdain'd of late.
Then glorious *Pompey*, my proud sonne-in-law,
And *Cato* (who still cross'd what I design'd)
From favouring me the people did with-draw,
And had a successour for spight assign'd ;
Not that he should succeed in dangerous broils,
But (even through envy) as they had ordain'd,
That he might triumph so of all my toils,
And rob the glory which I dearly gain'd ;
With such indignity who could comport,
When prizing honour dearer then the light ?
No (whil'st my soule rests soveraigne of this fort)
None shall have pow'r to rob me of my right :
And yet by *Iove* who all the world commands,
To use such violence I did mislike :
And would have oft abandon'd all my bands,
If that mine enemies would have done the like ;
But yet the multitude, which floting still
(As waves with windes) are carried with conceits,
With nought but my disgrace would bound their will,
And I committed all unto the fates.
Yet when at *Rubicon* I stood perplex'd,
And weigh'd the horrour of my high attempt,
My stormy soule a thousand fancies vex'd,
Which resolution buried in contempt.
Ant. " Nought in a Captaine more confounds his foes,
" Then of a ventrous course, the swift effects,
" Since (so quite crush'd) ere they their thoughts dispose,
" All good advice a care confus'd neglects.
Though when you march'd to *Rome*, your pow'r was small,
The sudden news so thundred in each eare,
That (as if heaven had falne upon them all)
It bred amazement, and th'amazement feare.
" Some secret destiny (as then was seene),

398 E. T'embrace the yoke 399 EI. Then pompous *Pompey* 402 E. And vnto me a successour assignde 413 E. T'vse any violence 413 E. And offred oft t'abandon 415 E. But the tumultuous multitude that still 421 E. My soule was with a thousand fancies vex'd 424 E. Then sodaine resolutions swift effects 425 E. For so surpriz'd ere 426 EI. aduice prodigious care neglects 431 EI. as then appear'd

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" Doth guide mens actions, and their judgement bounds :
" Those who by hosts could not have frighted beene,
" A shadow, or a rumour oft confounds :
" All hastie dangers so surprise the minde,
" That feare prevents the resolutions power,
" Or else the fates make curious Reason blinde,
" When heavens determin'd have a fatall houre.
Great *Pompey* (loe) who was growne ag'd in armes,
And had triumph'd o're all the worlds three parts,
Whil'st (quite discourag'd, by imagin'd harmes)
Fled *Rome*, though without reach of th'enemies darts.
As to a torrent all gave place to you,
And whom they call'd a rebell made their Lord ;
Your successour *Domitius* (forc'd to bow)
Did trust your favour, more then feare your sword.
When in th'*Iberian* bounds you did arrive,
There, Adversaries (who did vainly vaunt)
Had all th'advantage that the ground could give,
Of victuals plenty, which with us were scant.
Yet the celerity that you had us'd,
Did so discourage their disordred band,
That (as *Iove* in their breasts had feare infus'd)
They had no strength against our strokes to stand.
And when *Romes* Generall with brave legions stor'd,
Seem'd to possesse all that his soule requir'd,
Whil'st us to daunt, both famine and the sword,
The Sea, the Land, and all in one conspir'd ;
Then, for your offices they did contend,
As those who of the victory were sure,
And (where they might th'affaires of state attend)
In *Rome* for lodgings fondly did procure.
Yet memorable now that day remaines,
When all the world was in two Armies rang'd,
Whil'st *Mars* went raging through th'*Æmathian* plaines,

433 E. Them whom huge armies could not once haue fearde I. They whom huge Armies could not once haue fear'd 435 E. Ist that th'encroaching danger dulles their sprits 436 E. And doth preuent their resolutions power 437 E. Or that some destinie distracts their wits 439 E. *Pompey* the great that was 443 E. Then as t'a torrent all 448 E. There th'aduersarie that 450 EI. And wealth of vittailes that [I. which]

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And to despaires high expectations chang'd :
When *Pompeys* partie had the battell lost ;
(As Lyons do their prey) you did pursue
The scattred remnant of that ruin'd host,
On which new heads still (like a *Hydra*) grew.
Though victory in *Africke* fatall seem'd
To any Army that a *Scipio* led,
Yet, you shew'd there (for worth in warre esteem'd)
That *Rome* a better then a *Scipio* bred ;
And all our Enemies were confounded thus,
Who us in number ever did surmount ;
But *Cæsar* and his fortune were with us,
Which we did more then many thousands count.
Cæs. The sweetest comfort which my conquests gave,
Was that I so might do to many good :
For, every day some *Romanes* life I save,
Who in the field to fight against me stood,
Thus, may my minde be judg'd by the event,
Who (even when by my greatest foes assail'd)
To winne the battell never was more bent,
Then prompt to pardon when I had prevail'd.
Not covetous of bloud, of spoyls, nor harmes,
I (even when victor) did insult o're none,
But layd aside all hatred with my Armes,
A foe in fight, a friend when it was gone :
" Of clemency I like the praise, more then
" Of force, which mortals with affliction lodes ;
" Strength oft may prove the worst thing that's in men,
" And pity is the best thing in the Gods.
Sterne *Cato* (still affecting to be free)
Who either death or life (if given) disdain'd,
Thy death I envy, who didst envy me,
The glory that I (saving thee) had gain'd.
Yet I to Rents and dignities restore,

467 EI. That famous field when the *Pompeyans* lost 480 EI. It was the means how to do many good 488 E. I (though being victor) 492 E. that with affliction th'enemie lodes 493 E. For force prooues oft I. the worst thing in a Man 494 E. And clemencie the best 495 E. Sterne *Cato*, but by *Cato* that would die 497 E. O. I enuie thy death that didst enuie

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Even those who long my ruine had design'd :
And O ! it doth delight my minde farre more,
By benefits, then by constraint to binde.
Ant. I would have all my foes brought to their ends.
Cæs. I rather have my foes all made my friends.
Ant. Their bloud whom I suspect'd should quench all strife.
Cæs. So might one do who lik'd of nought but life.
Ant. Still life would be redeem'd from dangers forth.
Cæs. Not with a ransome then it selfe more worth.
Ant. Then life to man, what thing more deare succeeds ?
Cæs. The great contentment that true glory breeds.
Ant. Men by all meanes this blast of breath prolong.
Cæs. Men should strive to live well, not to live long.
And I would spend this momentary breath
To live by fame for ever after death :
For, I aspire in spight of fates to live.
Ant. I feare that some too soone your death contrive.
Cæs. Who dare but lodge such thoughts within their mindes?
Ant. Those whom the shadow of your Greatnesse blindes.
Cæs. The best are bound to me by gifts in store.
Ant. But to their Countrey they are bound farre more.
Cæs. Then loath they me as th'Enemy of the state ?
Ant. Who freedome love, you (as usurper) hate.
Cæs. I by great battels have enlarg'd their bounds.
Ant. By that they thinke your pow'r too much abounds.
Cæs. From doing wrong, yet I refraine my will.
Ant. They feare your pow'r, because it may do ill.
Cæs. The present state still miscontentment brings
To factious mindes affecting matters strange,
Which (burdens to themselves) do loath all things,
And so they change, regard not what they change.
In populous Townes where many do repaire,
(Who at their meeting what they please do touch)
They further then their bounds extend their care :
" The idle who do nothing, must thinke much.
Loe, *Rome* (though wasted all with raging warres)

500 E. that my destruction had 522 E. You as th'vsurper of the same they hate 529 EI. themselues irke of all things 532 EI. Whose confluence by conference all things touch 535 E. ciuill warres

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Whil'st private grudge pretended publike good,
Equality (still rude) engendring jarres,
Did prove too prodigall of *Roman* bloud.
Though yet now at the last attaining rest,
Whil'st all (obeying one) may banish teares :
It (if constrain'd) even scorns (as bad) the best,
This word necessity so wounds the eares.
The insolent with vile seditious words,
(Who trembled whil'st they heard the Trumpets sound)
Stirre now their tongues, as we did then our swords,
And what *Mars* spar'd, make *Mercury* confound.
" The people thus in time of peace agree
" To curbe the great men still, even in that forme,
" As in calme dayes they do disbranch the Tree,
" Which shrowded them of late against a storme.
But now I look'd (brave deeds appeasing spight)
That bursted Envy should for anguish dye,
Darke shadows (as asham'd) do vanish quite,
When at his height bright *Phœbus* cleares the skie.
And though their hatred deeply they disguise,
Yet can they not so hide enflam'd desires,
But that their spight rests sparkling through their eyes,
And boasts to burst out straight in open fires.
Ant. Since first (great *Cæsar*) I discern'd thy worth,
On all thy actions I did still attend ;
And what some whisper must speake freely forth :
" Franke admonitions do become a friend.
The men who do suspect that you aspire
Of government the present forme to change,
All in their soules your ruine do conspire,
And their affections farre from you estrange.

537 E. And that equalitie engendring 539 E. Yet hauing through huge toyles attain'd to rest I. Yet by huge toiles attaining vnto rest 540 E. That it by yeelding t'one may I. That it obeying 541 E. It if constrain'd disdaines t'imbrace the best 548 E. T'abase the greatest still 551 E. But now I look'd for libertie to bost 552 E. That once my deeds triumph'd had ouer enuie 553 E. As all darke shadowes doe evanish most 554 E. Then when the Sunne shines highest in the skie 556 E. Yet they conceale not so their soules desires 561 E. And therefore what some whisper, Ile speake foorth 562 E. T'admonish freely it becomes a friend 563 EI. Since first men did suspect 564 E. T'a Monarchie, the gouernement to change 565 EI. They in

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Since chast *Lucretia* (by proud *Tarquin* stain'd)
Wash'd with her bloud the violated bed,
Whil'st by his pow'r *Rome* basely was constrain'd,
All to obey which his curst braine had bred.
This government which some tyrannicke call,
Doth sound so odious in the peoples eares,
That they as Tyrants vile, detest them all,
Whose greatnesse gives them any cause of feares.
Cæs. I not affect the title of a King
For love of glory, or desire of gaine,
Nor for respect of any private thing,
But that the State may by my travels gaine.
You know *Sibylla's* books which never faile,
In many mindes have an opinion bred,
That o're the *Parthians Rome* cannot prevaile,
Till by a Prince her valorous Bands be led :
" For, as confusion is the fruit (we finde)
" Of those affaires which divers thoughts dispose,
" So Soveraignty match'd with a gallant minde,
" Breeds reverence in ones owne, feare to his foes.
And O ! it grieves me, that these steps of ours
Have trod so oft on many a millions necks,
Whil'st yet the *Parthian* vilipends our pow'rs,
And all our victories (not vanquish'd) checks ;
Ah ! should a Generall of the *Roman* race
Be by Barbarians kill'd ? and not reveng'd ?
And should his Ensignes, signes of our disgrace,
Rest in the ranke of conquer'd relicts rang'd ?
No, no, (wretch'd *Crassus*) now thy selfe content,
I'le pacifie thy Ghost with *Parthians* spoyles,
My boyling fancies have beene alwayes bent
To match the matchlesse, daunt th'undaunted soiles.
Ant. With victories quite cloi'd, will you not then
Your safety once, more then new warres respect ?
Cæs. No, though I have surmounted other men,
My fancies yet do greater things affect :

569 E. supreame *Rome* was 570 E. All things t'obey, that 572 EI. It sounds so 573 EI. As Tyrants vild [I. vile] that they detest 582 E. Till by a soueraigne prince her bands be led 594 E. relikes 598 E. T'ore-match th'vnmatch'd, and

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In emulation of my selfe at last,
I even with envy look on my owne deeds ;
And (bent to make the new surpasse things past)
Now to my minde stale praise no pleasure breeds.
Ant. The world hath seene thee (great man) for *Romes* good,
In danger oft of many a dangerous shelfe,
Whil'st for her glory thou engag'd thy bloud,
Of others carefull, carelesse of thy selfe.
Cæs. Though whil'st in th'Aprill of my blooming age,
I from the vulgar rate redeem'd my name,
Some with my deeds did burden youths hot rage,
And an ambitious appetite of Fame,
Yet since the coldnesse of declining yeares,
Boasts to congeale the bloud which boil'd of late,
Whil'st loe, my life the Sunne of glory cleares,
Who now of all the world am knowne most great ;
I cannot covet that thing which I have,
I have all honour that can be requir'd :
And now (as that which wants) would onely crave
To taste the pleasures of a life retyr'd :
But (save to serve the State) for nought I strive,
For, O ! (neglecting th'ecchoes of renowne)
I could content my selfe unknowne to live
A private man, with a *Plebeian* gowne :
Since (*Anthonie*) thus for the state I care,
And all delights which Nature loves disdaine,
Go, and in time the peoples mindes prepare,
That as the rest, I may the title gaine ;
Yet indirectly at the first assay
To what their doubtfull mindes do most incline,
But as without my knowledge, that they may
All marke your minde, and yet not thinke of mine.

Exeunt.

604 E. Euen enuiouslie I looke on 606 EI. old praise 617 I. Whilst else 621 E. And now (as th'only wanted thing) would craue 623 E. But onely now t'aduance the state I striue

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Act 2. Scene 2.

Cicero. Decius Brutus.

Cicero. Did I survive th'impetuous *Scilla's* rage,
And in a torrent of destruction stood,
Whil'st Tyrants did make *Rome* a tragicke stage
Through a voluptuous appetite of bloud ?
Scap'd I confusion in a time so bad,
Of liberty and honour once to taste,
That bondage now might make my soule more sad
By the remembrance of my fortunes past ?
What though I once (when first by Fame made knowne)
From *Catilines* strange treason did preserve
This Towne (when free from foes) thrall'd by her owne,
Since now the world from equity doth swerve ?
A sparke of that conspiracy I spie
As yet not quench'd to have our state imbroil'd,
Which *Rome* to burne makes many flames to flie :
Thus one was spar'd, that we might all be spoil'd.
O worthy *Cato*, in whose matchlesse minde
Three (rarely match'd) things Nature did reveale,
Wit, Honesty, and Courage, which design'd
A Citizen for *Plato's* common-weale :
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Thou as a wise-man spoke, and still fore-told
To what all *Cæsars* deeds would turne in th'end,
If that his pride were not in time controld.
And had we him (as wisely thou advis'd)
Given to the *Germans* whom he had injur'd,
We had not now beene thus like slaves despis'd,
To see *Rome's* glory, and our owne obscur'd :
But yet I may (disbending former cares)
A space comport with that proud Tyrants pow'r ;
Age gives assurance by my hoarey haires,

[645] E. This town, that's still endangerd by her owne [646] EI. Since first the [647] EI. conspiracie remaines [648] E. Not yet extinguish'd t'haue our [649] EI. That now on *Rome* flames of confusion raines [651] EI. wondrous minde [665] EI. witherd haires

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Ere he *Romes* freedome, death will me devour.
But all whose youth and sprite might have attain'd
Those dignities which *Cæsar* hath undone :
O ! ye have lost as much as he hath gain'd,
Whose rising hopes must be retrench'd so soone.
Dec. Though innovations at the first seeme strange,
Yet oft experience approbation brings,
And if with upright thoughts we weigh this change,
From thence the safety of our City springs ;
As doth a ship, when toss'd by severall windes,
More danger runne whil'st Pylots do contest,
So was our City vex'd by differing mindes,
Who did interpret laws as pleas'd them best ;
Whil'st for one sicknesse divers drugges are us'd,
Whose pow'rs (repugnant) in digestion jarre ;
Th'impatient patients perish, when abus'd,
So did we long whil'st cross'd by civill warre ;
But now great *Cæsar* from tempestuous windes,
Romes scattered ruines recollects of late :
A Pilot meet to calme tumultuous mindes,
A fit Physitian for an aguish State.
Cic. The State from stormes secure by drowning proves,
Now whil'st despaire doth doubtfull feares appease ;
He (with the life) the sicknesse quite removes :
Thus is the Physick worse then the Disease.
This Common-weale (as all the world did spie)
Was by proud spirits in civill warres involv'd,
Yet like black Clouds which would obscure the skie,
These tumid humours suddenly dissolv'd ;
And no disgrace unto the state redounds,
But to th'Ambitious men that it abus'd,
Who (had their pow'r like *Cæsars* wanted bounds)

666 EI. That death will seale my suretie in few howres 667 I. Yet yee whose 676 EI. On it the safetie of our cittie hings 675 EI. As in the depths dasht with redoubling waues 676 EI. A ship by different mindes rests more imbroilde 677 EI. So was our cittie plag'd with diuerse lawes 678 E. By th'all-confounding multitude turmoilde I. By murmuring vulgars (scorning rule) turmoyl'd 681 E. Th'impatient patients fancies rest confusde 682 E. long distressd with ciuill warre I. whilst vex'd 686 EI. A doctor fit for a distemperd 689 E. th'infirmitie remoues 692 E. Though some prowd sprites in

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But yet I may (disbending former cares)
A space comport with that proud Tyrants pow'r ;
Age gives assurance by my hoarey haires,

645 E. This town, that's still endangerd by her owne 646 EI. Since first the 647 EI. conspiracie remaines 648 E. Not yet extinguish'd t'haue our 649 EI. That now or *Rome* flames of confusion raines 651 EI. wondrous minde 665 EI. witherd haires

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Ere he *Romes* freedome, death will me devour.
But all whose youth and sprite might have attain'd
Those dignities which *Cæsar* hath undone :
O ! ye have lost as much as he hath gain'd,
Whose rising hopes must be retrench'd so soone.
Dec. Though innovations at the first seeme strange,
Yet oft experience approbation brings,
And if with upright thoughts we weigh this change,
From thence the safety of our City springs ;
As doth a ship, when toss'd by severall windes,
More danger runne whil'st Pylots do contest,
So was our City vex'd by differing mindes,
Who did interpret laws as pleas'd them best ;
Whil'st for one sicknesse divers drugges are us'd,
Whose pow'rs (repugnant) in digestion jarre ;
Th'impatient patients perish, when abus'd,
So did we long whil'st cross'd by civill warre ;
But now great *Cæsar* from tempestuous windes,
Romes scattered ruines recollects of late :
A Pilot meet to calme tumultuous mindes,
A fit Physitian for an aguish State.
Cic. The State from stormes secure by drowning proves,
Now whil'st despaire doth doubtfull feares appease ;
He (with the life) the sicknesse quite removes :
Thus is the Physick worse then the Disease.
This Common-weale (as all the world did spie)
Was by proud spirits in civill warres involv'd,
Yet like black Clouds which would obscure the skie,
These tumid humours suddenly dissolv'd ;
And no disgrace unto the state redounds,
But to th'Ambitious men that it abus'd,
Who (had their pow'r like *Cæsars* wanted bounds)

666 EI. That death will seale my suretie in few howres 667 I. Yet yee whose 674 EI. On it the safetie of our cittie hings 675 EI. As in the depths dasht with redoubling waues 676 EI. A ship by different mindes rests more imbroilde 677 EI. So was our cittie plag'd with diuerse lawes 678 E. By th'all-confounding multitude turmoilde I. By murmuring vulgars (scorning rule) turmoyl'd 681 E. Th'impatient patients fancies rest confusde 682 E. long distressd with ciuill warre I. whilst vex'd 686 EI. A doctor fit for a distemperd 689 E. th'infirmitie remoues 692 E. Though some prowd sprites in

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Would (whil'st they rul'd) have greater rigour us'd.
All parts (we see) bred people of all kindes,
And as advanc'd some bad men did abide,
In pow'r their equals, and of better mindes,
Some alwayes vertuous were to curbe their pride ;
But since that sacred liberty was lost,
The publike pow'r to private ends one turnes :
And (as his lawlesse wayes did alwayes boast)
The Common-weale by violence o're-turnes.
Dec. Though what you burden *Cæsar* with were true,
Necessity hath purg'd his part from crime,
Who was (foes force to shunne) forc'd to pursue,
And urg'd by danger to attempt in time.
To th'enemies envy more oblig'd he rests,
Then to his wit which no such courses scan'd :
For when quite barr'd from using of requests,
Th'occasion then invited to command.
His thoughts when calme, to storm fond foes did tempt :
" True worth disdaines to suffer open wrong :
" A gallant courage kindled by contempt
" Burns with revenge, whil'st fury makes one strong.
Cic. O *Decius*, now a wrong account you cast,
The purpose, not th'event, declares the minde :
Tread backe the steps of all his actions past,
And what he compass'd had beene long design'd.
As by some sprite inspir'd, proud *Scilla* said,
That there in *Cæsar* many Marians were,
And *Rome* in time was warn'd to be afraid
Of that evill-girded youth, with smooth-comb'd haire ;
Then when (as still to quietnesse a foe)
The memory of *Marius* he renew'd,
By re-erecting Tyrants statues so,

698 E. Had whilst they rulde a greater 699 E. There in all partes are people 706 E. powre t'a priuate vse 708 E. Him of all crime Necessitie hath clear'd 709 E. That was foes force t'eschew 710 E. Whilst by contempt t'attempt gret things being cheerd 712 E. Then t'his owne wit that 713 E. Till by being barrd I. Till when 714 E. Not lookt for meanes were offred to command 715 E. All to mount high his haughtie thoughts did tempt 718 EI. Must by reuenge be quencht whilst rage makes strong 720 E. Th'intent, and not th'euent defines the minde I. defines the minde 722 E. And at the marke he hit all aym'd we finde

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His thoughts all bent to tyranny were view'd.
That people-pleaser might have beene perceiv'd,
By courteous complements below his rank,
Who (lavishing forth gifts) the world deceiv'd,
And to gaine more then his, of his prov'd franke.
Though nought at all indulgent to his wife,
By prostrated pudicity disgrac'd ;
Yet did he save th'adultrous *Clodius* life,
To sooth the multitude, whose steps he trac'd.
Dec. " These be the meanes by which Ambition mounts,
" Without most humble, when within most high,
" As if it fled from that thing which it hunts,
" Still wasting most, when it for most doth plie.
Cic. Then he (still tyranny bent to embrace)
Was thought conjoyn'd with *Catiline* to be,
And, had wise *Cato's* counsell taken place,
Might with the rest have suffered death by me.
Yet having deeply div'd in some mens soules,
With factious followers being pined oft,
He got the Consul-ship which nought controuls,
And matching pride with pow'r, did look aloft ;
To flatter them who now must flatter him,
His pow'r to make unlawfull laws prevail'd,
And those to crosse who scorn'd he so should clime,
He furnish't was with force, where reason fail'd :
But yet because he could not be assur'd,
To rule alone according to his will,
To governe *France*, he craftily procur'd,
So to be strengthened with an Army still.
As *Rome* first warr'd at home, till being strong,
She thought her power might forraine Realmes o're-come,
So *Cæsar* warr'd against strange Nations long,
Till that he thought his Might might conquer *Rome*.
Then having all that force or fate assignes,

740 EI. When most high within 742 EI. When most it mindes to winne 743 E. And he that still striu'd tyrannie t'embrace 747 EI. Yet hauing suncke himselfe in 748 E. He with his partiall faction suting oft I. With factious followers hauing suted oft 752 E. His powre t'aduaunce 755 E. not well b'assur'd 756 E. T'act all alone 760 EI. She thought her selfe of powre the world t'orecome [I. states to o're-come]

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Of discontentment he did cause pretend,
So to dissemble fore-conceiv'd designes :
" One soone may finde a fault that would offend :
But when he first in a prodigious dreame,
His mother seem'd incestuously to use,
It might have shown to his eternall shame,
How of his birth the bounds he did abuse.
Dec. And yet I thinke (avoyding threatned harmes)
He by constraint imbark'd in civill broyles :
Did he not covenant to quite his Armes,
As not desirous of his Countries spoiles ?
Cic. Durst he with those who had his charge confin'd,
Stand to capitulate, as if their mate,
Where (as his Soveraigne) to obey their minde,
It was his duty, and their due of late.
What ? what ? durst he whom (bound to keep the law)
The people in authority did put
The sword which they had given, against them draw ;
When it was sharpned first their throat to cut ?
That had not come which all our anguish breeds,
If he unforc'd when as his charge expir'd ;
Till that the Senate censur'd had his deeds,
Had from his Province peaceably retir'd.
No, he hath but betray'd his native Towne,
Those bands, by which she did him first preferre,
T'enlarge her borders, and his owne renowne
Those hath he us'd to tyrannize o're her.
My passions (ah ! transported as you see
With an excessive love to my deare soile)
Of my hearts store have made my tongue too free,
By flaming forth what in my brest doth boile.
Dec. That *Cæsars* part might justly be excus'd,
Loe, with the cause alledg'd, his course accords,
Of which that mildenesse which he since hath us'd,

766 E. that seekes t'offend 770 E. How he the bounds that bare him went t'abuse 772 E. He was constraind t'imbarke 776 E. Stand to prescribe conditions as their mate 777 E. Where t'haue attended and obeyd their minde 779 E. t'obey the law 780 EI. The people all did willingly promote 782 EI. to cut their throat 789 EI. T'extend 797 E. Of which th'humanitie that he hath vsde

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A testimony to the world affords.
Though forc'd to fight, he alwaies had great care
To save our Citizens as each man knowes,
And will'd his Captaines Romans still to spare ;
Barbarians bodies objects were for blowes,
Of th'adversaries after bloudy strife,
When oft he might have made some Captives smart,
Not onely was he liberall of their life,
But pardon'd them, even to take *Pompeys* part ;
At that infortunate Pharsalian field,
When he securely might have us'd the sword,
He both did spare all th'enemies that would yeeld,
And them to rents and dignities restor'd :
Then when th'Egyptians (so to get reliefe)
Brought to his sight pale *Pompey's* bloud-lesse head,
He testifi'd with teares his inward griefe,
And grac'd his Statues after he was dead.
Those his proceedings plainely may approve,
That he against his will did make this warre ;
And to his Country beares a tender love,
Who could comport to reyne his rage so farre.
Cic. Those favours fain'd, by him bestow'd, or due,
(As is ones custome whose high heart aspires,)
Were spent on many that who them did view
Might love his course, so kindling their desires :
But where he thus pleas'd some, he spoil'd whole hosts,
And the Barbarians all to *Rome* not wrought
Such harme as he, who, of his goodnesse boasts,
Yet her best men hath to confusion brought ;
That great man, whom earst fortune ne're did fayle,
Who still prevail'd, though warring without right,

801 EI. And bade his captaines still all *Romans* spare 802 E. But on *Barbarians* bodies spend their blowes 811 E. so t'obtaine 815 E. might appeare t'approue 816 EI. will maintain'd this warre 819 E. Those counterfeited fauors which he shew I. Those fauors fain'd, which for a forme he shew 820 E. According to ones custome that aspires I. their custome 821 EI. many as the world might view 822 EI. T'insinuate [I. So to inuolue] himselfe in their desires 823 E. spar'd some 827 E. The great man that of no mishap could pause I. That great Man once who of no euill could pause 828 EI. But still preuaild whilst warring

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Now in a good cause, for the common-weale
With *Cæsar* did infortunately fight.
Whilst fled from *Lesbos* with his wretched wife,
Three base-borne Groomes (can fortune change so soone?)
Stood to consult upon great *Pompeys* life,
And did what thousands durst not once have done;
Then he whose knees had oft been kiss'd by Kings,
(Most highly happy, had he dy'd in time)
By one of his owne slaves, with abject things
His funerals had perform'd; what monstrous crime
Romes greatest Captaine to entombe alone?
The Roman who arriv'd with reason said:
The fatall glory was too great for one,
And to have part of that last honour staid;
The teares bestow'd by *Cæsar* on his head,
Forth from a guilty minde, remorse had throwne:
Or else he wept to see his enemie dead
By any others hands then by his owne.
That constant *Cato*, who even death did scorne,
And for a coward once had *Cæsar* brav'd,
(Who liv'd as if to grace all mortals borne)
Would rather perish then by him be sav'd.
He justly whilst more just, himselfe more strong
Then *Cæsar* thought, who for no justice car'd:
And since discovering what he cloak'd so long,
Said, that the other, and not he was snar'd.
Thus *Cæsar* conquer'd all but *Cato's* minde,
Who to a tyrant would not owe his breath:
But in such sort his famous course confin'd,
Then *Cæsars* life, more glorious was his death:
Those great men thus brought to disastrous ends,
The author of their death make me despise,
Who to usurpe all pow'r while as he tends,

829 EI. Armd for the common weale in a good cause 831 EI. From *Lesbos* fled with his afflicted wife 838 E. Had his last funeralls framde (O monstrous crime) 848 EI. The rare arch-tipe of an accomplisht man 849 E. That liu'd as not t'himselfe but t'all men borne 850 E. Moou'd by his tyranny to ruine ranne I. He (him abhorring) to destruction ranne 854 E. Said right, that *Cæsar* and not he was snarde 856 E. That would not by a tyrants tollerance breathe 861 E. That whilst t'vsurpe th'authoritie he tendes

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By treading good men downe, doth strive to rise.
Now made most great by lessening all the great,
He proudly doth triumph in *Rome*, o're *Rome* :
And we must seeme to like the present state,
Whose doubtfull breath depends upon his doome.
Yet had I not enlarg'd my griefes so long,
To you whom *Cæsar* doth pretend to love ;
Save that (I know) touch'd with the common wrong :
" A just disdaine all generous mindes must move.
Dec. Had *Cæsar* willingly resign'd his Armes,
And rendred *Rome* her liberty at last,
When as from foes he fear'd no further harmes,
But had repair'd his just displeasures past,
More then for all that could be done for me,
He should have had an Altar in my brest,
As worthy (for his vertuous deeds) to be
Fear'd by the bad, and honour'd by the best :
But since (though conqu'ring all the world by might)
He (to himselfe a slave) would make *Rome* thrall,
His benefits are loathsome in my sight,
And I am griev'd that he deserves to fall ;
My fancies move not in so low a sphere,
But I disdaine that one *Romes* Crowne requires ;
Yet it is best that with the time we beare,
And with our pow'r proportion our desires.
Though first dissembling, so your minde to try,
I told what fame to *Cæsars* praise relates ;
Yet was I pleas'd, that moe were griev'd then I :
" All miscontented men are glad of Mates.
Cic. Since tyranny all liberty exiles,
We must our selves (no more our selves) disguise ;
Then, learne to maske a mourning minde with smiles,
And seeme to like that which we most despise.
Yet all our deeds not *Cæsars* humour please,
Who (since mistrusting once) esteemes us still,
When dumb disdainefull, flatterers when we praise,

865 E. seeme t'applaud I. seeme to please 869 E. Wer't not I know 875 E. all the loue thats shewd to me 884 E. ouer *Rome* impires 887 E. Though I dissembled first your minde to trie 894 E. And seeme t'extoll

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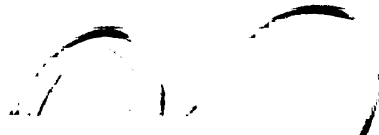

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If plaine, presumptuous, and in all things ill :
Yea, we, whose freedome *Cæsar* now restraines,
As his attenders all his steps must trace ;
And know, yet not acknowledge his disdaines,
But still pretend an interest in his grace :
Though all my thoughts detest him as a foe,
To honour him, a thousand meanes I move,
Yet but to save my selfe, and plague him so :
" No hate more harmes then it that lookes like love.
His pride is by prepost'rous state growne such,
That by the better sort, he is abhorr'd ;
The gods are jealous, and men envy much
To see a mortall man so much ador'd.
Dec. Well, *Cicero* let all meanes be entertain'd,
That may embarke us in his bosomes deepes,
Till either willingly, or then constrain'd,
He justly quite what he unjustly keepes.

Exeunt.

CHORUS.

" *This life of ours is like a Rose,*
" *Which whilst rare beauties it array,*
" *Dost then enjoy the least repose ;*
" *When Virgin-like made blush (we see)*
" *Of every hand it is the prey,*
" *And by each winde is blowne away ;*
" *Yea, though from violence scap'd free,*
" *(Thus time triumphs, and leades all thrals)*
" *Yet doth it languish and decay :*
" *O ! whilst the courage hottest boiles,*
" *And that our life seemes best to be,*
" *It is with dangers compast still ;*
" *Whilst it each little change appalles,*
" *The body, force, without oft foiles,*
" *It th'owne distemp'rature oft spoiles,*
" *And even, though none it chance to kill,*

907 EI. His pride that through prepostrous honour swels 908 EI. Hath by the better sort, made him abhorrd 909 EI. and men enuious [I. enuie] els

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" As nature failes, the body falles,
" Of which save death, nought bounds the toyles ;
" What is this moving Tow'r in which we trust ?
" A little winde clos'd in a cloud of dust.
And yet some sprites though being pent
In this fraile prisons narrow bounds,
(Whilst what might serve, doth not content,)
Doe alwaies bend their thoughts too high,
And ayme at all the peopled grounds ;
Then whilst their brests Ambition wounds,
They feed as fearing straight to dye,
Yet build as if they still might live,
Whilst famish'd for fames empty sounds :
Of such no end the travell ends,
But a beginning gives, whereby
They may be vex'd worse then before ;
For, whilst they still new hopes contrive,
" The hoped good more anguish sends,
" Then the possess'd contentment lends ;
As beasts not taste, but doe devoure,
They swallow much, and for more strive,
Whilst still their hope some change attends :
" And how can such but still themselves annoy,
" Who can acquire, but know not how t'enjoy ?
Since as a ship amidst the deepes,
Or as an Eagle through the ayre,
Of which no way th'impression keepes,
Most swift when seeming least to move :
This breath of which we take such care,
Doth tosse the body every where,
That it may hence with haste remove :
" Life slips and sleepes alwayes away,
" Then hence, and as it came, goes bare,
Whose steppes behinde no trace doe leave ;
Why should heaven-banish'd soules thus love

937 E. *With what might suffice not content* 941 EI. *Though feeding as bent straight to die* 946 E. *They may b'imbroild* 950 E. *Like beasts that taste not, but deuoure* 952 EI. *hope new hap attends* 954 EI. *That* [I. Who] *know to conquere, but not how t'enioy* [I. but not to enioy]

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The cause, and bounds of their exile,
As restlesse strangers where they stray?
And with such paine why should they reave
That which they have no right to have,
Which with them in a little while,
As summers beauties must decay,
And can give nought except the grave?
" Though all things doe to harme him what they can,
" No greater enemie then himselfe to man;
Whilst oft environ'd with his foes,
Which threatned death on every side,
Great Cæsar *parted from repose,*
(*As* Atlas *holding up the Starres,*)
Did of a world the weight abide;
But since a prey to foolish pride,
More then by all the former warres,
He now by it doth harm'd remaine,
And of his fortune doth diffide.
Made rich by many Nations wreake,
He (*breaking through the liquid barres*)
In Neptunes *armes his Minion forc'd;*
Yet still pursu'd new hopes in vaine:
" Would the ambitious looking backe
" Of their inferiours knowledge take,
" They from huge cares might be divorc'd,
" Whilst viewing few, more pow'r attaine,
" And many more then they to lacke:
" The onely plague from men that rest doth reave,
" Is that they weigh their wants, not what they have.
Since thus the great themselves involve
In such a labyrinth of cares,
Whence none to scape can well resolve,
But by degrees are forward led,
Through waves of hopes, rockes of despaires:
Let us avoyd ambitions snares,
And farre from stormes by envy bred,

970 El. *Which with them selues within short while* 978 E. *vnderneath the starres*
994 El. *Is valuing* [I. weighing] *what they want, not*

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Still seeke (though low) a quiet rest,
With mindes where no proud thought repaires,
That in vaine shadowes doth delight ;
Thus may our fancies still be fed
With that which Nature freely gives ;
Let us iniquity detest,
And hold but what we owe of right ;
Th'eyes treasure is th'all-circling light,
Not that vaine pompe for which pride strives,
Whose glory (but a poysnous pest)
To plague the soule, delights the sight :
" Ease comes with ease, where all by paine buy paine,
" Rest we in peace, by warre let others raigne.

Act 3. Scene 1.

Caius Cassius. Marcus Brutus.

Cassius. Now (*Brutus*) now we need no more to doubt,
Nor with blinde hopes our judgement to suspend,
That flatt'rers credit (loe) is quite worne out ;
We must in time attempt, and not attend :
That race of victors which did Realmes appall,
Ah (vanquish'd by their victories at last)
Are by their too much liberty made thrall,
Since all their strength but down themselves doth cast ;
And we who by our birth aym'd at great things,
Of the worlds mistresse mighty minions once,
Who might have labour'd to give lawes to Kings,
Lawes from a King, must looke for now with grones :
For, such of *Cæsar* is the monstrous pride,
That though he domineers even at this houre,
And to his Clients kingdomes doth divide
With an unlimited tyrannicke pow'r ;
Yet of Dictator he disdaines the name,

1002 E. *Still seeke securely a humble rest* 1017 E. Lo, all our expectations are worne out 1018 E. For now it's time t'attempt, and not t'attend 1019 E. Th'imperious people that did th'earth appall 1022 E1. but serues themselues to cast 1023 E. And we that once seemd borne t'aime at great things

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And seekes a tyrants title with the place,
Not for his honour, no, but for our shame,
As onely bent to bragge of our disgrace.
Brut. I thought to see that man (as others are)
Walke re-apparell'd with a private gowne,
As one who had unwillingly made warre,
To stand himselfe, not to cast others downe :
So *Silla* (though more inhumane then he)
Whilst having all to what his heart aspir'd,
The Soveraignty resign'd, and set *Rome* free,
When expectations date was quite expir'd.
By *Cæsars* worth we must thinke that he too,
Will render freedome to this captiv'd state,
When first the world hath view'd what he might doe,
His thoughts are generous, as his minde is great.
Though insolencies oft from courage flow,
His dying fury sparkles but a space :
" High thoughts which *Mars* inspires, nought can bring low,
" Till one have us'd the purity of peace.
" Those who by violence to all things tend,
" Scarce can themselves to quietnesse conforme ;
" Their stately carriage, and franke words, offend,
" Whil'st peace cannot comport with warres rude forme.
I hope that *Cæsar* setling civill broyles,
When worne by custome from intestine rage,
Will strive to mitigate his Countries toyles,
And all those flames which burn'd his brest, asswage.
Cass. Thus, of his course you by your owne conceiv'd,
As if like thoughts of both did bound the will :
" Ah, honest mindes are with least paine deceiv'd,
" Those who themselves are good, dreame not of ill.
" To sound of some the still unsound device,
" Their inclination must your judgement sway :

1038 E. T'hold vp himselfe 1042 E. When all such expectation was expirde 1044 E. Will libertie restore t'our troubled state 1047 E. And though some insolencies scape him whiles I. Though insolencies flow from courage whiles 1049 E. Nought th'inspirations quite of *Mars* exiles I. nought quite exiles 1050 E. Till one be vsde with th'innocencie of peace 1052 E. t'a quiet course conforme 1056 E. When disaccustomde is intestin rage 1063 E. But of bad mindes to sound th'vnsound device

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"The square of vertue cannot measure vice,
"Nor yet a line when straight, a crooked way.
So *Cæsar* rising may usurpe the State,
He cares not by what force, nor by what sleight:
"O! one may soone deceive men, and grow great,
"Who leaves religion, honesty and right.
When as the Senators (no more their owne)
Came to that Tyrant whom ambition blindes,
And by high honours shew'd how they had showne
To gratifie his greatnesse, gratefull mindes;
He (in a Chayre imperiously plac'd,)
Not daign'd to rise, nor bow in any sort,
As both of them had but their due embrac'd,
When he a haughty, they a humble port.
But if he thus, ere we be throughly thrall'd,
Dare so disdainefully such great men use,
When in a regall Throne by us enstall'd,
Then will he breake that which he now doth bruise.
Was he not first who ever yet began
To violate the sacred Tribunes place,
And punish'd them for punishing a man
Who had transgress'd the lawes in time of peace?
The lawes which doe of death all guilty hold,
Whose actions seeme to tyranny inclin'd,
So earnest were our Ancestors of old,
To quench a tyrants light before it shin'd:
And shall our Nephewes (heires of bondage) blame
Vs dastard parents who their hopes deceiv'd,
Who saw, who suff'red, who surviv'd such shame,
Not leaving dead, what we when borne receiv'd?
By *Cæsars* friends, to an assembly brought,
The Senators intend to call him King.
Brut. I'le not be there. *Cass.* But what if we be sought
To ayde (as Pretors) such a publike thing?
Brut. I will resist that violent decree;

1067 E. So *Cæsar* may preuaile t'vsurpe 1068 E. by what violence nor sleight 1090 E. To quench the light of tyrants ere it shinde 1098 E. T'assist 1099 EI. Then ile resist

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None of *Romes* Crowne shall long securely boast :
For, ere that I live thrall'd, I'le first dye free,
" What can be kept when liberty is lost ?
Cass. O ! with what joy I swallow up those words,
Words worthy of thy worth, and of thy name :
But (*Brutus*) doe not feare, this cause affords
In danger many, but few mates in fame ;
When *Anthony* proud *Cæsars* image crown'd,
By silent sorrow all the people told
In what a depth of woes their thoughts were drown'd,
That bondage-bragging Comet to behold.
What doe those scroules throwne in thy chaire import :
Which, what thou art, to brave thy courage, brings ?
Be those the fancies of the vulgar sort ?
No, none but noble mindes dreame of great things;
Of other Pretors people looke for showes,
And distributions whose remembrance dyes,
Whilst bloudy Fencers fall with mutuall blowes,
And Africkes monsters doe amaze their eyes ;
But from thy hands they liberty attend,
(By birth-right due) the glory of thy race,
And bent for thee, their bloud will frankely spend,
So thou succeed in thy great Parents place.
He (*Rome* redeeming) *Tarquin* did o'rethrow,
Though from his birth obey'd, and without strife ;
A rising tyrant then bring boldly low,
To what extinguish'd was, who would give life.
Brut. I weigh thy words with an afflicted heart,
Which for compassion of my Country bleeds :
And would to God that I might onely smart,
So that all others scap'd what mischiefe breeds ;
Then, never man himselfe from death did free,
With a more quiet and contented minde,

1105 EI. But *Brutus* be not fearde 1106 E. Thee many mates in danger, few in fame 1110 E. That Comet of confusion to behold I. So bondage brag'd that Comet 1112 E. to thy remembrance brings 1113 E. of th'inferiour sort 1118 E. made t'amaze 1120 E. A glory hereditarie to thy race 1121 E. And following thee 1123 E. That *Romes* redeemer once did *Tarquin* foile 1125 E. Where thou shouldst but th'aspiring tirant spoile 1126 E. That would t'extinguish'd tyranny giue life 1130 E. scap'd th'euill that succeeds

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Then I would perish, if I both could be
To *Cæsar* thankefull, to my Country kinde :
But though that great mans grace to me enlarg'd,
May chalenge right in my affections store,
Yet must the greatest debt be first discharg'd,
I owe him much, but to my Country more.
This in my brest hath great dissension bred :
I *Cæsar* love, but yet *Romes* enemy hate,
And as *Iove* lives, I could be mov'd to shed
My bloud for *Cæsar*, *Cæsars* for the State.
I for my fathers death loath'd *Pompey* long,
Whilst just disdaine did boyle within my brest :
Yet when he warr'd to venge the common wrong,
I joyn'd with him, because his cause was best.
A minde to raigne if *Cæsar* now reveale,
I will in time precipitate his end :
Thus (never arm'd but for the Common-weale)
I help'd a foe, and now must hurt a friend.
Cass. Lest of his favour thou the poyson prove,
From swallowing of such baites in time now spare,
" No tyrant (trust me) can intirely love,
" Nor none who for himselfe doth onely care :
He by this course doth cunningly intend
(Thy vertue slack'd) to undermine thy minde :
Thy well-knowne courage purpos'd to disbend,
Thus (though with silken bonds) he would thee binde ;
This of each tyrant is the common tread,
To wreake all those in whom most worth he findes ;
Or (whilst that terrours tosse his jealous head)
By subtilty to snare the greatest mindes :
As, for the Pretor-ship when we did strive,
Then both were held in hope, that so deceiv'd,
Each th'others harmes might study to contrive
Through emulation and disdaine conceiv'd.
Thus subtile *Cæsar* by such sleights hath toild

1149 E. Thus being still bent t'aduance the Common-weale 1152 EI. baites (deere friend) beware 1155 E. He by such curtesies doth but intend I. doth onely but intend 1156 E. T'imbase thy vertues, vndermine thy minde 1157 E. And thy suspected courage to disbend 1162 E. T'vse subtilties t'amuse 1165 EI. We others harmes

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To sow dissension, that we both might pause
Of private wrongs, and (by such meanes imbroil'd)
Still courting him, neglect the common cause.
But nought must make us th'one t'another strange,
Who should in time the tyrants course restraine :
Let other men lament, we must revenge,
I scorne to beare a sword, and to complaine.
Brut. Though *Cæsar* (now) I must conspire thy fall,
My heart to thee yet never harbour'd hate ;
But (pardon me) who ever make it thrall,
From bondage *Brutus* must redeeme the state.
Of this my course what ever others judge,
Here, I protest it is for good design'd ;
My thoughts are guilty of no private grudge,
For, reason and not fury moves my minde ;
Nor doth ambition now enflame my brest,
With a prodigious appetite to raigne,
That when I have made *Cæsar Pluto's* guest,
I in his roome a Monarch may remaine :
No, if that glory did my fancies charme,
To which (blind-folded) tyrants doe aspire,
I needed not to doe, nor suffer harme,
But with lesse paine might compasse my desire :
For, if I would but temporize a space,
Till time or death diminish *Cæsars* might,
He thinkes that I deserve to have his place,
And I could make my day succeed his night ;
Yet doe I not for glory seeke so much
As to attaine it by my Countries shame :
But, O ! I would (my zeale to it is such)
That it may scape, incurre a kinde of blame.
Yea, so that I may free with honour'd wounds
My soile that's dearer then my soule to me,
I could my selfe live banish'd from that bounds,

1171 EI. But nought from others must our thoughts estrange 1172 That [I. Who] must 1183 E. Nor is't ambition that inflames 1193 E. t'enioy his place 1195 EI. Yet doe I not endeere my selfe so much 1196 EI. That Ile seeke honor [I. As to seeke honour] by my countries shame 1198 E. To saue it from reproach seeme worthy of blame 1201 E. I care not strait to be barr'd from the bounds

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Which at so deare a rate I would set free.
Cass. What man doth breath of *Mars* his martiall race,
But will with *Brutus* sacrifize his bloud,
And (charg'd with Armes) ere tyranny take place,
Dare venture all things for his Countries good,
Can any judgement be deceiv'd so farre,
But it already clearely may behold,
How that this change *Romes* greatnesse soon will marre,
And raze the Trophees which she rear'd of old.
Of old in *Rome*, all those who once had worne
The peace-importing gowne, or war-like shield,
(Of dignities as capable all borne,)
Durst ayme at ought that liberty could yeeld ;
Those in affaires to deale, who would set forth,
Were not discourag'd by their birth, though base ;
And poverty could not hold backe true worth,
From having honour both by warre and peace :
Then emulation violently driv'd
All gallant mindes to tempt great actions still ;
In vertues love, who friendly rivals liv'd,
Whilst in their bosomes Glory balme did still :
Fabricius first was from the Plow advanc'd,
The Rudder of the Common-weale to hold,
Yet by no meanes his private wealth enhanc'd,
As rich in vertue still, as poore in gold.
Rude *Marius* too, to match red *Mars* in fame,
Forth from the vulgar drosse his race remov'd,
And loe, of *Cicero* the ridiculous name,
As famous as the Fabians now hath prov'd.
Each abject minde disdain'd to be obscure,
When still preferment follow'd lofty cares,
And that one might by dangers past, procure
Fame for himselfe, and honour to his heires :
But since that state by *Cæsar* is o're-turn'd,
Whilst all our lives upon ones lippes depend,
Of brests which once with love of glory burn'd,

1213 E. being borne I. first borne 1214 EI. Durst aime at all 1221 E. That in the loue of vertue riualls liu'd 1226 EI. liues depend vpon ones lips

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The soaring thoughts this wholly doth disbend ;
Advancement now doth not attend desert,
But flowes from fancies of a flatt'red minde ;
Which to base hirelings, honour doth impart,
Whilst envy'd worth no safe retreat can finde.
" All proud usurpers most addicted prove,
" To them whom without cause they raise too high,
" As thinking those who stand but by their love,
" To entertaine the same, all meanes must try.
" Where they, whose vertue reapes a due reward,
" Not building onely on the givers grace,
" Doe by deserts not gaine so great regard,
" Whilst they maintaine, as they obtaine their place.
" And if a worthy man to worke great things,
" Wing'd with a tyrants favour, raise his flight,
" The highest course to him most harme still brings,
" Who till he fall, cannot have leave to light.
" Those who by force would have th'affection mov'd,
" When willingly men hold such gallants deare,
" Doe rage that any should be freely lov'd,
" Whose vertue makes their vice more vile appeare.
The man who now to be preferr'd aspires,
Must by base flattery in a servile forme,
So soothing *Cæsar*, seale all his desires,
And in some shadow lurke to scape a storme.
A number now of that proud Rebels foes,
Who grieve to see the ground whence growes their griefe,
Would in obscurity entombe their woes,
So waiting, and not working for reliefe.
But we whose lofty mindes disdaine to lowre,
Like them who seeke but their owne safety thus ;
When shall we use high indignations pow'r,

1238 EI. From soaring thoughts this course the feathers clips 1240 E. But on th'opinion of 1241 E. That to th'applauding hireling doth impart 1242 E. High honours that true worth can hardly finde 1243 E. To these all tyrants most 1244 E. Whom without reason they haue raisde too hie 1248 E. on th'aduancers grace 1260 E. Must with effronted flatteries seruile forme 1261 E. Still soothing 1263 EI. A number else 1264 E. Grieu'd to behold th'occasion of their griefe 1265 E. Striue in obscuritie t'entombe 1269 EI. When shall we spend an indignations

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Which (as brave Romans) worthy is of us ?
Brut. Since no indignity you will endure,
I see our mindes doe sympathize in this ;
Should we by suff'ring, seek to live secure,
Whose action must amend what is amisse ?
No, no such abject thought must staine our brest,
Whose active thoughts reach further than discourse,
Whilst but like beasts, affecting food and rest,
Where men by reason should direct their course ;
Like those of other parts, not rais'd by strife,
If *Cæsar* had been born, or chus'd our Prince,
Then those who durst attempt to take his life,
The world of treason justly might convince.
Let still the States which flourish for the time,
By subjects be inviolable thought,
And those (no doubt) commit a monstrous crime,
Who lawfull Soveraignty prophane in ought :
And we must thinke (though now thus brought to bow)
The Senate King ; a subject *Cæsar* is ;
The Soveraignty whom violating now,
The world must damne, as having done amisse.
We will (deare *Cassius*) for our Countries sake,
(What ever follow) give, or suffer death,
And let us now advise what course to take,
Whilst nought but th'ayre can beare away our breath.
Cass. I thinke this matter needs not many words,
Since but one deed can bound the common shame ;
In *Cæsars* body we must sheath our swords,
And by his death our liberty reclaime ;
But since his fortune did confound them all,
Who in the fields to match him did begin ;
Whilst he by thousands made their bands to fall,
With hoary legions alwayes us'd to winne :
As *Pompeys*, *Scipio's*, and *Petreius* ghosts,
In lightlesse shades can by experience tell,

1270 E. Thats worthy of true Romans, and of vs 1271 E. indignitie resolu'd t'indure I. indignitie bent to endure 1278 EI. To cure calamitie but by discourse 1284 E. By subiects should b'inuiolable thought 1289 E. Th'authoritie 1292 E. Our selues expose to danger, or to death

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Who after fatall proofes of num'rous hoasts,
All famous (though infortunately, fell :)
And since (provided for the Parthian warre)
His Armie arm'd attends on his decree,
Where we (sequestred from such forces farre)
Would (if suspected) soone prevented be :
With some few friends whom all things to assay,
A love to us, or to their Country bindes,
We to his wreake must walke another way,
Whilst ere our tongues, our hands doe tell our mindes :
Now when most high, and therefore hated most,
The gathered Senate seeks to make him King,
We must goe give the blow before we boast,
And him to death, *Rome* out of bondage bring.
Brut. In all this course I onely one thing blame,
That we should steale, what we may justly take,
By cloathing honour with a cloake of shame,
Which may our cause (though good) more odious make.
O ! I could wish with honourable wounds
To match *Romes* enemy in the battels dust :
No sweeter Musicke then the Trumpets sounds,
When right and valour keepe a consort just :
Then, free if quicke, else dead, no harme more fear'd,
I alwayes so contentment might attaine ;
What tombe to men more glorious can be rear'd,
Then mountaines made of foes whom they have slaine ?
But how are my transported thoughts growne such,
That they disdaine a measure to admit ?
As (bent, not what to doe, but to doe much)
On Glories Throne, Ambition strives to sit.
No, to the State me from my selfe I give,
Free from particulars, as who expose
Fame, life, and all for it, and whilst I live,

1305 E. That after th'ouerthrow of their numbrous hosts 1316 E. Th'assembled 1324 E. T'affront 1327 E. else dead for nought being feard I. else dead, for nothing fear'd 1328 EI. I alwayes once 1329 E. t'a man 1330 E. made of them that he hath slaine I. made of them 1333 E. t'admit 1334 E. I on the throne of Glorie striu'd to sit 1336 E. Free from particular respects, t'expose 1337 E. My life and all for it

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So *Rome* may gaine, I care not what I lose.
I'le never rest till he for ever rest,
Who gives my Country such a cause of griefe :
And that to doe no forme I will detest,
Nor for my fame endanger *Romes* reliefe :
But (worthy *Cassius*) ere we further doe,
Let our friends mindes first well be understood,
Of which I hope to have assistance too,
Who will not venture for his Countries good ?
Cass. Now whilst my soule rests ravish'd in a trance,
I thinke I see great *Rome* her courage raise,
Then beat the ayre with songs, th'earth with a dance,
And crowne thy vertues with deserved praise.

Act 3. Scene 2.

Marcus Brutus. Portia.

Brutus. My dearest halfe, my comfort, my delight,
Of whom one smyle may sweeten all my sow'rs :
Thou in my bosome us'd to powre thy spright,
And where I was didst spare afflictions pow'rs.
When broils domesticke did disturbe thy rest,
Then still (till finding) faining some reliefe ;
Thou with calme words disguis'd a stormy brest,
Ioyes frankly sharing, and engrossing griefe ;
Still tend'ring me with a respective care,
What might offend, was by no meanes made knowne :
But (with loves colours all things painted faire)
What might have made me glad, was gladly showne.
How com'st thou then thy courage thus to lose,
That thou canst look so sad, and in my sight ?

1338 E. So that it gaine 1344 EI. Let vs the mindes of our familiars feele 1346 E. Who will not hazard for his countries weale I. Countreyes well 1352 E. That onely seru'st to sweeten 1353 E. t'vncharge thy spright 1354 E. And in my presence sparde 1356 E. Whilst by thy selfe thou labord for reliefe 1358 E. Least I had bin infected with thy griefe I. Franke but of Ioyes, too greedy of thy griefe 1359 E. For such of me was thy respectiue care 1360 E. No cause of miscontentment was made knowne I. offend that neuer was made knowne 1361 E. But with affections colors painted faire 1362 E. All that might make me glad 1363 E. What makes thee then

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Lend me (deare Love) a portion of thy woes ;
" A burden (when divided) doth grow light ;
I see the Roses fading in thy face,
The Lilies languish, Violets take their place.
Port. Thou hast (deare Lord) prevented my designe,
Which was to aske of thee, what makes me pale ;
If *Phœbus* had no light, could *Phœbe* shine ?
No, with the cause of force th'effects must faile.
The mirrour but gives backe as it receives,
By just resemblance the objected forme,
And what impression the ingraver leaves,
The waxe retains, still to the stamp conforme.
I am the mirrour which reflects thy minde,
As forc'd from thoughts, or flowing from thine eyes ;
I take the state in which thy state I finde ;
Such is my colour as thy count'nance dyes.
Then how can I rejoyce, whil'st thou art sad,
Whose breast of all thy crosses is the scroule ?
I am still as thou art, if griev'd, or glad,
Thy bodies shadow, th'essence of thy soule :
On that great Planet which divides the yeares,
Of fields inferiour as the fruit depends,
And as it vanish doth, or pleas'd appeares,
In th'earths cold bosome, life begins, or ends ;
Sunne of my soule, so I subsist by thee,
Whose shining vertue leades me as a thrall :
From care-bred clouds if that thy face be free,
I rise in joyes, but if thou faint, I fall.
Brut. With all my course this count'nance best accords,
Who as you know, yet never from my birth,
Light gestures us'd, nor did delight in words,
Whose pleasant straines were onely tun'd to mirth.
My melancholy Nature feeds on cares,
Whil'st smothred sorrow by a habite smokes :

1375 E. And such impression as th'engrauer 1378 E. According to the influence of thine eies 1386 E. As th'increase of th'inferiour fields depends 1387 E. And as it doth euanish, or appeares 1390 E. Whose course rests to thy secret motions thrall 1391 E. For when thou art from cloudie fortunes free 1398 E. This countnance with my custome but accords 1395 E. vsde ioynd with lasciuious words 1396 E. Nor yet ridiculous fashions that mooue mirth

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" A thought-full breast (when burden'd with affaires)
" Doth make a silent mouth, and speaking looks ;
As for my palenesse, it imports but good :
" The bodies humbling doth exalt the minde,
Where fatnesse (come from food) but serves for food :
In fattest bodies, leanest sprits we finde.
Ah ! since I saw th'abhorr'd *Thessalia's* bounds,
All drench'd with bloud of Senatours and Kings,
(As if my soule yet smarted in their wounds)
A secret sorrow often-times me stings :
But since thy Father (braving paine with blows)
In the most hideous forme affronted death,
To him my minde a sad remembrance owes,
Which sorrow shall exact whil'st I have breath ;
Yet grieve I that I gave thee cause of griefe,
Who thoughtst some new mishap did me dismay
To such old sores one worst can give reliefe ;
But time in end may weare my woes away.
Port. Why should'st thou so from me thy thoughts conceale ?
From thine own soule between whose breasts thou sleep'st,
To whom (though showne) thou dost them not reveale,
But in thy selfe more inwardly them keep'st ?
And thou canst hardly hide thy selfe from me,
Who soone in thee each alteration spie,
I can comment on all that comes from thee :
" True love still looks with a suspitious eye :
Within our bosome rests not every thought,
Tun'd by a sympathie of mutuall love ?
Thou marr'st the Musicke if thou change in ought,
Which (when distemper'd) I do quickly prove.
Soule of my soule, unfold what is amisse,
Some great disaster all my thoughts divine,
Whose curiousnesse may be excus'd in this,

1402 E. Th'abasing of the bodie mounts the mind 1409 E. But since thy famous father with strange blowes 1412 EI. exact still whilst I breath 1413 E. Yet am I grieu'd t'haue giuen thee 1414 E. That thought some 1415 E. it's worst to giue reliefe 1418 EI. soule that [I. who] in thy bosome sleepes 1420 I. them keepes 1422 E. That straight in 1428 E. Which straight by my distemperature I proue 1430 E. My minde some great disaster doth diuine 1431 E. And euen excuse my couriousnesse in this

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Since it concerns thy State, and therefore mine.
Brut. I wonder that thou dost thy frailtie show!
" By Nature women have beene curious still,
And yet till now thou never crav'd to know
More then I pleas'd to speak of my free will.
" Nought save the wife a man within the walls,
" Nor ought save him without she should embrace:
" And it not comely is, but th'one enthralls,
" When any sexe usurpes anothers place.
Deare, to their wonted course thy cares inure,
I may have matters which import the State,
Whose op'ning up might my disgrace procure,
Whose weight for femall thoughts would be too great.
Port. I was not (*Brutus*) match'd with thee, to be
A partner onely of thy boord, and bed:
Each servile whore in those might equall me,
Who but for pleasure, or for wealth did wed.
No, *Portia* spous'd thee minding to remaine
Thy Fortunes partner, whether good or ill:
" By loves strict bonds whil'st mutuall duties chaine,
" Two breasts must hold one heart, two souls one will;
" Those whom just *Hymen* voluntar'ly bindes,
" Betwixt them should communicate all things,
" But chiefly that which most doth move the mindes,
" Whence either pleasure, or displeasure springs.
If thus thou seek thy sorrows to conceale
Through a disdaine, or a mistrust of me,
Then to the world what way can I reveale,
How great a matter I would do for thee?
And though our sexe too talkative be deem'd,
As those whose tongues import our greatest pow'rs,

1436 E. t'impart 1438 E. without fits her t'embrace 1439 E. And it's vnseemely though it sometime falles I. is though whiles it falles 1444 E. Whose weight would for thy weaknesse be 1448 E. That did her selfe to nought but pleasure wed 1449 E. with a minde t'abide 1450 E. Thy fellow in all fortunes, good, or ill I. Thy Fortunes fellow 1451 E. With chaines of mutuall loue together tyde 1452 E. As those that haue two breasts, one heart, two soules, one will 1453 E. With sacred bands whom holy *Hymen* bindes 1454 E. They tweene them I. They freelie should communicate 1455 E. Yea both the bodies labors, and the mindes

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For secrets still bad Treasurers esteem'd,
Of others greedy, prodigall of ours ;
" Good education may reforme defects,
And this may leade me to a vertuous life,
(Whil'st such rare patterns generous worth respects)
I *Cato's* daughter am, and *Brutus* wife.
Yet would I not repose my trust in ought,
Still thinking that thy crosse was great to beare,
Till I my courage to a tryall brought,
Which suffering for thy cause can nothing feare :
For first to try how that I could comport
With sterne afflictions sprit-enfeebling blows,
Ere I would seek to vex thee in this sort,
To whom my soule a dutious reverence owes.
Loe, here a wound which makes me not to smart,
No, I rejoyce that thus my strength is knowne :
Since thy distresse strikes deeper in my heart,
Thy griefe (lifes joy) makes me neglect mine owne.
Brut. Thou must (deare love) that which thou sought'st receive,
Thy heart so high a saile in stormes still beares,
That thy great courage doth deserve to have
Our enterprise entrusted to thine eares ;
This magnanimitie prevailes so farre,
That it my resolution must controule,
And of my bosome doth the depths unbarre,
To lodge thee in the centre of my soule:
Thou seest in what estate the State now stands,
Of whose strong pillars *Cæsar* spoyl'd the best,
Whil'st by his owne, preventing others hands,
Our famous Father fell amongst the rest.
That proud usurper fondly doth presume
To re-erect detested *Tarquins* throne,
Thus the worlds Mistresse all-commanding *Rome*,

1466 E. And I this vantage haue t'a I. And this may helpe me 1467 E. Which other mindes do want, and mine respects I. Which as a patterne generous 1471 I. Till that my courage was to 1473 E. For first t'experience how I 1475 E. t'assault thee 1478 E. Though by my selfe being made, to make me knowne 1483 EI. saile t'a tempest [I. to tempests] beares 1493 E. That insolent vsurper doth presume

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Must entertaine no Minion now but one.
All those brave mindes who mark where he doth tend,
Swell with disdaine, their Countries scorne to see ;
And I am one of those who soone intend
(His death or mine procur'd) to be made free.
Port. And without me, canst thou resolve so soone
To try the danger of a doubtfull strife ?
As if despair'd, and alwayes but undone,
Of me growne weary, weary of thy life.
Yet since thou thus thy rash designe hast showne,
Leave *Portia's* portion, venter not her part,
Endanger nought but that which is thine owne,
Go where thou lik'st, I will hold still thy heart.
But lest by holding of thy best part back,
The other perish't, aggravate my grones :
Who would be so thought guilty of thy wrack,
Take all thy Treasure to the Seas at once.
Like *Asia*'s Monarchs wife, who with short haires,
(Sad signes of bondage) past still where he past,
To weare away, or beare away thy cares,
I'le follow thee, and of thy fortune taste.
These hands which were with mine own bloud imbru'd,
To strike another, may more strength afford,
At least when thou by th'enemies art pursu'd,
I'le set my selfe betwixt thee and each Sword ;
But if too great a priviledge I claime,
Whose actions all should be dispos'd by thee,
Ah ! pardon (*Brutus*) and but onely blame
This streame of passions that transported me.
Brut. Thou ask'st what thou shouldst give, forgive deare Mate,
This ventrous course of mine, which must have place,
Though it make Fortune Tyrant of our State,
Whose fickle foot-steps Vertue grieves to trace.
And wonder not though thus to thee I prove,

1497 E. Th'old blood of *Mars* that marks to what he tends 1499 E. And I'm one of the number that intends 1500 E. By his death, or mine owne, to be made free 1502 E. T'assay 1504 E. Being tyr'd of me, yea tyr'd of thy life 1505 E. hath showne 1523 E. Ah, pardon me (deare *Brutus*,) do but blame 1526 E. These my excessiue sorrowes, and not mee

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Since private duties now all pow'r have lost ;
I weigh not glory, profit, pleasure, love,
Nor what respect may now import me most :
So to the land of which I hold my life,
I may performe that worke which I intend,
Let me be call'd unkinde unto my wife :
Yea, worst of all, ingrate unto my friend.
" As an instinct by Nature makes us know,
" There are degrees of duty to be past,
" Of which the first unto the Gods we owe,
" The next t'our Countrey, to our friends the last.
From *Rome* of old proud Tyrants bent to drive,
Did th'author of my race with ardent zeale,
Make those to dye, whom he had made to live,
And spoil'd himselfe to raise the Common-weale :
To settle that which *Cæsar* now o're-throws,
(Though vertues nurserie, stately whil'st it stood)
He with the Tyrant inter-changing blows,
On Glories Altar offered Fame his bloud.
And did that man to crosse the common foe,
Then damne his Sonnes to death ? and with dry eyes,
And is his speciall heire degener'd so,
In abject bondage that he basely lyes ?
No, his posterity his name not staines,
But even to tread his steps doth fast draw neare ;
Yet, of his sprit in us some spark remaines,
Who more then life, our liberty hold deare.
Port. Then prosecute thy course, for I protest,
Though with some griefe, my soule the same approves ;
This resolution doth become thy brest,
In honours spheare where heavenly Vertue moves :
And do this enterprise no more deferre,

1531 E. For I regard not glory, profit, loue 1532 EI. Nor no respect that doth import [I. which can import] 1537 E. But as th'instinct of nature makes 1539 E. to th'immortalls owe 1541 E. Prowd tyrants from his natiue bounds to driue 1544 E. to aduance 1545 E. To raise the state which *Cæsar* 1546 E. That bred so many braue men whilst 1548 E. Most gloriously did offer vp his blood 1551 E. And is his successor 1554 E. That t'imitate his steps doth yet draw neere 1560 E. Where in the spheare of honor vertue moues

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Lend me (deare Love) a portion of thy woes ;
" A burden (when divided) doth grow light ;
I see the Roses fading in thy face,
The Lilies languish, Violets take their place.
Port. Thou hast (deare Lord) prevented my designe,
Which was to aske of thee, what makes me pale ;
If *Phœbus* had no light, could *Phœbe* shine ?
No, with the cause of force th'effects must faile.
The mirrour but gives backe as it receives,
By just resemblance the objected forme,
And what impression the ingraver leaves,
The waxe retains, still to the stamp conforme.
I am the mirrour which reflects thy minde,
As forc'd from thoughts, or flowing from thine eyes ;
I take the state in which thy state I finde ;
Such is my colour as thy count'nance dyes.
Then how can I rejoyce, whil'st thou art sad,
Whose breast of all thy crosses is the scroule ?
I am still as thou art, if griev'd, or glad,
Thy bodies shadow, th'essence of thy soule :
On that great Planet which divides the yeares,
Of fields inferiour as the fruit depends,
And as it vanish doth, or pleas'd appeares,
In th'earths cold bosome, life begins, or ends ;
Sunne of my soule, so I subsist by thee,
Whose shining vertue leades me as a thrall :
From care-bred clouds if that thy face be free,
I rise in joyes, but if thou faint, I fall.
Brut. With all my course this count'nance best accords,
Who as you know, yet never from my birth,
Light gestures us'd, nor did delight in words,
Whose pleasant straines were onely tun'd to mirth.
My melancholy Nature feeds on cares,
Whil'st smothred sorrow by a habite smokes :

1375 E. And such impression as th'engrauer 1378 E. According to the influence of thine eies 1386 E. As th'increase of th'inferiour fields depends 1387 E. And as it doth euanish, or appeares 1390 E. Whose course rests to thy secret motions thrall 1391 E. For when thou art from cloudie fortunes free 1393 E. This countnance with my custome but accords 1395 E. vsde ioynd with lasciuious words 1396 E. Nor yet ridiculous fashions that mooue mirth

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" A thought-full breast (when burden'd with affaires)
" Doth make a silent mouth, and speaking looks ;
As for my palenesse, it imports but good :
" The bodies humbling doth exalt the minde,
Where fatnesse (come from food) but serves for food :
In fattest bodies, leanest sprits we finde.
Ah ! since I saw th'abhorr'd *Thessalia's* bounds,
All drench'd with bloud of Senatours and Kings,
(As if my soule yet smarted in their wounds)
A secret sorrow often-times me stings :
But since thy Father (braving paine with blows)
In the most hideous forme affronted death,
To him my minde a sad remembrance owes,
Which sorrow shall exact whil'st I have breath ;
Yet grieve I that I gave thee cause of griefe,
Who thoughtst some new mishap did me dismay
To such old sores one worst can give reliefe ;
But time in end may weare my woes away.
Port. Why should'st thou so from me thy thoughts conceale ?
From thine own soule between whose breasts thou sleep'st,
To whom (though showne) thou dost them not reveale,
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" Nor ought save him without she should embrace:
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And this may leade me to a vertuous life,
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I *Cato's* daughter am, and *Brutus* wife.
Yet would I not repose my trust in ought,
Still thinking that thy crosse was great to beare,
Till I my courage to a tryall brought,
Which suffering for thy cause can nothing feare :
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With sterne afflictions sprit-enfeebling blows,
Ere I would seek to vex thee in this sort,
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Thy heart so high a saile in stormes still beares,
That thy great courage doth deserve to have
Our enterprise entrusted to thine eares ;
This magnanimitie prevailes so farre,
That it my resolution must controule,
And of my bosome doth the depths unbarre,
To lodge thee in the centre of my soule:
Thou seest in what estate the State now stands,
Of whose strong pillars *Cæsar* spoyl'd the best,
Whil'st by his owne, preventing others hands,
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Swell with disdaine, their Countries scorne to see ;
And I am one of those who soone intend
(His death or mine procur'd) to be made free.
Port. And without me, canst thou resolve so soone
To try the danger of a doubtfull strife ?
As if despair'd, and alwayes but undone,
Of me growne weary, weary of thy life.
Yet since thou thus thy rash designe hast showne,
Leave *Portia's* portion, venter not her part,
Endanger nought but that which is thine owne,
Go where thou lik'st, I will hold still thy heart.
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The other perish't, aggravate my grones :
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Take all thy Treasure to the Seas at once.
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I'le follow thee, and of thy fortune taste.
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I'le set my selfe betwixt thee and each Sword ;
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Whose actions all should be dispos'd by thee,
Ah ! pardon (*Brutus*) and but onely blame
This streame of passions that transported me.
Brut. Thou ask'st what thou shouldst give, forgive deare Mate,
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Though it make Fortune Tyrant of our State,
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I weigh not glory, profit, pleasure, love,
Nor what respect may now import me most :
So to the land of which I hold my life,
I may performe that worke which I intend,
Let me be call'd unkinde unto my wife :
Yea, worst of all, ingrate unto my friend.
" As an instinct by Nature makes us know,
" There are degrees of duty to be past,
" Of which the first unto the Gods we owe,
" The next t'our Countrey, to our friends the last.
From *Rome* of old proud Tyrants bent to drive,
Did th'author of my race with ardent zeale,
Make those to dye, whom he had made to live,
And spoil'd himselfe to raise the Common-weale :
To settle that which *Cæsar* now o're-throws,
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And is his speciall heire degener'd so,
In abject bondage that he basely lyes ?
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But even to tread his steps doth fast draw neare ;
Yet, of his sprit in us some spark remaines,
Who more then life, our liberty hold deare.
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What thee contents, to me contentment brings,
I to my life thy safety do preferre,
But hold thy honour deare above all things.
It would but let the world my weaknesse see,
If I sought my delights, not thy desires,
Though griefe it give, and threaten death to me,
Go follow forth that which thy Fame requires.
Though Nature, sexe, and education breed,
No power in me, with such a purpose even,
I must lend help to this intended deed,
If vows and pray'rs may penetrate the heaven :
But difficulties huge my fancie findes,
Nought, save the successe, can defray my feare :
" Ah ! Fortune alwayes frownes on worthy mindes,
" As hating all who trust in ought save her.
Yet I despaire not but thou may'st prevaile,
And by this course to ease my present grones,
I this advantage have which cannot faile :
I'le be a free-mans wife, or else be nones :
For, if all prosper not as we pretend,
And that the Heavens *Romes* bondage do decree,
Straight with thy liberty my life shall end,
Who have no comfort but what comes from thee ;
My Father hath me taught what way to dye,
By which if hindred from encountring death,
Some other meanes, I (though more strange) must try :
For, after *Brutus* none shall see me breathe.
Brut. Thou for my cause all others earst didst leave,
But now forsak'st thy selfe to joyne with me,
" Ore generous love no pow'r weake passions have,
Against thy minde thou dost with mine agree.
I'le (since by thee approv'd) securely go,
And vilipend the dangers of this life :
Heavens make my enterprise to prosper so,

1571 E. Ile lend assistance to th'intended deed 1577 E. thou may 1578 E. t'appease 1586 E. By which if I be barr'd t'encounter death 1587 E. Another meanes (though farre more strange) Ile trie 1589 EI. cause abandon'd others else 1590 E. t'adhere to me 1591 E. That of thy passions thus the powre repells I. Weake passions pow'r whilst generous Loue repels 1592 E. And with thy minde discords with mine t'agree

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That I may once prove worthy such a wife :
But ah ! of all thy words those grieve me most,
Which bragge me with the dating of thy dayes ;
What ? though I in so good a cause were lost,
" None flies the fate which stablish'd for him stayes.
Do not defraud the world of thy rare worth,
But of thy *Brutus* the remembrance love ;
From this faire prison strive not to breake forth,
Till first the fates have forc'd thee to remove.
Port. The heavens (I feare) have our confusion sworn,
Since this ill Age can with no good accord,
Thou and my Father (ah !) should have beene borne,
When Vertue was advanc'd, and Vice abhorr'd.
Then, ere the light of Vertue was declin'd,
Your worth had reverenc'd beene, not throwne away,
Where now ye both have but in darknesse shin'd,
As Starres by night, that had beene Sunnes by day :
Brut. My treasure, strive to pacifie thy brest,
Lest sorrows but sinistrously presage
That which thou would'st not wish, and hope the best,
Though Vertue now must act on Fortunes Stage.

Exeunt.

CHORUS.

Then liberty, of earthly things
What more delights a generous brest ?
Which doth receive,
And can conceive
The matchlesse treasure that it brings ;
It making men securely rest,
As all perceive,
Doth none deceive,
Whil'st from the same true courage springs,
But fear'd for nought, doth what seemes best :

1596 E. That I prooue worthy of so worthy a wife 1598 E. That bost me with th'abridgement of 1600 E. None flies th'appointed state that for 1603 E. And from so faire a prison breake not forth 1615 E. thou would 1625 EI. *Whilst weigh'd with doubts none ballanc'd hings*

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" Then men are men, when they are all their owne,
" Not, but by others badges when made knowne :
Yet should we not mispending houres,
A freedome seeke, as oft it falls,
With an intent
But to content
These vaine delights, and appetites of ours ;
For, then but made farre greater thralls,
We might repent
As not still pent
In stricter bounds by others pow'rs,
Whil'st feare licentious thoughts appalls :
" Of all the Tyrants that the world affords,
" Ones owne affections are the fiercest Lords :
As Libertines those onely live,
Who (from the bands of vice set free)
Vile thoughts cancell,
And would excell
In all that doth true glory give,
From which when as no Tyrants be
Them to repell,
And to compell
Their deeds against their thoughts to strive,
They blest are in a high degree :
" For, such of fame the scrouls can hardly fill,
" Whose wit is bounded by anothers will.
Our Ancestors of old such prov'd,
(Who Rome *from* Tarquines *yoke redeem'd)*
They first obtain'd,
And then maintain'd
Their liberty so dearly lov'd ;
They from all things which odious seem'd
(Though not constrain'd)
Themselves restrain'd,
And willingly all good approv'd,
Bent to be much, yet well esteem'd ;
" And how could such but ayme at some great end,

1636 E. *being pent* 1644 E. *And seeke t'excell*

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" Whom liberty did leade, Glory attend?
They leading valorous legions forth,
(Though wanting Kings) triumph'd o're Kings,
And still aspir'd,
By Mars *inspir'd,*
To conquer all from South to North;
Then lending fame their Eagles wings,
They all acquir'd
That was requir'd,
To make them rare for rarest things,
The world made witnesse of their worth:
Thus those great mindes who domineer'd o're all,
Did make themselves first free, then others thrall,
But we who hold nought but their name,
From that to which they in times gone
Did high ascend,
Must low descend,
And bound their glory with our shame,
Whil'st on an abject Tyrants Throne,
We (base) attend,
And do intend
Vs for our fortune still to frame,
Not it for us, and all for one:
" As liberty a courage doth impart,
" So bondage doth disbend, else breake the heart,
Yet, O! who knows but Rome *to grace*
Another Brutus *may arise?*
Who may effect
What we affect,
And Tarquines *steps make* Cæsar *trace;*
Though seeming dangers to despise
He doth suspect
What we expect
Which from his breast hath banish'd peace,
Though fairely he his feares disguise:
" Of Tyrants even the wrong, revenge affords,
" All feare but theirs, and they feare all mens swords

1662 E. *We basely*

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" Then men are men, when they are all their owne,
" Not, but by others badges when made knowne :
Yet should we not mispending houres,
A freedome seeke, as oft it falls,
With an intent
But to content
These vaine delights, and appetites of ours ;
For, then but made farre greater thralls,
We might repent
As not still pent
In stricter bounds by others pow'rs,
Whil'st feare licentious thoughts appalls :
" Of all the Tyrants that the world affords,
" Ones owne affections are the fiercest Lords :
As Libertines those onely live,
Who (from the bands of vice set free)
Vile thoughts cancell,
And would excell
In all that doth true glory give,
From which when as no Tyrants be
Them to repell,
And to compell
Their deeds against their thoughts to strive,
They blest are in a high degree :
" For, such of fame the scrouls can hardly fill,
" Whose wit is bounded by anothers will.
Our Ancestors of old such prov'd,
(*Who* Rome *from* Tarquines *yoke redeem'd*)
They first obtain'd,
And then maintain'd
Their liberty so dearly lov'd ;
They from all things which odious seem'd
(*Though not constrain'd*)
Themselves restrain'd,
And willingly all good approv'd,
Bent to be much, yet well esteem'd ;
" And how could such but ayme at some great end,

1636 E. *being pent* 1644 E. *And seeke t'excell*

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" Whom Liberty at least, Glory attend?
They leading valorous legions forth,
(Though warring Kings) triumph'd o're Kings,
And still aspir'd,
By Mars *inspir'd,*
To conquer all from South to North;
Then leading fame their Eagles wings,
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1683 E. *We basely*

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Act 4. Scene 1.

Decius Brutus. Marcus Brutus. Caius Cassius.

Decius. Deare Cosin, *Cassius* did acquaint mine eares
With a designe which toss'd my minde a space ;
" For, when strange news, a strangers breath first beares,
" One should not straight to rash reports give place.
I would not then discover what I thought,
Lest he to trap my tongue, a snare had fram'd,
Till first with thee I to conferre was brought,
Whom he for Patron of his purpose nam'd.
" One should look well to whom his minde he leaves,
" In dangerous times when tales by walls are told,
" Men make themselves unnecessar'ly slaves,
" Of those to whom their secrets they unfold.
Brut. As *Cassius* told thee, griev'd for *Romes* distresse,
Which to our shame in bondage doth remaine,
We straight intend what ever we professe,
With *Cæsars* bloud to wash away this staine.
Though for this end a few sufficient are,
To whom their vertue courage doth impart,
Yet were we loth to wrong thy worth so farre,
As of such glory to give thee no part.
Since both this cause, yea, and thy name thee binde,
In this adventrous band to be compris'd,
There needs no Rhetoricke to raise thy minde,
To do the thing which thou should'st have devis'd.
Dec. I thought no creature should my purpose know,
But he whose int'rest promis'd mutuall cares :
" Of those to whom one would his secret show,
" No greater pledge of trust then to know theirs ;
As when two meet whil'st mask'd (though most deare friends)
With them (as strangers) no respect takes place,
But straight when friend-ship one of them pretends,

1706 E. Then should not trust t'each rash report I. Then should not trust to 1708 E. Lest he t'entrap 1707 E. Till I with thee t'a conference first was brought 1711 E. most miserably slaues 1716 E. That t'our disgrace in 1726 E. That t'execute which 1721 E. But when that friendship one

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The other likewise doth un-cloud the face.
So as thou first, I'le now at last be bold :
My brest with the same birth long bigge hath gone,
But I to others durst it not unfold,
Nor yet attempt to compasse it alone ;
But since this course, at which I long did pause,
On such great pillars now so strongly stands,
Whose count'nance may give credit to a cause,
It hath my heart, and it shall have my hands.
Cass. To our designes propitious signes are sent,
So that the Gods would give us courage thus :
For, all who ever heard of our intent,
Would willingly engage themselves with us :
Let other men discourse of vertuous rites,
Ours but by action onely should be showne :
" Bare speculation is but for such sprits
" As want of pow'r, or courage keeps unknowne.
" In those who vertue view, when crown'd with deeds,
" Through Glories glasse, whose beauties long have shin'd,
" To be embrac'd an high desire she breeds,
" As load-stones iron, so ravishing the minde :
What though a number now in darknesse lyes,
Who are too weak for matters of such weight ?
We who are eminent in all mens eyes,
Let us still hold the height of honour straight.
Brut. Earst (that our faction might be strengthned thus)
I labour'd much to purchase all their pow'rs,
Whom hate to *Cæsar*, love to *Rome*, or us,
Might make imbarke in those great hopes of ours ;
By sicknesse then imprison'd in his bed,
Whil'st I *Ligarius* spy'd whom paines did pricke,
When I had said with words that anguish bred :
In what a time *Ligarius* art thou sick ?
He answer'd straight as I had Physicke brought,
Or that he had imagin'd my designe,

1738 E. Yet I t'another durst 1741 E. T'our enterprise 1750 E. Whose beauties through the glasse of glory shinde 1751 E. Sh'a violent desire t'imbrace her breedes 1753 E. As th'adamant to th'yrne being to the minde I. As Adamant to Irne made to the minde 1757 EI. Whilst that 1760 E. Might moue t'imbarke

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If worthie of thy selfe thou would'st do ought,
Then *Brutus* I am whole, and wholly thine :
Since he by *Cæsar* was accus'd of late
For taking *Pompey's* part, yet at this houre
He (though absolv'd) doth still the Tyrant hate,
Since once endanger'd by his lawlesse pow'r :
Thus (of great sprits exasperating spites)
Heaven of our course the progresse doth direct,
One inspiration all our soules incites,
Who have advis'dly sworne for one effect.
Dec. So I with *Cicero* did conferre at length,
Who (I perceive) the present state detests,
And though old Age diminish'd hath his strength,
In him a will to free his Countrey rests.
Brut. That man whose love still to his countrey shin'd,
Would willingly the common-wealth restore :
Then he (I know) though he conceals his minde,
None *Cæsar* more dislikes, nor likes us more :
Yet to his custody I'le not commit
The secrets of our enterprise so soone :
" Men may themselves be often-times not fit
" To do the things which they would wish were done.
He still was timorous, and, by age growne worse,
Might chance to lay our honour in the dust ;
" All Cowards must inconstant be of force,
" With bold designes none fearfull breasts should trust.
Then, some of ours would hold their hands still pure,
Who (ere they be suspected) for a space,
Amid'st the tumult may remaine secure,
And with the people mediate our peace :
But who then *Tullius* fitter for that turne,
Whose eloquence is us'd to charme their eares ?
His banishment they in black Gownes did mourne,
Whom all do honour for his worth and yeares.
Cass. Those studious wits which have through dangers gone,

1769 EI. Since *Cæsar* causde him be accusde 1772 E. For being endangerd 1773 E. Whilst it exasprates thus such great sprites spites 1780 E. t'auenge I. to venge 1800 EI. Whose age and merites each one reuerence beares

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" Would still be out, ere that they enter in :
" Who muse of many things, resolve of none,
" And (thinking of the end) cannot begin.
" The minde which looks no further then the eye,
" And more to Nature trusts, then unto Art,
" Such doubtfull fortunes fittest is to try :
" A furious actor for a desp'rat part.
We have enow, and of the best degree,
Whose hands unto their hearts, hearts t'us are true,
And if that we seek moe, I feare we be
To hide, too many, if disclos'd, too few ;
Let us advise with an industrious care
(Now ere the Tyrant intercept our mindes)
The time, the place, the manner, when, and where
We should en-trust our Treasure to the windes ;
And since our states this doth in danger bring,
Let every point be circumspectly weigh'd,
" A circumstance, or an indifferent thing,
" Doth oft marre all, when not with care conveigh'd.
Brut. As for the time, none could be wish'd more fit,
Then is the present to performe our vow,
Since all the people must allow of it,
By recent anguish mov'd extreamely now.
When represented in his triumph past,
Great *Cato's* mangled intrails made them weep,
And desp'rat *Scipio* whil'st he leap't at last
To seek a Sanctuary amidst the deep.
Then all those great men whom in severall parts,
Bent for *Romes* freedome, *Cæsar* did o're-throw,
Did by their pictures pierce the peoples hearts,
And made a piteous (though a pompous) show ;
How could they but conceive a just disdaine
To be upbraided in so strange a sort,

1810 E. Whose hands are to their hearts, their hearts t'vs true I. Whose hands to hearts, whose hearts to vs are true 1813 E. T'act close too many 1816 EI. That we should trust 1817 EI. And since our fortunes in the ballance hing 1820 E. May whiles marre all for not being well conueigh'd I. May whiles marre 1822 E. Than this thats present 1824 E. Mou'd by a recent miscontentment now 1833 E. So that they did conceiue

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Whil'st he who onely by their losse did gaine,
Of their calamitie did make a sport ?
But yet his purpose grieves them most of all,
Since that he strives to be proclaim'd a King :
And not contents himselfe to make us thrall,
But would even all our heires to bondage bring.
Thus whil'st the people are with him displeas'd,
We best may do what to our part belongs :
For, after this they may be best appeas'd,
If, whil'st their wrath doth last, we venge their wrongs ;
And (since we nought intend but what is right,
Whil'st from our Countrey we remove disgrace)
Let all be acted in the Senates sight,
A common cause, and in a common place.
Let those whose guilty thoughts do damne their deeds,
In corners like *Minerva's* birds abide,
That which our Countrey good, us glory breeds,
May by the lights of heaven and earth be try'd.
The Senatours by our example mov'd,
Pleas'd with this action which imports them too,
To have the yoke of tyranny remov'd,
May at the least confirme that which we do ;
So all the Senatours were said of old,
King *Romulus* in peeces to have torne,
Who then to tyrannize was growne too bold,
And ere turn'd God humanitie did scorne.
Dec. Yea, what though *Cæsar* were immortall made,
As *Romulus*, whose deitie him revives ?
I rather as a God adore him dead,
Then as a King obey him whil'st he lives.
Cass. That place indeed, most for our glory makes,
A Theater worthy of so great an act,
Where in their sight from whom most pow'r he takes,
We of the Tyrant vengeance may exact.

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But I must recommend unto your minde,
A course (though strict) of which we must allow,
Lest it o're-throw all that we have design'd,
Since past recovery, if neglected now.
There is *Antonius*, *Cæsars* greatest friend,
A man whose Nature tyranny affects,
Whom all the Souldiers daily do attend,
As one who nought but to command respects.
I feare that he when we have *Cæsar* slaine,
The grieved faction furnish with a head :
So when we end, we must begin againe
With one who lives worse then the other dead.
And in my judgement I would thinke it best,
When sacrific'd the proud usurper lyes,
That this seditious enemy of rest
Should fall with him, with whom he first did rise :
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" Those of their purpose who a part delay,
" Two labours have, who might have had but one.
Brut. I cannot (*Cassius*) condescend to kill
(Thus from the path of justice to decline)
One faultlesse yet, lest after he prove ill,
So to prevent his guiltinesse by mine ;
No, no, that neither honest were, nor just,
Which rigorous forme would but the world affright,
Men by this meane, our meaning might mistrust,
And for a little wrong damne all that's right :
If we do onely kill the common foe,
Our Countries zeale must then acquire due praise,
But if (like Tyrants) fiercely raging so,
We will be thought that which we raze to raise ;
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That this seditious enemy of rest
Should fall with him, with whom he first did rise :
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A solid ground, which can be shak't by none :
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No, no, that neither honest were, nor just,
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Men by this meane, our meaning might mistrust,
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We to the world all partiall will appeare,
Ah, ah ! we must but too much murder see,
Who without doing ill cannot do good :
And, would the Gods, that *Rome* could be made free
Without the shedding of one drop of bloud !
Then, there is hope that *Anthonie* in end,
Whil'st first our vertue doth direct the way,
Will (leagu'd with us) the liberty defend,
And (when brought back) will blush, as once astray.
Cass. Well *Brutus*, I protest against my will,
From this black cloud, what ever tempest fall,
That mercy but most cruelly doth kill,
Which thus saves one, who once may plague us all.
Dec. When *Cæsar* with the Senatours sits downe,
In this your judgements generally accord,
That for affecting wrongfully the Crowne,
He lawfully may perish by the Sword :
No greater harme can for our course be wrought,
Then by protracting the appointed time,
Lest that, which acted would be vertue thought,
Be (if prevented) constru'd as a crime ;
Can one thing long in many mindes be pent ?
" No, purposes would never be delayd,
" Which judg'd by th'issues Fortune doth comment,
" If prosp'ring, reason, treason if betrai'd.
There may amongst our selves some man remaine,
Whom (if afraid) his pardon to procure,
Or (if too greedy) for the hope of gaine,
Time to disclose his consorts may allure.
Then for our recompence we ruine reape,
If ought our course thus made abortive marre,
For, if discovered once, we cannot scape :
" As tyrants eares heare much, their hands reach farre.
Cass. The brest in which so deep a secret dwels,
Would not be long charg'd with so weighty cares :
For, I conjecture, as their count'nance tels,

1908 E. Without effusion of 1912 E. for going astray 1921 E. harme t'our purpose can be brought 1927 E. That are interpreted but by th'euent 1929 EI. For I conjecture by appearance else

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That many know our mindes, though we not theirs :
Even but of late one, *Casca* came to see
Who curious was to have our purpose knowne,
And said to him, that which thou had'st from me,
To me by *Brutus* hath at length been shown.
Then *Læna* once came to us in like sort,
And wish'd that our designe might prosper well ;
But yet to haste did earnestly exhort,
Since others told what we refus'd to tell.
Whilst strangers rest familiar with our minde,
And ere we them, doe all our purpose spy,
Make forward fast, or we will come behinde :
" Fame (wing'd with breath) doth violently flye.
Brut. Their words but burst from tales uncertaine forth,
For, whilst considering of their bondage thus,
Of *Cæsars* tyranny and of our worth,
They thinke this should be done, and done by us.
Such conjurations to confirme of old,
Some drinking others blouds, swore on their swords,
And cursing those who did their course unfold,
Vs'd imprecations, execrable words ;
And yet, then this, though voluntar'ly vow'd,
Free from all bonds, save that which vertue bindes,
More constantly no course was ere allow'd,
Till that the end must manifest our mindes.
And since so many frankely keep their faith,
What first intended to accomplish bent,
No doubt in spight of fickle fortunes wrath,
A happy successe shall our soules content.
Might some few Thebans from the Spartans pride,

1940 E. Moe priuie are t'our minds, than we to theirs 1943 E. hidst from me
These four verses (following l. 1944) *occur in* E, *but not in* I :
Then by some things that he hade learnd befor
He of our course deep in discourse did fall,
Till Casca thinking that he hade known more
Scarce keept his tongue from staggering out with all.
1950 E. And ere t'our knowledge, thus t'our counsel rise 1953 E. Their words but from uncertainties burst forth 1966 E. Still what they first designd t'accomplish bent I. What first design'd still to accomplish bent 1968 EI. But the successe [I. A good successe] shall yeeld our souls content

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By divers tyrants deaths redeem their Towne ?
And one Athenian who his vertue try'd,
By thirty tyrants ruine, get renowne ?
And to the Greekes are we inferiours growne,
That where they have so many tyrants spoil'd,
There cannot one be by us all o'rethrowne,
Whose state yet staggering may be soon imbroil'd ?
I am resolv'd, and with my thoughts decree,
What ever chance to come, or sweet, or sowre,
I shall my soile from tyranny set free,
Or then my selfe free from the tyrants pow'r.
Dec. By *Lepidus* invited this last night,
Whilst *Cæsar* went to suppe, and I with him,
Of all deaths shapes to talke, we tooke delight,
So at the table to beguile the time :
And whilst our judgements all about were try'd,
Straight *Cæsar*, (as transported) to the rest,
With a most sudden exclamation cry'd :
O ! of all deaths, unlook'd for death is best :
It from our selves doth steale our selves so fast,
That even the minde no fearefull forme can see,
Then is the paine ere apprehended past ;
" Sowre things ere tasted, would first swallowed be.
The threatned destiny thus he divin'd :
(It would appeare) divinely then inspir'd ;
For, now I hope that he shall shortly finde
That forme of death which he himselfe desir'd.
Cass. Whilst of our band the fury flames most hot,
And that their will to end this worke is such,
Lest *Cæsars* absence disappoint the plot,
Which would of some abate the courage much ;
It (*Decius*) were exceedingly well done,
That to his lodging you addrest your way,
Him by all meanes to further forward soone,
Lest him some sudden chance may move to stay.

1972 EI. winn renowne 1976 EI. yet brangling 1978 I. What euer fortune, either sweet, or soure 1992 EI. tasted would digested be 2004 EI. Lest by some sudden chance allurd to stay

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Dec. There, where the Senate minds this day to sit,
Stand all prepar'd, not fearing danger more,
And for the Sacrifice when all is fit,
I'le bring an offring hallowed of before.

Exeunt.

Act 4. Scene 2.

Cæsar. Calphurnia. Decius Brutus.

Cæsar. Long-lookt-for Time that should the glory yeeld,
Which I through *Neptunes* trustlesse raign have sought ;
And through the dust of many a bloudy field,
As by all dangers worthy to be bought.
Thy comming now those lowring shadowes cleares,
My hopes horizon which did long o're-cast ;
This day defrayes the toyles of many yeares,
And brings the harvest of my labours past.
The Senators a Messenger have sent
Most earnestly entreating me to come
And heare my selfe discern'd by their consent
To weare a Crowne o're all, excepting *Rome* ;
Thus, they devise conditions at this houre
For him, of whom *Mars* hath made them the prey,
As Subjects limit could their Soveraignes pow'r,
Who must have minde of nought but to obey ;
But having pacifi'd those present things,
I minde to leade my valorous legions forth
To th'orientall Realmes (adoring Kings)
Who can afford all that is due to worth.
Then swimme my thoughts in th'ocean of delight,
Whilst on the pillow of soft praise repos'd ;
Those eyes to gaze upon my glories light,
Which Envy open'd, Admiration clos'd.
Cal. Ah, though your fancies great contentment finde,
Whilst thus the world your vertue doth advance ;

2006 EI. Stand all prepard t'approach [I. to goe] where danger dwels 2008 EI. offr'ing consecrated else 2014 E. That did th'horizon of my hopes o're cast 2028 E. That can exhibit honours due to worth

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Yet a prepost'rous terrour stings my minde,
And braggs me with I know not what mischance ;
My wavering hopes o're-ballanc'd are with feares,
Which to my soule sinistrous signes impart ;
And om'nous rumours so assault mine eares,
That they almost make breaches in my heart.
Cæs. What ? do foil'd *Pompeys* floting followers strive
To recollect their ruines from the dust ?
Dare they who onely by my tollerance live,
More to their strength, then to my favour trust ?
Or do'st thou feare his sonnes dejected state,
Who steales infamous flying through those flouds,
Which his great father, Admirall of late,
Did plant with ships, till all their waves seem'd woods ;
Or makes his brothers death his hopes grow more,
Since (by them straited in a bloudy strife)
I who in all the battels given before,
Did fight for victory, then, fought for life ;
Or, whilst to march to *Parthia* I prepare,
Doth a suspition thus afflict thy sprite :
By *Crassus* fortune mov'd, who perish'd there,
The scorned prey of the Barbarians spight ?
To those with *Cassius* who from thence retir'd,
Amongst my bands a place I will allow,
Whose foes shall finde (bad fate at last expir'd,)
Though the same sheep, another sheep-heard now ;
Doe not imagine matters to bemone,
For, whilst there stands a world, can *Cæsar* fall ?
Though thousand thousands were conjur'd in one,
I, and my fortune might confound them all.
Cal. No, none of those my minde doth miscontent,
Who undisguis'd still like themselves remaine :
Vnlook't-for harmes are hardest to prevent :
There is no guard against conceal'd disdaine ;

2036 E. And boasts me 2041 E. What, doe debattelld *Pompeys* followers stryue 2049 EI. death his courage more 2055 EI. For *Crassus* fortune feard that [I. who] 2056 E. Th'opprobrious prey 2057 EI. To those same bands that [I. which] *Cassius* thence brought backe [I. retir'd] 2058 E. A place amongst my legions Ile allow 2059 E. find, whilst they auenge th'old wrack I. finde whilst them my breath hath fir'd

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But, in whom further can your trust repose,
Whom danger now o're all by all attends ?
" Where private men but onely feare their foes,
" Oft Kings have greatest cause to feare their friends,
" For, since most trusted, fittest to betray,
" Those unto whom ones favour force affords,
" Most dangerous ambushes with ease may lay,
" Whilst falsest hearts are hid with fairest words.
And some report (though privately) yet plaine,
That *Dolabella* and *Antonius* now,
By your destruction doe intend to gaine
That which you keep by making all men bow.
Cæs. No corpulent sanguinians make me feare,
Who with more paine their beards then th'en'mies strike,
And doe themselves like th'Epicurians beare
To *Bacchus*, *Mars*, and *Venus* borne alike ;
Their hearts doe alwaies in their mouthes remaine,
As streames whose murmuring showes their course not deep,
Then still they love to sport, though grosse, and plaine,
And never dreame of ought but when they sleep :
But those high sprites who hold their bodies downe,
Whose visage leane their restlesse thoughts records :
Whilst they their cares depth in their bosomes drown,
I feare their silence more then th'others words.
Thus *Cassius* now and *Brutus* seeme to hold
Some great thing in their minde, whose fire oft smoaks ;
What *Brutus* would, he vehemently would ;
Thinke what they list, I like not their pale lookes :
Yet with their worth this cannot well agree,
In whom bright vertue seemes so much to shine :
Can those who have receiv'd their lives from me,
Prove so ingrate, that they doe thirst for mine ?
Dare *Cassius* (match'd with me) new hopes conceive
At th'*Hellespont*, who fortune durst not try,
And (like a dastard) did his Gallies leave,

2078 EI. May for his lyfe the worst ambushments lay 2079 E. doe pretend t'obtaine I. doe pretend to gaine 2092 E. Their silence fears me more than others words 2098 E. In whom of vertue th'image seems to shine 2100 E. Prove so ingrate againe as to take mine 2101 EI. Dare *Cassius* me persue new hopes to have 2102 E. feard to trye

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In all (save courage) though more strong then I ?
Shall I suspect that *Brutus* seekes my bloud,
Whose safety still I tendred with such care,
Who when the heavens from mortals me seclude,
Is onely worthy to be *Cæsars* heire ?
Cal. " The corners of the heart are hard to know ;
Though of those two the world the best doth deeme,
Yet doe not trust too much to th'outward show,
For, men may differ much from what they seeme.
" None oft more fierce then those who look most milde,
" Impiety sometime appeares devout,
And (that the world the more may be beguil'd)
" Even vice can cloath it selfe with vertues cote.
Though it would seem (all hatred now laid downe)
They on your favour onely should depend,
Yet no respect can counterpoise a Crowne :
" Ambition hath no bounds, nor Greed no end.
Mov'd by vindictive hate, or emulous pride,
Since some your person, some your place pursue ;
All threatned dangers to prevent provide,
And use for safety, what to State is due.
Cæs. No armour is that can hold treason out.
Cal. To fright your foes with bands be back'd about.
Cæs. So dastard tyrants strive themselves to beare.
Cal. It better is to give, then to take feare.
Cæs. No guard more strong then is the peoples love.
Cal. But nought in th'earth doth more inconstant prove.
Cæs. Guards (shewing feare) to charge me men might tempt.
Cal. Guards would put them from hope, you from contempt
Cæs. My brest from terrour hath been alwaies cleare.
Cal. When one least feares, oft danger lurks most neare.
Cæs. I rather dye then feare : at last life goes.
Cal. Yet, death must grieve, when forc'd by vaunting foes.

2111 EI. much th'external [I. externall] show 2117 EI. Though that they haue long since [I. long since they haue] laid hatred downe 2118 EI. By benefits bestowd you might attend 2121 E. Through hate vindictive and emulous 2124 EI. Being [I. Growne] wise in tyme, lest out of tyme you rue 2128 E. T'affright I. To feare 2135 EI. It's better once to dye than [I. then] still fear death 2136 EI. But worst of all to fall by th'enemies [I. Enemies] wrath

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Cæs. I will not crosse my present pleasures so,
By apprehending what may chance to come,
This world affords but too much cause for woe ;
And sorrowes still must harbour'd be by some.
By joyes in time we must embrace reliefe,
That when they end, we in some measure may
By their remembrance mitigate the griefe
Which still attends all those on th'earth that stay.
I thinke the Senate is assembled now,
And for my comming doth begin to gaze,
Let me condignely once adorne my brow,
And feast mine eares by drinking in due praise.
Cal. Stay, stay (deare Lord) retire thy steps againe,
And spare a space to prorogate whole yeares ;
Let not this ominous day begin thy raigne,
Which fatall and unfortunate appeares.
An Astrologian through the world renown'd,
Thy horoscopes just calculation layes,
And doth affirme (as he by signes hath found)
That Marches Ides doe bragge to bound thy dayes ;
Walke not abroad where harmes may be receiv'd
(By great necessity since no way forc'd)
For, (though his judgement may be farre deceiv'd)
" In things that touch thy life, suspect the worst.
Cæs. Whilst I reform'd the Calendar by fits,
Which did confound the order of the yeare ;
I waded through the depths of all their wits,
Who of the starres the mysteries would cleare.
Those pregnant sprites who walke betwixt the Poles,
And lodge at all the Zodiackes severall signes,
Doe reade strange wonders wrapt in th'azure scroules,
Of which our deeds are words, our lives are lines.
By speculation of superiour pow'rs,
Some Natures secrets curious are to know,

2137 EI. I'le not distaste my 2139 EI. tyme for woe 2140 EI. Whilst crosses come contentment to o'recome 2147 EI. I'le goe, condignly once t'adorne [I. condignely to adorne] my brow 2150 EI. And spare one day 2156 E. That th'Ides of March doe boast to 2157 EI. Walk not this day where 2162 E. That long disordred th'order 2166 EI. make clear

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As how celestiall bodies rule o're ours,
And what their influence doth worke below.
Yea, they sometime may brave conjectures make
Of those whose parts they by their birth doe prove,
Since naturally all inclination take
From Planets then predominant above ;
And yet no certainty can so be had,
Some vertuously against their Starres have striv'd,
As *Socrates*, who grew (though borne but bad)
The most accomplish'd man that ever liv'd.
But of the houre ordain'd to close our lights,
No earth-clog'd soule can to the knowledge come ;
For, O ! the destinies farre from our sights,
In clouds of darknesse have involv'd our doome !
And some but onely guesse at great mens falls,
By bearded Comets, and prodigious Starres,
Whose sight-distracting shape the world appalls,
As still denouncing terrour, death, or warres.
The time uncertaine is of certaine death,
And that fantasticke man farre past his bounds :
" With doubt and reverence they should manage breath,
" Who will divine upon conjectur'd grounds.
Cal. But this all day hath prey'd upon my heart,
And from the same of cares a tribute claim'd ;
Doe not despise that which I must impart,
Though but a dreame, and by a woman dream'd.
I thought (alas) the thought yet wounds my breast,
Then whilst we both (as those whom *Morpheus* weds)
Lay softly buried (with a pleasant rest)
I in thy bosome, thou within the beds :
Then from my soule strange terrours did with-draw
Th'expected peace by apprehended harmes ;
For, I imagin'd, no, no doubt I saw,
And did embrace thee bloudy in mine armes.
Thus whilst my soule by sorrowes was surcharg'd,

2172 I. influence effects below 2191 EI. He is too bold that [I. who] with ambiguous breath 2192 EI. Not speake of things to come whose deeps none sounds 2193 EI. day did my repose extort 2194 EI. And from my breast of cares 2195 EI. Now vilipend not that which Ile report [I. impart]

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Of which huge weight it yet some burden beares,
I big with griefe, two Elements enlarg'd,
Th'ayre with my sighes, the water with my teares.
Cæs. That which I heard, with thy report accords,
Whilst thou all seem'd dissolved in griefe at once,
A heavy murmuring made with mangled words,
Was interrupted oft by tragicke grones.
The memory, but not the judgement frames
Those raving fancies which disturbe the braine,
Whilst night dissolves all dayes designes in dreames,
" The senses sleeping, soules would stirre in vaine.
From superstitious feares this care proceeds,
Which still would watch o're that which thou dost love,
And in thy minde thus melancholy breeds,
Which doth those strange imaginations move.
Cal. Ah, in so light account leave off to hold
Those fatall warnings, which our mindes should leade
To search darke matters, till we may unfold
What dangers huge doe hang above thy head.
With sacred Garlands he who things divines,
By th'intrails of the consecrated beast,
Doth in the offring see sinistrous signes,
And I entreat thee doe not hence make haste.
Cæs. When I in *Spaine* against yong *Pompey* went,
Thus, the diviner threatned me before,
Yet did I prosecute my first intent,
Which with new lawrels did my browes decore.
Cal. And yet you hardly there (as I doe heare)
From danger (farre engag'd) redeem'd your life ;
But tokens now more monstrous doe appeare,
And I suspect farre worse then open strife.
Cæs. Lest I too much seeme wedded to my will,
(As others counsels scorning to allow)

2213 E. judgement makes 2214 E. Th'impression thus of passions in the braine I. which distract the braine 2215 E. For what the soul most suffers when it wakes 2216 E. With it asleep it doth turmoyld remaine I. Soules (barr'd from Senses) struggle but in vaine 2218 E. thou does 2222 EI. warnings that [I. which] the heavns have made 2223 EI. Which by all means most manifest [(I. as manifest)] unfold 2224 E. doe hing 2225 E. He with the sacred garlands that divines 2227 E. Sees in the sacrifice 2233 EI. as whiles I heare 2236 E. As one that others counsels scornes t'allow

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With jealous eyes I'le search about me still,
And even mistrust my selfe to trust thee now ;
Yet if I stay, the Senators deceiv'd,
May my beginning straight begin to hate ;
So might I perish, seeking to be sav'd :
" By flying it, some fall upon their fate.
But here one comes who can resolve me much,
With whom I use to weigh affaires of weight ;
Whence com'st thou *Decius*, that thy haste is such ?
Is ought occurr'd that craves our knowledge straight ?
Dec. I come to tell you how the Senate stayes,
Till that your presence blesse their longing sight,
And to conclude what is propos'd, delayes,
Since your applause can onely make it right :
They your contentment to procure intend,
And all their thoughts seeme at one object bent,
Save that amongst themselves they doe contend,
Who you to please, shall rarest wayes invent.
Cæs. Then that, no treasure to my soule more deare,
Which to enjoy from hence I long to part,
But yet I know not what arrests me here,
And makes my feet rebellious to my heart ;
From thee (deare friend) I never doe conceale
The weightiest secrets that concerne me most ;
And at this time I likewise must reveale,
How heavens by signes me with destruction boast :
To superstition though not earst inclin'd,
My wife by dreames doth now presage my fall,
It a sooth-sayer likewise hath divin'd :
The Sacrifice prodigious seemes to all,
So that till this disastrous day be gone,
All company I purpose to disuse,
And to the Senators will send some one,
To paint my absence with a faire excuse.

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Or shall we bid them leave to deale in state,
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And then incontinent come backe againe,
When you have showne to it some reverence so.
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A little space, all part a space from me,
And I'le be shortly ready to dislodge.

Cæsar alone.

Whence comes this huge and admirable change,
That in my brest hath uncouth thoughts infus'd,
Doth th'earth then earst yeeld terrors now more strange,
Or but my minde lesse courage then it us'd ?
What spightfull fate against my state contends,
That I must now to fancied plagues give place,
By foes not mov'd, afraid amongst my friends,
By warre secure, endanger'd but by peace ?
When strongest troopes to fight with me did come,
Then did my heart the highest hopes conceive,
I warr'd with many, many to o're-come ;
The greatest battels, greatest glory gave.
As th'enemies numbers, still my courage grew ;
Through depths of dangers oft times have I past,
Yet never did those boundlesse labours rue,
To have none greater first, none equall last :
When bragging Gauls mov'd by their neighbours fals,

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When you have showne to it some reverence so.
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Whence com'st thou *Decius*, that thy haste is such ?
Is ought occurr'd that craves our knowledge straight ?
Dec. I come to tell you how the Senate stayes,
Till that your presence blesse their longing sight,
And to conclude what is propos'd, delayes,
Since your applause can onely make it right :
They your contentment to procure intend,
And all their thoughts seeme at one object bent,
Save that amongst themselves they doe contend,
Who you to please, shall rarest wayes invent.
Cæs. Then that, no treasure to my soule more deare,
Which to enjoy from hence I long to part,
But yet I know not what arrests me here,
And makes my feet rebellious to my heart ;
From thee (deare friend) I never doe conceale
The weightiest secrets that concerne me most ;
And at this time I likewise must reveale,
How heavens by signes me with destruction boast :
To superstition though not earst inclin'd,
My wife by dreames doth now presage my fall,
It a sooth-sayer likewise hath divin'd :
The Sacrifice prodigious seemes to all,
So that till this disastrous day be gone,
All company I purpose to disuse,
And to the Senators will send some one,
To paint my absence with a faire excuse.

2244 I. By flying many fall vpon 2247 E. comes thou 2250 E. Till your expected presence blesse their sight 2251 E. And the conclusion yet of all delayes 2253 E. Till that your approbation make it right 2255 E. T'accomplish your contentment they intend I. to performe intend 2256 E. shall strangest wayes I. shall wayes most strange

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Dec. Doe not repose on superstitious signes,
You to suspect the people thus to bring,
Whilst Soveraigne-like you limit their designes,
Seeme not a tyrant, seeking to be King :
How can we satisfie the worlds conceit,
Whose tongue still in all eares your praise proclaimes ?
Or shall we bid them leave to deale in state,
Till that *Calphurnia* first have better dreames ?
If that this day you private would remaine,
The Senate to dissolve your selfe must goe,
And then incontinent come backe againe,
When you have showne to it some reverence so.
Cæs. With thy advise (as pow'rfull) I agree,
The Senatours shall have no cause to grudge :
A little space, all part a space from me,
And I'le be shortly ready to dislodge.

Cæsar alone.

Whence comes this huge and admirable change,
That in my brest hath uncouth thoughts infus'd,
Doth th'earth then earst yeeld terrors now more strange,
Or but my minde lesse courage then it us'd ?
What spightfull fate against my state contends,
That I must now to fancied plagues give place,
By foes not mov'd, afraid amongst my friends,
By warre secure, endanger'd but by peace ?
When strongest troopes to fight with me did come,
Then did my heart the highest hopes conceive,
I warr'd with many, many to o're-come ;
The greatest battels, greatest glory gave.
As th'enemies numbers, still my courage grew ;
Through depths of dangers oft times have I past,
Yet never did those boundlesse labours rue,
To have none greater first, none equall last :
When bragging Gauls mov'd by their neighbours fals,

2287 EI. all part a part from me 2294 E. That must now t'unlookd for pleagues 2295 EI. yet feard amongst 2297 E. T'encounter me when strongest troops did come 2303 E. Oft have I through the deepths of danger past 2305 E. When as the Gauls feard by

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With jealous eyes I'le search about me still,
And even mistrust my selfe to trust thee now ;
Yet if I stay, the Senators deceiv'd,
May my beginning straight begin to hate ;
So might I perish, seeking to be sav'd :
" By flying it, some fall upon their fate.
But here one comes who can resolve me much,
With whom I use to weigh affaires of weight ;
Whence com'st thou *Decius*, that thy haste is such ?
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Had from the fields, no, from my fury fled ;
And hid themselves with Armes, their Armes with walles,
Whilst I my troupes before *Alexia* led ;
Then, though there swarm'd forth from the bounds about,
Huge hosts to compasse me enflam'd with wrath,
That the besiegers (all besieg'd about,)
Seem'd drawne by danger in the nets of death,
No way I who could with the pride comport,
That those Barbarians by vaine vaunts bewray'd,
Did re-assault th'assaulters in such sort,
That words by wounds, wounds were by death repayd.
Of those within the towne (to ease their toyles)
Till quite o're-com'd, their comming was not knowne,
Who straight (upbraided by the barb'rous spoiles)
Did yeeld themselves, as if with them o're-throwne.
By liquid legions whilst with tumid boasts
The Trident-bearer striv'd my spoiles to beare ;
Though threatned thrise amid'st his humid hosts,
Still courage scorn'd to thinke of abject feare.
I us'd those Pyrats who had me deceiv'd,
Still as my servants (thundring threatnings forth)
And gave them money more then they had crav'd,
Whose ignorance too meanely priz'd my worth :
Yet gathering ships, I stay'd not long a shore,
But trac'd their steps, though they not pav'd the way,
And taking them (as I had vow'd before)
By nought but death their ransome would defray ;
Then when (without th'advice of others mindes)
Through hoary waves I past alone by night,
Whilst in a little Barke against great windes,
That even the Pilot look't not for the light ;
The waves themselves asunder seem'd to teare,
That in their gravell I might chuse a grave,

2308 I. Troupes to siege *Alexia* led 2313 I. Yet I who could not with 2314 E. by vaine boasts betrayd 2324 E. I always scornd t'acquaint my selfe with fear 2325 EI. that [I. who] hade me surpryed 2327 EI. more than [I. then] they devyed 2328 EI. Grieu'd to be rated at too little worth 2329 EI. I signd not long the shore 2330 E. But trac'd their printles steps through th'vnpau'd way 2334 E. I venter'd through the hoarie waues by night 2337 EI. The roaring waves themselvs seemd to divide

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And crystall arches did above me reare,
That I a Tombe fit for my state might have.
Whilst dangers seem'd to merit *Cæsars* death,
As *Neptune* rais'd his head, I rais'd my heart;
And shewing what I was with constant breath,
To weake *Amiclas* courage did impart.
Was I not once amid'st large *Nilus* flote,
Whilst me to wound, a wood of darts did flye,
Yet swim'd so carelesse of my enemies shot,
That in my hand I held some papers dry?
With open dangers thus in every place,
I (whilst oft compass'd both by Sea and Land,)
Did undismay'd looke horrour in the face,
As borne for nought, but onely to command.
But since a world of victories have fill'd
With Trophees Temples, Theaters with my praise,
That bath'd with balme which glories bayes had still'd,
With friends in peace, I look'd to spend my dayes;
The chambers musicke now afrights me more,
Then Trumpets sounds when marching in the field,
And Gowns (though signes of peace) worse then before
The pompous splendour of a flaming shield.
Those thoughts of late which had disdain'd to doubt,
Though I alone had march'd amongst my foes,
Loe, whilst amongst my friends well back'd about,
They, then the eyes more danger now disclose.
If any chance, to meet a number brings,
I insurrections feare from common wrath,
Yea, if two talke a part of private things,
Straight I suspect that they conspire my death;
When sudden rumours rise from vulgar smoake;
(Whilst th'inward motions roule my restlesse eyes,)
I at each corner for an ambush looke,

2339 EI. And in a christal arch above me byde 2340 E That I of me a tombe might worthie have 2344 E. T'amaz'd *Amilcas* 2355 EI. balme from th'oyle [I. from oyle] of glory stilld 2358 E. Then once the trumpets sound amids the field 2363 E. I'm backd about 2364 E. Doe greater dangers now than th'eyes disclose 2365 E. If ought t'assemble I. They greater dangers now then eyes disclose 2371 E. for ambushments looke

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And start astonish'd, lest some tumult rise.
When light (first lightning) doth encourage toyles,
I still despaire to re-enjoy the night,
And when mine eyes th'umbragious darkenesse spoils,
I never looke to grace them with the light ;
For, when the light with shadowes makes a change,
To flatter mortals with a dreame of rest,
What ugly Gorgons, what Chimeras strange
Doe bragge the little world within my brest ?
The time which should appease impetuous cares,
Doth double mine, who view most when quite blinde ;
I apprehend huge horrours and despaires,
Whilst th'outward objects not distract my minde :
Now of my conquests what delight remaines ?
Where is the peace pursu'd by many a strife ?
Have I but taken paine to purchase paines ?
And sought by dangers for a dangerous life ?
Is this the period of aspiring pow'rs,
In promis'd calmes to be most plagu'd by stormes ?
Lurke poys'nous Serpents under fairest flow'rs,
And hellish furies under heavenly formes ?
It will not grieve my ghost below to goe,
If circumvented in the warres I end,
As bold *Marcellus* by *Romes* greatest foe,
Who gave his ashes honour as a friend ;
Or like t'*Epaminondas* in his death,
O ! would the Gods I had amidst alarmes,
When charg'd with recent spoiles, been spoil'd of breath,
Whilst I to *Pluto* might have march'd in armes ;
Yet, life to end, which nought but toyles affords,
I'le pay to death the tribute that it owes ;
Straight with my bloud, let some come dye their swords,
Whose naked brest encounter shall their blowes :
But ah ! how have the furies seaz'd my brest,

2373 E. When rising *Titans* beames renew th'earths toiles I. When rising *Titan* doth 2375 I. eyes defrauding darknesse spoyles 2381 E. Th'appointed time t'appease 2385 E. What comfort of my conquests now 2387 E. t'abound in paines 2397 EI. Or like *Epaminondas* prosprous death 2401 E. Yet t'end this life that 2406 E. My body shall be bar'd t'embrace their blowes

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And poyson'd thus my sprite with desp'rate rage ?
By horrid Serpents whilst quite barr'd from rest,
No kinde of comfort can my cares asswage ;
No, *Atropos*, yet spare my threed a space,
That to the Stygian streames ere walking downe,
I may of honour have the highest place,
And if I fall, yet fall beneath a Crowne.
Whilst eares are bended to applauding shouts,
My thoughts divided are within my brest,
And my toss'd soule doth flote between two doubts,
Yet knowes not on what ground to build her rest.
The Senators, they have this day design'd,
To shew the world how they esteeme my worth ;
Yet doe portentuous signes perturbe my minde,
By which the heavens would point my danger forth :
The Gods from me with indignation gone,
In every thing charact'red have my death :
And must both heaven and earth conspire in one,
To quench a little sparke of smoaking breath ?
My safety would that I should stay within
Till this disastrous day give darkenesse place,
But daring honour would have me begin
To reape the glory of my painefull race,
And I'le advance in spight of threatned broyles,
For, though the fates accomplish what we dreame,
When onely death hath triumph'd of my spoyles,
I then (though breathlesse) still shall breathe with fame.

Exit.

CHORUS.

What fury thus doth fill the brest
With a prodigious rash desire,
Which banishing their soules from rest,

2407 E. That with their horrid serpents barr'd from rest 2408 E. Nought can imagin'd be my toiles t'asswage I. Nought can be dream'd which can my toyles asswage 2410 E. That ere I to the *Stigian* streames go downe 2413 E. Whilst I would bend my eares t'applauding shoutes 2424 EI. of still-tossde breath 2427 EI. But honor hunts me forward to begin 2431 EI. When death retires from forcing those fraile spoyles 2432 EI. Though breathlesse, ile be breath'd ouer [I. o're] all by fame 2433 E. *this that filles*

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Doth make them live who high aspire,
(Whilst it within their bosome boyles)
As Salamanders in the fire ;
Or like to Serpents changing spoyles,
Their wither'd beauties to renew ?
Like Vipers with unnaturall toyles,
Of such the thoughts themselves pursue,
Who for all lines their lives doe square,
Whilst like Camelions changing hue,
They onely feed on empty ayre :
" To passe ambition greatest matters brings,
" And (save contentment) can attaine all things.
This active passion doth disdaine
To match with any vulgar minde,
As in base breasts where terrours raigne,
Too great a guest to be confin'd ;
It doth but lofty thoughts frequent,
Where it a spatious field may finde,
It selfe with honour to content,
Where reverenc'd fame doth lowdest sound ;
Those for great things by courage bent,
(Farre lifted from this lumpish round)
Would in the sphere of Glory move,
Whilst lofty thoughts which nought can binde,
All rivals live in vertues love ;
" On abject preyes as th' Eagles never light,
" Ambition poysons but the greatest sprite,
And of this restlesse Vultures brood,
(If not become too great a flame)
A little sparke doth sometime good,
Which makes great mindes (affecting fame)
To suffer still all kinde of paine :
Their fortune at the bloudy game,
Who hazard would for hope of gaine,
Vnlesse first burn'd by thirst of praise ?

2443 E. *themselues do square* 2445 E. *feed but on the aire* 2446 El. *monstruous matters* 2456 E. *Those at great things that t'aime are bent* 2464 E. *If 't grow not to too* 2465 El. *may whyles do good* 2470 El. *Were not burn'd by a thrist*

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The learned to a higher straine,
Their wits by emulation raise,
As those who hold applauses deare ;
And what great minde at which men gaze,
It selfe can of ambition cleare,
Which is when valu'd at the highest price,
A generous errour, an heroicke vice ?
But when this frenzie flaming bright,
Doth so the soules of some surprise,
That they can taste of no delight,
But what from Soveraignty doth rise,
Then, huge affliction it affords ;
Such must (themselves so to disguise)
Prove prodigall of courteous words,
Give much to some, and promise all,
Then humble seeme to be made Lords,
Yea, being thus to many thrall,
Must words impart, if not support ;
To those who crush'd by fortune fall ;
And grieve themselves to please each sort :
" Are not those wretch'd, who o're a dangerous snare,
" Do hang by hopes, whilst ballanc'd in the ayre ;
Then when they have the port attain'd,
Which was through Seas of dangers fought,
They (loe) at last but losse have gain'd,
And by great trouble, trouble bought :
Their mindes are married still with feares,
To bring forth many a jealous thought ;
With searching eyes, and watching eares,
To learne that which it grieves to know,
The brest that such a burden beares,
What huge afflictions doe o'rethrow ?
Thus each Prince is (as all perceive)
No more exalted then brought low,

2471 E. *The learned loe, t'a higher straine* 2476 E. *Which is being rated* I. Which is when rated 2486 E. *Then seruile* 2487 EI. *Yea first being* [I. whilst] *made to* 2488 E. *Must pittie* 2489 E. *T'all those that* 2492 EI. *Hing but by hopes, being* [I. whilst] 2498 E. *T'engender* 2500 E. *they grieue* 2502 E. *toyle t'orethrow* 2503 EI. *Thus princes are*

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" Of many Lord, of many, slave ;
" That idoll greatnesse which th'earth doth adore,
" Is gotten with great paine, and kept with more :
He who to this imagin'd good,
Did through his countries bowels rend,
Neglecting friendship, duty, bloud,
And all on which trust can depend,
Or by which love could be conceiv'd,
Doth finde of what he did attend,
His expectations farre deceiv'd ;
For, since suspecting secret snares,
His soule hath still of rest beene reav'd,
Whilst squadrons of tumultuous cares,
Forth from his brest extort deep grones :
Thus Cæsar *now of life despaires,*
Whose lot his hope exceeded once ;
And who can long well keep an ill wonne State ?
" Those perish must by some whom all men hate.

Act 5. Scene 1.

Marcus Brutus. Chorus. Antonius. Caius Cassius. Marcus Tullius Cicero.

Brutus. Are generous *Romans* so degener'd now,
That they from honour have estrang'd their hands ?
And, us'd with burdens, do not blush to bow,
Yea (even though broken) shake not off their bands ;
This glorious worke was worthy of your paine,
Which now ye may by others dangers have ;
But what enchaunts you thus, that ye abstaine
That which ye should have taken, to receive ?
Where be those inundations of delight,
Which should burst out from thoughts o're-flow'd with joy,
Whil'st emulous Vertue may your mindes incite,
That which we give you bravely to enjoy ;
Or quite conform'd unto your former state,

2505 E. *Of many a Lord, to many a slaue* 2507 EI. *Is conquerd with* 2510 EI. *Whose hap* 2534 E. That which we conquerd haue, at least t'enioy I. That which we conquer'd freelie to enioy

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Do still your mindes of servitude allow,
As broken by adversitie of late,
Not capable of better fortune now ?
Loe, we who by the Tyrants favour stood,
And griev'd but at the yoke which you out-rag'd,
Have our advancement, riches, rest, and bloud,
All liberally for liberty engag'd.
Chor. Thou like thy great Progenitour in this,
Hast glory to thy selfe, t'us freedome brought ;
" Then liberty what greater treasure is ?
" Ought with it much, without it much seemes nought :
But pardon us (heroicke man) though we
To high perfection hardly can aspire,
Though every man cannot a *Brutus* be,
" What none can imitate, all must admire.
At this strange course (with too much light made blinde)
We our opinions must suspend a space,
" When sudden chances do dismay the minde,
" The Iudgement to the Passion first gives place.
Ant. What wonder now though this most barbarous deed
Have with amazement clos'd your judgement in,
Which O (I feare) shall great confusion breed ?
When *Cæsars* toyls did end, *Romes* did begin :
The most suspitious mindes had not beleev'd,
That *Romans* reverenc'd for their worth by us,
Would have presum'd to kill, or to have griev'd
An hallow'd body inhumanely thus ;
Who would have once but dream'd of such despight ?
What strange hostilitie ! in time of peace
To kill, though not accus'd, against all right,
A sacred man, and in a sacred place ?
Cass. If *Cæsar* as a Citizen had liv'd,
And had by Law decided every strife,
Then I would grant those treason had contriv'd,
Who went without a Law to take his life ;
But to pervert the Laws, subvert the State,

2544 EI. Small with 2548 E. T'a high 2550 E. That which we cannot imitate, w'admire 2552 E. When any sodaine chance dismayes 2562 E. A inuiolable hallowd bodie thus 2566 E. To slay

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If all his travels did directly tend,
Then I must say, we did no wrong of late :
" Why should not Tyrants make a Tragicke end ?
Chor. Since destinies did *Cæsars* soule enlarge,
What course can we for his recovery take ?
Ah ! th'unrelenting *Charons* restlesse Barge
Stands to transport all o're, but brings none back :
" Of lifes fraile glasse (when broken) with vaine grones,
" What earthly power the ruines can repaire ;
" Or who can gather up, when scattred once,
" Ones bloud from th'earth, or yet his breath from th'ayre ?
Let us of those who passe oblivions floud
Oblivious be, since hope of help is gone,
And spend our cares where cares may do most good,
Lest *Rome* waile many, where she wailes but one.
Ant. Still concord for the Common-weale were best,
To reconcile divided thoughts againe :
" Then discord to great Townes, no greater pest,
Whose violence no reverence can restraine.
Yet often-times those warie wits have err'd,
Who would buy wealth and ease at any cost :
" Let honesty to profit be preferr'd,
" And to vile peace warre when it wounds us most ;
But seeking peace, what surety can we finde ?
Can faithlesse men give faith, just feares to stay ?
" No sacred band impiety can binde,
" Which sweares for trust, seeks trust but to betray ;
What help'd it *Cæsar*, that we all had sworne
His body still from dangers to redeeme ?
" Those who are once perjur'd, hold oaths in scorne ;
" All are most franke of what they least esteeme.
Brut. None needs in States which are from Tyrants free,
Loath'd execrations to confirme his will,
Where willingly men would with good agree,
And without danger might despise all ill ;
All odious oaths by those are onely crav'd,
Whose suit from Reason doth a warrant want,

2584 E. B'obliuious still since

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Whil'st who deceive (affraid to be deceiv'd)
Seek of men thrall'd, what none whil'st free would grant.
When *Cæsar* had prevail'd in *France* and *Spaine*,
His Fortune building on his Countries wracke,
(Of liberty a shadow to retaine)
We gave him all that he was bent to take.
The Senate had reserv'd nought but a show,
Whose course to it by *Cæsar* was impos'd,
Who lifted up, by bringing others low,
Of Offices, and Provinces dispos'd :
Then that our faded hopes might never spring,
When bent to try the *Parthians* wooden showre,
He for five yeares dispos'd of every thing,
Even in his absence leaving us no pow'r.
O how some aggravate our deed with hate !
Who durst his body wound, or with bloud staine,
Though consecrated by constraint of late,
Yea, but reputed holy, yet prophaine,
And did forget how he (a wondrous case)
The Tribuneship did violate with scorne,
Which our fore-fathers (free) in time of peace
Advis'dly had inviolable sworne.
Did he not once appropriate (swolne with wrath)
The publike treasure to his private use ?
And to the Tribune boldly threatned death,
Who did resist, griev'd at that great abuse.
Twixt *Romans* and a Tyrant what availes
A Covenant whil'st Right rests trod on thus ?
" Who can build further when the ground once fails ?
Could we save him who sought to ruine us ?
Cic. So absolutely good no man remaines,
Whose naturall weaknesse may not him o're-come ;
" Even Vertues dye from Vice may take some staines,
" And worthy minds may of grosse faults have some :

2609 EI. Whilst all deceiuers feard to 2611 E. in *Libia* and *Spaine* 2619 E. witherd hopes 2620 EI. When bent t'abide [I. to bide] 2624 EI. That [I. Who] durst by violence his body straine 2628 E. t'our scorne 2633 E. And to the sacred Tribune threatned 2635 E. Tweene Romans 2640 EI. weaknesse neuer him beguiles 2642 EI. mindes foule [I. grosse] imperfections whiles

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" As in fine fruits, or weeds, fat earth abounds,
" Even as the Labourers spend, or spare their paine,
" The greatest sprits (disdaining vulgar bounds)
" Of what they seek the highest height must gaine ;
" They (that bright glory may be so enjoy'd)
" As onely borne to be in action still,
" Had rather be (then idle) ill imploy'd :
" Great sprits must do great good, or then great ill ;
The worlds chiefe treasure which bright Rayes do arme,
Huge evill procur'd (though onely fram'd for good)
Till that fond youth whom his owne wish did harme,
Was kill'd by fire, and buried in a floud.
By rules of Reason whil'st he rightly liv'd,
When lawfully elected by the State,
What glorious deeds by *Cæsar* were atchiev'd,
Which all the world as wonders must relate ?
But when of right he buried all respects,
(As blinde Ambition had bewitch'd his minde)
What harme ensu'd, by pitifull effects,
We at the first, he at the last did finde ;
Whil'st like *Narcissus* with himselfe in love,
He with our bondage banqueted his sight,
And for a while (uncertaine joyes to prove)
With all our woes would sweeten his delight ;
How could brave men (with vertuous mindes) as those
Who of their Countries weale are jealous still,
But stoutly to all stormes their States expose,
The States destroyer resolute to kill ?
But since our freedome flows from *Cæsars* bloud,
Let us embrace that which too long we lack :
" Peace gives to justice pow'r, it, to all good,
" Where warre breeds wrong, and wrong all kinde of wracke.
This Citie hath experienc'd with great paine,

2647 E. They, that the crowne of glory may b'enioyd 2651 E. The glorious Sunne that golden raies 2653 E. The treasure of the world that doth most good 2653 E. Whilst on a time misgouernd did much harme 2654 E. Till th'ouerbold Coach-man fell amidst a flood 2655 E. Then whilst he by the rules of reason liu'd 2666 E. Would sawce with all our sorrowes his delight 2667 E. How could such gallant vertuous men as those 2670 E. So th'authour of their infamy to kill

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What guilty troubles rise from civill strife,
Which by her ruines registred remaine,
Since first the *Gracchi* gave contention life.
When *Scilla* once, and *Marius* (mad through pride)
Did strive who should the most tyrannicke prove,
What memorable miseries were try'd,
From *Romans* mindes no time can e're remove ?
Then last by *Cæsar*, and his Sonne in law,
What thousands Ghosts to *Pluto* were dispatch'd ?
Ah ! that the world those hosts divided saw,
Which, joyn'd in one, no world of worlds had match'd :
Yet with this wit which we have dearly bought,
Let us abhorre all that may breed such broils,
Lest when we have our selves to ruine brought,
In end *Barbarians* beare away our spoyls.
Chor. *Rome* to those great men hardly can afford
A recompence, according to their worth,
Who (by a Tyrants o're-throw) have restor'd
The light of liberty which was put forth ;
Yet (by due praises with their merits even)
Let us acknowledge their illustrious mindes ;
And to their charge let Provinces be given :
" Still vertue grows, when it preferrement findes.
Ant. Those barbarous Realms by whose respective will,
Of *Cæsars* Conquests monuments are showne :
As if they held them highly honour'd still,
Who warr'd with *Cæsar* though they were o'erthrown,
Can this disgrace by their proud mindes be borne,
Whil'st we dishonour, whom they honour thus ?
And shall we not (whil'st as a Tyrant torne)
Give him a tombe, who gave the world to us ?
Must his Decrees be all reduc'd againe,
And those degraded whom he grac'd of late,
As worthy men unworthily did gaine
Their roomes of reputation in the State ?

2676 E. Th'all-burdning troubles of intestine strife 2680 EI. Seemd but to striue who most tyrannicke prou'd 2682 EI. can neuer be remou'd 2685 E. Let vs abhorre th'apparance of such broiles 2696 EI. Let vs illustrate their

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As if a Tyrant we him damne so soone,
And for his murd'rers do rewards devise,
Then what he did, must likewise be undone,
For which I feare, a foule confusion rise.
Chor. Ah! (brave *Antonius*) sow not seeds of warre,
And if thou alwayes do'st delight in armes,
The haughty *Parthians* yet undaunted are,
Which may give thee great praise, and us no harmes.
Detest in time th'abhominable broils,
For which no Conquerour to triumph hath com'd,
Whil'st this wretch'd Towne (which still some party spoils)
Must loath the Victor, and lament th'o're-com'd:
And shall we still contend against all good,
To make the yoke where we should bound abide?
Must still the Commons sacrifize their bloud,
As onely borne to serve the great mens pride?
Ant. Whil'st I the depths of my affection sound,
And reade but th'obligations which I owe,
I finde my selfe by oaths, and duty bound,
All *Cæsars* foes, or then my selfe t'ore-throw.
But when I weigh what to the State belongs,
That ought to plague no passion shall get place,
Then I with griefe digesting private wrongs,
Will arme my selfe to give my Countrey peace.
Yet while my thoughts of this last purpose muse,
I altogether dis-assent from this,
That *Cæsars* fame, or body we abuse,
To deale with Tyrants as the custome is.
Lest guilty of ingratitude we seeme,
(If succouring our benefactors thus)
Great *Cæsars* body from disgrace redeeme,
And let his acts be ratifi'd by us.
Then for the publike-weale which makes us pause,
Towards those that have him kill'd t'extend regard,
Let them be pardon'd for their kinsmens cause:

2645 2715 2720 2725 2730 2735 2740 2745

2722 L. Victor, mourne for the o're-com'd 2727 L. And onely reade what bondes to him I owe 2729 L. I must (no doobt) by oathes, and duety bound 2737 E. That we should *Cæsars* fame, or bodie abuse 2738 El. By torturing tyrants as 2743 El. of which we pause 2741 L. To haue him kill'd in some sort to regard

" Remission given for evill is a reward.
Cass. We stand not vex'd like Malefactors here,
With a dejected and remorsefull minde,
So in your presence supplicants t'appeare,
As who themselves of death do guilty finde ;
But looking boldly with a loftie brow,
Through a delight of our designe conceiv'd,
We come to challenge gratefulnesse of you,
That have of us so great a good receiv'd.
But if you will suspend your thoughts a space,
Though not the givers, entertaine the gift ;
Do us reject, yet liberty embrace :
To have you free (loe) that was all our drift.
So *Rome* her ancient liberties enjoy,
Let *Brutus* and let *Cassius* banish'st live ;
Thus banishment would breed us greater joy,
Then what at home a Tyrants wealth could give.
Though some misconstrue may this course of ours,
By ignorance, or then by hate deceiv'd ;
" The truth depends not on opinions pow'rs,
" But is it selfe, how ever misconceiv'd.
Though to acknowledge us, not one would daigne,
Our merit of it selfe is a reward,
" Of doing good none should repent their paine,
" Though they get no reward, nor yet regard.
I'le venture yet my fortune in the field,
With every one that *Rome* to bondage draws ;
And as for me, how ever others yeeld,
I'le nought obey, but Reason, and the Laws.
Cic. What fools are those who further travell take,
For that which they even past recovery know ?
Who can revive the dead, or bring time back ?
That can no creature who doth live below.
Great *Pompey* (now) for whom the world still weeps,

2747 EI. not dasht 2749 EI. So in your presence supplicants t'appeare 2762 E. misconster 2767 E. Though none themselues t'acknowledge vs woulde daigne I. Though none themselues vs to acknowledge daigne 2770 E. Though neither getting guerdon nor regard I. Though neither guerdon grow, nor yet regard 2778 EI. At least no mortall that remaines below

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Lyes low, neglected on a barbarous shore ;
Selfe-slaughtered *Scipio* flotes amidst the deeps,
Whom, it may be, Sea-monsters do devoure.
Of *Libyan* Wolves grave *Cato* feasts the wombes,
Whose death, of worth the world defrauded leaves ;
Thus some that did deserve *Mausolean* tombes,
Have not a title grav'd upon their graves.
And yet may *Cæsar* who procur'd their death,
By brave men slaine be buried with his race ;
All civill warre quite banish'd with his breath,
Let him now dead, and us alive have peace.
" We should desist our thoughts on things to set,
" Which may harme some, and can give help to none,
" Learne to forget that which we cannot get,
" And let our cares be gone of all things gone.
" Those who would strive all crosses to o're-come,
" To present times must still conforme their course,
" And making way for that which is to come,
" Not medle with things past, but by discourse.
" Let none seek that which doth no good when found ;
Since *Cæsar* now is dead, how ever dead ;
Let all our griefe go with him to the ground,
For, sorrow best becomes a lightlesse shade ;
It were the best, that joyn'd in mutuall love,
We physicke for this wounded State prepare :
" Neglecting those who from the world remove,
" All men on earth for earthly things must care.
Chor. O how those great men friendship can pretend,
By soothing others thus with painted windes ;
And seeme to trust, where treason they attend,
Whilst love their mouth, and malice fills their mindes ;
Those but to them poore simple soules appeare,
Whose count'nance doth discover what they thinke,
Who make their words, as is their meaning, cleare,
And from themselves can never seeme to shrinke.

2785 E. that merited 2794 E. of all that's gone 2797 E. And doing the best for that I. And vsing meanes for 2799 EI. Seeke not the thing which doth not good being [I. when] found 2803 E. It's best that reconioynde with mutuall loue

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Loe, how *Antonius* faines to quench all jarres,
And whom he hates with kindenesse doth embrace,
But as he further'd first the former warres,
Some feare he still will prove a foe to peace.
Now where *Calphurnia* stayes our steppes addresse,
Since by this sudden chance her losse was chiefe.
" All visite should their neighbours in distresse,
" To give some comfort, or to share in griefe.

Act 5. Scene 2.

Calphurnia. Nuntius. Chorus.

Calphurnia. When darkenesse last imprisoned had myne eyes,
Such monstrous visions did my heart affright,
That (quite dejected) it as stupid dies
Through terrours then contracted in the night ;
A melancholy cloud so dimmes my brest,
That it my mind fit for misfortune makes,
A lodging well dispos'd for such a Guest,
Where nought of sorrow but th'impression lackes ;
And I imagine every man I see
(My senses so corrupted are by feares)
A Herauld to denounce mishaps to me,
Who should infuse confusion in my eares.
O ! there he comes to violate my peace,
In whom the object of my thoughts I see ;
Thy message is charactred in thy face,
And by thy lookes directed is to me :
Thy troubled eyes rest rowling for reliefe,
As lately frighted by some uglie sight ;
Thy breath doth pant as if growne big with griefe,
And straight to bring some monstrous birth to light.
Nunt. The man of whom the world in doubt remain'd,
If that his minde or fortune was more great,
Whose valour conquer'd, clemencie retain'd

2816 E. And kindly the conspirators t'imbrace 2818 EI. It's fear'd [I. Some feare] he now be enemie to peace 2820 EI. By this last sodaine chance 2822 EI. to get some griefe 2825 E. That my deiected sprite still stupid dyes I. it still stupide dyes 2827 E. A melancholious 2842 EI. And fear'd to bring

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All Nations Subject to the Romane State ;
Fraud harm'd him more then force, friends more then foes ;
Ah ! must this sad discourse by me be made ?
Cal. Stay, ere thou further goe defray my woes,
How doth my love ? where is my life ? *Nunt.* dead. *Cal.* dead ?
Chor. Though apprehending horrours in her minde,
Now since she hath a certaintie receiv'd,
She by experience greater griefe doth finde :
" Till borne, the passions cannot be conceav'd.
When as a high disaster force affords,
O how that Tyrant whom affliction bears,
Barres th'eares from comfort, and the mouth from words,
And when obdur'd scornes to dissolve in teares !
Cal. Ah ! since the lights of that great light are set,
Why doth not darknesse spread it selfe o're all ?
At least what further comfort can I get,
Whose pleasures had no period but his fall ?
O would the Gods I always might confine
Flames in my brest, and floods within my eyes,
To entertaine so great a griefe as mine,
That thence there might fit furniture arise ;
Yet I disdaine (though by distresse o'rethrowne)
By such externall meanes to seeke reliefe :
" The greatest sorrowes are by silence showne,
" Whilst all the Senses are shut up with griefe :
But miserie doth so tyrannick grow
That it of sighes and teares a tribute claimes ;
" Ah ! when the cup is full, it must o'reflow,
" And fires which burne must offer up some flames ;
Yet though what thou hast sayd my death shall be,
(Since sunke so deeply in a melted heart)
Of my lives death report each point to mee,
For every circumstance that I may smart.
Nunt. What fatall warnings did foregoe his end,
Which by his stay to frustrate some did try ?

2858 E. And being obdur'd cannot dissolue 2864 E. *Ætna* in my breast, and th'Ocean in mine eyes 2865 E. That t'entertaine 2866 E. Thence might sufficient furniture 2875 EI. Yet though that thy last words my last might be 2876 EI. Which are deepe sunke within a melted heart 2878 E. That I for euery circumstance may

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He with his Gowne when cover'd first o're all,
As one who neither sought, nor wish'd reliefe,
Not wronging majestie, in state did fall,
No sigh consenting to betray his griefe.
Yet (if by chance or force I cannot tell)
Even at the place, where *Pompey's* statue stood,
(As if to crave him pardon,) *Cæsar* fell,
That in revenge it might exhaust his blood ;
But when his corpes abandon'd quite by breath,
Did fortunes frailties monument remaine,
That all might have like int'rest in his death,
And by the same, looke for like praise or paine :
Then *Cassius*, *Brutus*, and the rest began
With that great emperours blood to die their hands ;
" What beast in th'earth more cruel is then man,
" When o're his reason passion once commands ?
Cal. Whilst brutish *Brutus*, and proud *Cassius* thus
Romes greatest Captaine under trust deceiv'd,
Where was *Antonius* (since a friend to us)
That he not lost himselfe, or *Cæsar* sav'd ?
Nunt. The whole conspiratours remain'd in doubt,
Had he and *Cæsar* joyn'd, to be undone,
And so caus'd one to talke with him without,
Who fain'd a conference till the fact was done.
Then knowing well in such tumultuous broiles,
That the first danger alwayes is the worst,
He fled in hast, disguis'd with borrow'd spoiles,
For rage and for disdaine even like to burst.
Cal. The Senatours which were assembled there,
When they beheld that great man brought to end,
What was their part ? to what inclin'd their care ?
I fear affliction could not finde a friend.
Nunt. Of those who in the Senate-house did sit
(So sad an object sorrie to behold,
Or fearing what bould hands might more commit)

2956 EI. whereas his statue stood 2957 EI. As craving *Pompey* pardon 2962 E. And guilty alike 2964 E. t'imbrue their hands 2984 E. As greeu'd so sad an obiect 2985 EI. Or feard what further murdrers might commit

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Neere *Pompeys* Theater where the Senate was,
Where (when he had remain'd a litle space)
All the confederats flock'd about. *Cal.* Alas.
Nunt. First for the forme, *Metellus Cimber* crav'd
To have his Brother from exile restor'd,
Yet with the rest a rude repulse receiv'd,
Whilst it they all too earnestly implor'd :
Bold *Cimber* who in strife with him did stand,
Did strive to cover with his Gowne his head :
Then was the first blow given by *Casca's* hand,
Which on his necke a litle wound but made.
And *Cæsar* (starting whilst the stroke he spi'd)
By strength from further striking *Casca* stai'd,
Whilst both the two burst out at once, and cry'd :
He Traitour *Casca*, and he, Brother aide ;
Then all the rest against him did arise
Like desp'rat men, whose furie force affords,
That *Cæsar* on no side could set his eyes,
But every looke encountred with some Swords ;
Yet, as a lyon (when by nets surpriz'd)
Stands strugling still so long as he hath strength,
So *Cæsar* (as he had their pow'r despis'd)
Did with great rage resist, till at the length
He thus cri'd out (when spying *Brutus* come)
And thou my Sonne ! then griefe did back rebound :
" Nought but unkindnesse *Cæsar* could o'recome,
" That, of all things, doth give the deepest wound.
Chor. " Ah ! when unkindnesse is, where love was thought,
" A tender passion breakes the strongest heart :
" For, of all those who give offence in ought,
" Men, others hate, but for unkinde men, smart.
Nunt. Ah ! taking then no more delight in light,
As who disdainfullie the world disclaim'd,
Or if from *Brutus* blow to hold his sight,
As of so great ingratitude asham'd,

2924 EI. Did draw the gowne ouer [I. o're] *Cæsars* sacred head 2925 EI. But the first blow was giuen 2948 EI. As which would then [I. but] his life haue bitter fram'd 2949 E. Or then from *Brutus* blow t'absent his sight I. Or then from

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As one who neither sought, nor wish'd reliefe,
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Each to his house a severall way did hold ;
This act with horrour did confound their sight,
And unawares their judgement did surprise :
" When any hastie harmes un-lookt-for light,
" The resolution hath not time to rise :
That man on whom the world did once rely,
By all long reverenc'd, and ador'd by some,
None to attend him had but two and I.
Chor. " To what an ebbe may fortunes flowing come ?
Why should men following on the smoake of pride,
Leave certaine ease to seeke a dream'd delight,
Which when they have by many dangers tri'd,
They neither can with safety keepe nor quite ?
" The people who by force subdu'd remaine,
" May pitty those by whom opprest they rest ;
" They but one Tyrant have, whereas there raigne
A Thousand Tyrants in one Tyrants brest ;
What though great *Cæsar* once commanded Kings,
Whose onely name whole Nations did appall ?
Yet now (let no man trust in worldly things)
A little earth holds him who held it all.
Cal. Ah ! had he but beleev'd my faithfull cares,
His State to stablish who have alwayes striv'd,
Then (scaping this conspiracie of theirs)
He, honour'd still, and I had happy liv'd.
Did I not spend of supplications store,
That he within his house, this day would waste,
As I by dreames advertis'd was before,
Which shew'd what was to come, and now is past ;
Whil'st the Sooth-sayers sacrific'd did finde
A beast without a heart, their Altars staine,
By that presage my soule might have divin'd,
That I without my heart would soone remaine ;
But all those terrours could no terrour give
To that great minde, whose thoughts too high still aym'd ;
He by his fortune confident did live,

2994 EI. may fortunes full whiles come 3003 E. What though that *Cæsar* 3008 E. That t' haue his state establish'd alwayes striu'd 3020 E. whose thoghts could not be tam'd

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As, if the heavens, for him had all things fram'd ;
Yet though he ended have his fatall race,
To bragge for this, let not his Murtherers strive :
For, O ! I hope to see within short space,
Him dead ador'd, and them abhorr'd alive.
Though now his name the multitude respects,
Since murdering one who him had held so deare,
Whil'st inward thoughts each outward thing reflects,
Some monstrous shape to *Brutus* must appeare.
Iust *Nemesis* must plague proud *Cassius* soone,
And make him kill himselfe, from hopes estrang'd ;
Once all the wrongs by foes to *Cæsar* done,
May by themselves be on themselves reveng'd.
Chor. "Some, Soveraigne of the earth, would fortune prove,
" As if, confus'dly, Gods did men advance ;
" Nought comes to men below, but from above,
" By providence, not by a staggering chance :
" Though to the cause that last forgoes the end,
" Some attribute the course of every thing,
" That cause, on other causes doth depend,
" Which chain'd 'twixt heaven and earth due ends forth bring ;
" Of those decrees the heavens for us appoint,
" (Who ever them approves, or doth disprove)
" No mortall man can disappoint a point,
" But as they please here moves, or doth remove ;
" We, when once come the worlds vaine pompe to try,
" (Led by the fates) to end our journey haste :
" For, when first borne, we straight begin to dye,
" Lifes first day is a step unto the last.
" And is there ought more swift then dayes, and yeares,
" Which weare away this breath of ours so soone,
" Whil'st *Lachesis* to no request gives eares,
" But spinnes the threeds of life till they be done ?

3021 E. As him t'obey the heauens had I. As him to serue the Heauans had 3024 E. T'insult for this let not his murdrers 3025 EI. Some for th'earths [I. Earths] soueraigne Fortune striue [I. striues] to proue 3030 EI. As heauens their course confusdly did aduance 3042 EI. From heauen to earth that [I. which] chaind together hing 3044 I. or yet disproues 3046 I. or hence remoues 3048 E. t'our iournies end must haste

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" Yet foolish worldlings following that which flies,
" As if they had assurance of their breath,
" To fraile preferrement fondly strive to rise,
" Which (but a burden) weighs them downe to death.
Nunt. There's none of us but must remember still,
How that the Gods by many a wondrous signe,
Did show (it seem'd) how that against their will,
The destinies would *Cæsars* dayes confine.
A monstrous starre amidst the heaven hath beene,
Still since they first against him did conspire,
The solitary birds at noone were seene,
And men to walke environ'd all with fire :
What wonder though the heavens at such a time,
Do brave the earth with apparitions strange,
Then whil'st intending such a monstrous crime,
" Unnaturall men make Natures course to change ?
Chor. Though all such things seeme wonderfull to some,
They may by Reason comprehended be,
For, what, beyond what usuall is, doth come,
The Ignorant with wondring eyes do see.
Those bastard Starres, not heritours of th'ayre,
Are first conceiv'd below, then borne above,
And when fore-knowing things, sprits take most care,
And by illusion, superstition move.
Yet this, no doubt, a great regard should breed,
When Nature hath brought forth a monstrous birth,
In secret Characters where men may reade
The wrath of heaven, and wickednesse of th'earth
The Naturallists, and th'Astrologians skill
May oft, encountring, manifest like care :
Since th' one looks back, the other forward still,
One may tell what, the other why things are.
Nunt. Shall sorrow through the waves of woes to saile,
Have still your teares for Seas, your sighs for winds ;
To miserie what do base plaints availe ?

3056 EI. assurance still to breathe 3061 E. Did shew as t'were how 3068 E. Vp-braide the earth 3073 E. Yet if ought more than common custome come I. Though what doth more then commone custome come 3074 EI. It th'ignorant . . . must see 3084 E. May whiles r'encountring I. May whiles 3089 E. T'affliction

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A course more high becomes heroicke mindes.
" None are o're-come, save onely those who yeeld,
From froward Fortune though some blows be borne,
Let Vertue serve Adversity for shield :
" No greater griefe to griefe then th'enemies scorne ;
This makes your foes but laugh to see you weep,
At least these teares but for your selfe bestow,
And not for that great sprit, whose spoyls heavens keep ;
For, he no doubt, rests deified ere now.
Cal. I onely waile my life, and not his death ;
Who now amongst th'immortals doth repose,
And shall so long as I have bloud or breath,
To furnish forth the elements of woes.
I care not who rejoyce, so I lament,
Who do to darknesse dedicate my dayes,
And since the light of my delight is spent,
Shall have in horrour all *Apollo's* rayes.
(I will retyre my selfe to waile alone,
As trustie Turtles mourning for their Mates)
And (my misfortune alwayes bent to mone)
Will spurne at pleasures as empoyson'd baits ;
No second guest shall presse great *Cæsars* bed,
Warm'd by the flames to which he first gave life ;
I thinke there may be greater honour had,
When *Cæsars* widow, then anothers wife.
This had afforded comfort for my harmes,
If I (ere chanc'd abandon'd thus to be)
Had had a little *Cæsar* in mine armes,
The living picture of his Syre to me.
Yet doth that Idoll which my thoughts adore,
With me of late most strictly match'd remaine,
For, where my armes him sometimes held before,
Now in my heart I shall him still retaine.
That (though I may no pretious things impart)
Thy deitie may by me be honour'd oft,

3092 E. Though they from froward fortune blowes haue borne 3093 E. Let Vertue be t'Aduersitie a shield 3110 EI. That represented had his sire to me 3134 E. by me b'acknowledgde oft

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Still offring up my thoughts upon my heart,
My sacred flame shall alwayes mount aloft.

Exeunt.

CHORUS.

What fools are those who do repose their trust
On what this masse of misery affords?
And (bragging but of th'excrements of dust)
Of life-lesse Treasures labour to be Lords:
Which like the Sirens songs, or Circes *charmes,*
With shadows of delight hide certaine harmes.

Ah! whil'st they sport on pleasures ycie grounds,
Oft poyson'd by Prosperitie with Pride,
A sudden storme their floting joyes confounds,
Whose course is ordred by the eye-lesse guide,
Who so inconstantly her selfe doth beare
Th'unhappie men may hope, the happy feare.

The fortunate who bathe in flouds of joyes,
To perish oft amidst their pleasures chance,
And mirthlesse wretches wallowing in annoyes,
Oft by adversitie themselves advance;
Whil'st Fortune bent to mock vaine worldlings cares,
Doth change despaires in hopes, hopes in despaires.

That gallant Grecian *whose great wit so soone,*
Whom others could not number, did o're-come,
Had he not beene undone, had beene undone,
And if not banish'd, had not had a home;
To him feare courage gave (what wondrous change!)
And many doubts a resolution strange.

He who told one who then was Fortunes childe,
As if with horrour to congeale his bloud:

2133 EI. *Ah whilst they sport on pleasures icie ground* 2135 EI. *A sodaine fall doth* 2136 EI. *Of those that stumble after th'eielesse* [I. with the eyelesse] *guide* 2138 E. *To hope th'vnhappy, happy haue cause to feare* 2140 EI. *To perish whiles* 2146 E. *Th'innumerable army did orecome* 2147 EI. *Were not he was vndone*

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That Caius Marius *farre from* Rome *exil'd,*
Wretch'd on the ruines of great Carthage *stood;*
Though long both plagu'd by griefe, and by disgrace,
The Consul-ship regain'd, and dy'd in peace.

And that great Pompey (*all the worlds delight*)
Whom of his Theater then th'applauses pleas'd,
Whil'st praise-transported eyes endeer'd his sight,
Who by youths toyles should have his age then eas'd,
He by one blow of Fortune lost farre more
Then many battels gayned had before.

Such sudden changes so disturbe the soule,
That still the judgement ballanc'd is by doubt;
But, on a Round, what wonder though things roule?
And since within a Circle, turne about?
Whil'st heaven on earth strange alterations brings,
To scorne our confidence in worldly things.

And chanc'd there ever accidents more strange,
Then in these stormy bounds where we remaine?
One did a sheep-hooke to a Scepter change,
The nurceling of a Wolfe o're men did raigne;
A little Village grew a mighty Towne,
Which whil'st it had no King, held many a Crowne.

Then by how many sundry sorts of men,
Hath this great State beene rul'd? though now by none,
Which first obey'd but one, then two, then ten,
Then by degrees return'd to two, and one;
Of which three States, their ruine did abide,
Two by Two's lusts, and one by Two mens pride.

What revolutions huge have hapned thus,
By secret fates all violently led,

3155 3160 3165 3170 3175 3180

3158 E. *being from* Rome 3162 EI. *conquerd had before* 3170 EI. *Than in this* 3171 E. *A shepheardes Staffe did here t'a Scepter change* I. A Shepheards staffe did to 3172 E. *ouer men to raigne* 3178 E. *and t'one* 3182 E. *All by a secret violence being led*

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Though seeming but by accident to us,
Yet in the depths of heavenly breasts first bred,
As arguments demonstrative to prove
That weaknesse dwels below, and pow'r above.

Loe, prosprous Cæsar *charged for a space,*
Both with strange Nations, and his Countreys spoyls,
Even when he seem'd by warre to purchase peace,
And roses of sweet rest, from thornes of toils ;
Then whil'st his minde and fortune swell'd most high,
Hath beene constrain'd the last distresse to trie.

What warnings large were in a time so short,
Of that darke course which by his death now shines ?
It, speechlesse wonders plainly did report,
It, men reveal'd by words, and gods by signes,
Yet by the chaynes of destinies whil'st bound,
He saw the sword, but could not scape the wound.

What curtaine o're our knowledge errour brings,
Now drawn, now open'd, by the heavenly host,
Which makes us sometime sharpe to see small things,
And yet quite blinde when as we should see most,
That curious braines may rest amaz'd at it,
Whose ignorance makes then presume of wit ;

Then let us live, since all things change below,
When rais'd most high, as those who once may fall,
And hold when by disasters brought more low,
The minde still free, what ever else be thrall :
" Those (Lords of Fortune) sweeten every State,
" Who can command themselves, though not their fate.

FINIS.

3187 E. *Lo* Cæsar, *though being burdend in short space* I. *Cæsar*, burden'd for a space 3189 E. *t' haue purchasde* 3191 E. *raise most hie* 3197 E. *being bound* 3199 EI. *O what a curtine ouer* [I. o're] *our knowledge hings* 3200 EI. *Whiles closde, whiles op'ned by th'ætheriall* [I. the heauenly hoste] *hoste* 3204 E. *presume of it*

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NOTES.

POEMS IN COMMENDATION.

It is probably no accident that most of these poems which appeared at the head of Alexander's works are in sonnet form: the majority of them were written by members of James's literary circle, and their royal master had specially commended the use of sonnet verse "for compendious praysing of any bukes, or the authouris thairof" (*Reulis and Cautelis*, in Gregory Smith, *Eliz. Crit. Essays*, i. 223).

I. Io. Murray.—No notice of this John Murray appears in the *D.N.B.* Beyond the facts that he was cousin of Sir David Murray of Gorthy, and was a gentleman of the king's bedchamber, little is known of him. Bibliographers record no separate works by him; but he must have published a volume of verse, since Drummond of Hawthornden records one (now lost) in the list he drew up of the books presented by him to Edinburgh University (see the list which he had published in 1627 as *Auctarium Bibliothecae Edinburgenae sive Catalogus Librorum*, etc.). He contributed a commendatory sonnet to Sir David Murray's *Tragicall Death of Sophonisba*, 1611, and his verse was in turn complimented by Sir David in his *Coelia*. John Dunbar also praises him in his *Epigrammata* (pp. 82, 83). He died on April 11, 1615, as we know from a sonnet by Sir W. Alexander "divining his Death" some days before it occurred, and sent with a letter to Drummond on April 12 (Drummond's *Works*, ed. 1711, p. 150: the sonnet is in our edition, Vol. II. p. 540). The hint in Alexander's letter that King James was not a great friend of Murray's would appear to be amplified and confirmed by the references to his many troubles in Sir Robert Ayton's *Epitaphium Joannis Moravi*:

Huc quicunque venis, disce hoc ex marmore quam sit
  Invida virtuti sors et iniqua bonis.
Moravius nulli Musis aut Marte secundus,
  Post varios casus hâc requiescit humo.
Primum aulae malefida fides, mox carceris horror,
  Tandem hydrops misero fata suprema tulit.
Hydrops crudelis, carcer crudelior, aula
  Saeva hydrope magis, carcere saeva magis;
Unica mors clemens, quae hydropis, carceris, aulae,
  Tot simul et tantas finiit una cruces.

(From *Delit. Poet. Scot.* (1637), i. 72.)

We record the variants of Murray's sonnet, because they show that Sir William Alexander not only touched up his own lines, but those of his contributors: at least one of these alterations (l. 8) cannot have been Murray's, for he was then dead.

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II. W. Quin.—Walter Quin (1575?–1634?) was an Irishman who from 1595 onward was associated with the royal court either in Edinburgh or in London, either as preceptor to the young princes or in other household posts. He was author of English, Latin, French, and Italian verses; but his works have never been collected (for a list of them see *D.N.B.*). Naturally he was a close associate of Alexander's, whose verses in commendation of Quin's *The Memorie of . . . Bernard Stuart, Lord D'Aubigni* (1619) are printed here (Vol. II. p. 542). Quin's sonnet prefixed to Alexander's *Darius* is wrongly stated by the *D.N.B.* to have appeared previously in Quin's *Sertum Poeticum in honorem Jacobi Sexti* (1600).

Quin also wrote a poem on Alexander's marriage (1603); and he is probably the author of two sonnets on the same occasion, all preserved in the Hawthornden MSS. We print the poem here from *Archeologica Scotica*, iv. p. 234:

Epithalamium, on the Marriage of W. A.—J. Esk.
[*i.e.* Janet, daughter of Sir William Erskine].

Loe! heere a youth of yongmen paragone,
Loe! there a nymphe the honour of her sex,
By happye lot combind together soone,
By love, which doth not them by crosses vex;
For with delay the flower of youth doth waste,
O Hymen come, and knit this couple fast!

Yet never, Hymen, didst thou couple linke,
That was more meet to be together bound;
What ever thing praiseworthie wee may thinke
Both in their age and sex in them is found.
Therefore as they, and wee, thee call in haste,
O Hymen, etc.

Most comlye shape and feature doth adorne
Both with proportion like, and symmetrye,
And under planetes like, they have beene borne,
With manneres like, and vertues sympathie.
As hee, so she is gentle, wise and chaste,
O Hymen, etc.

To them both Phoebus and the Sisteres Nine
Imparte their heavinlye giftes aboundantlye;
To Him their sweetest dittyes they assigne,
To Her their sweet and pleasant harmonie.
Then, that this double sweetnesse wee may taste,
O Hymen, etc.

With sweet and heavinlye Muse allureth hee,
And doth content and please the rarest witts;
Her lute, with which his Muse doth well agree,
Of passionate mindes doth ease the raging fitts,
And cheereth such as into dumpes are cast.
O Hymen, etc.

Therefore since hee and shee so sympathise
In outward partes and qualities of mind,

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And in all pointes that may to loue entise;
As shee alone is meet his hart to binde,
And he to louse her maiden belt from waste,
O Hymen, etc.

Dame Juno, Patronesse of wedlocke's band,
Delightfull Cupid, with thy Mother cleere,
Bright Phebus with the Muses, be at hand
To grace and honour those your darlings deare.
And when from hall to chamber they be past,
O Hymen, etc.

Then lett not shame, nor mother's tender loue,
Nor pittye fond of any maide, her mate,
Hold backe the Bride from field, where shee shall proue
Victorious after but a small debate.
And when with Bridegroome's armes shee shall be claspt,
O Hymen, etc.

With fauour great of powers celestiall,
With Parentes blissing and especiall joy,
With kind assent of freindes and kinred all,
Without envious grudging, or annoy,
With loue and concord, that may ever last,
O Hymen come, and knit this couple fast.

The two Sonnets have never been published; we therefore print them from the Hawthornden MSS.

A Sonnet.

In wedlockes yoke now loue & Hymen tye
Two of the sacred sisters darlings deare
In whom the greatest glory doth appeare
Of their inuentiue art & Harmonye
His Muse which doth aloft like Eagle flye
To sharpest sight makes his perfection cleare
The hartes of such as heare her, by the eare
She rauisheth with her sweet melodye
Thus loue & Hymen patrones of Delight
Most fitlye joyne the Muses pleasant artes
When as those two in wedlocke they vnite
That matchlesse are for these & other partes
Which moueth loue & Hymen them to match
In spring of age & with so good dispatch.

Another.

Most worthye couple happye is your lot
Above all loueres fortune, since for ay
In flower of youth, & without all delay
Yee are combind & bound with Hymens knot
Strange is your hap that loue no sooner shot
Into your hartes his dartes, that wound & slay

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And with Mishaps mens rising hopes betray
But hee his balme applyes where hee you smot
What cause could worke this strange & rare euent
If not that th'one of you with heunlye Muse,
And th'other with harmonious Instruments,
Doth let him that hee can no rigour vse,
Had so him charmed with wonderfull delight
As for Reward hee doth you thus requite.

Alexander's poem to Quin will be found in our Vol. II. p. 542.

III. Sir Robert Ayton (or Aytoun) (1570–1638) was another of James's scholarly courtiers who rose in the world by the facility of his Latin verse. He first caught the king's notice by a Latin poem on his accession to the English throne, and from that time onwards held various lucrative posts at court. By virtue of his *Diophantus and Charidora*, published just before the death of Elizabeth, Aytoun is considered to have preceded Alexander as the first Scottish poet to write English verse. His Latin poems were printed in *Delit. Poet. Scot.* (1637), from which they are reprinted in Charles Rogers's *Poems of Sir R. Aytoun* (Edinburgh, 1844), which also contains his English poems. The same editor reprinted the English poems in 1871 as *Poems of Sir R. Aytoun with a Memoir from Original Sources* (issued both privately and also as part of the *Transactions of the Historical Society of Great Britain*). Aytoun is buried in Westminster Abbey, beneath a marble and copper monument.

IV. I. Cockburne.—James Cockburne's poems seem to have disappeared entirely. M'Crie in his *Life of Andrew Melville* (1819) mentions two "scarce pieces" of his, "Gabriel's Salvtation to Marie. Made by James Cockbvrne," and "Jvdas Kisse to the Sonne of Marie," both printed at Edinburgh by Robert Charteris, 1605. Irving also knew both the poems, and we print the lines to Alexander from his *History of Scottish Poetry*, ed. 1861, p. 485. But since that time all traces of the volumes are lost, Dickson and Edmond (*Annals of Scottish Printing*) describing them at second hand only, as does also H. G. Aldis in *A List of Books printed in Scotland before 1700* (1904).

V. John Davies of Hereford (1565?–1618) is too well known to need a note here. He was a member—probably on the outer fringes—of the Pembroke circle with which our academic Senecans are associated. The lines to Alexander are from his *Scourge of Folly. Consisting of satyricall Epigramms and others in Honor of many noble and worthy Persons of our Land*, etc. He is said to have written other lines to Alexander in his last work, *Wit's Bedlam* (1617), but since the beginning of the nineteenth century all copies of this seem to have disappeared.

VI. A Scottish version of this sonnet is printed from the Hawthornden MSS. in Kastner's *Drummond*, ii. 371:

Whidder braue sprit like Sophocles thow pranse
With crimson cothurne on a statlie stage
That glistring lamps and gazing eies makes glance,
Wailing the Monarches of the worlds first age;
Or Phœbus-like thow doth thy selff aduance,

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With dazeling Diamonds decke, and heaunlie sage
To make a day that sal not feare the rage
Of Times ay whirling wheeles, nor fates nor chance,
Phœnix with wings of wonder stil thow flies,
Praise of our Brooks, staine to old Pindus springs.
Thes who the follow wauld, scars with theer eies
Aproche the spheare wheer thow most suetlie sings:
Thocht Fame mong stars did Orpheus lyre enrolle,
Thine worthier is to blase about the pole.

For other verses of Drummond's addressed to Alexander, see below, Nos. vii. and viii., and p. 449.

VII. As this sonnet is addressed to James, it may have been intended to follow Alexander's dedication to the king in an edition of *The Monarchicke Tragedies*. As it surveys the course of all the four "monarchies," it probably was meant either for the 1607 or for the 1616 edition. In either case, its omission is explicable. The 1607 edition did not reprint the early plays, but merely reissued them, and therefore had no space for additional dedicatory poems. The 1616 edition has a dedicatory poem by Marino, probably secured unexpectedly, and inserted in place of an English poem previously intended for that position. If, however, Drummond's sonnet is to be dated 1607 it is amongst his earliest extant works.

VIII. These French verses are almost certainly Drummond's. A copy of them exists in his handwriting, and although they are not signed, their faulty versification makes it almost certain that they were written, not by a Frenchman, but by a foreigner.

IX. Robert Hayman (*d.* 1631 ?) is known only as an epigrammatist and colonist. Between 1620 and 1627 he was appointed "governor of the plantation of Harbor-Grace in Bristol-hope in Britaniola, anciently called Newfoundland"; and it would appear that he first knew Alexander as one interested in colonising the adjacent district of Nova-Scotia, of which the royal grant was given to Alexander in 1621.

X. William Habington needs no note here, except a remark that, from these verses, it would appear that at one time he contemplated writing tragedies on the Senecan pattern of Alexander's.

XII. R. W. may be Richard Weston (1577–1635) to whom Aytoun addressed verses (*Delit. Poet. Scot.* i. 73), who was knighted by James in 1603 and whose eagerness to be well thought of at court is said to have cost him his patrimony. But he is not known to have written Latin verse. More probably R. W. is Robert Wright (1560–1643) who was chaplain-in-ordinary to James; he is sure to have known Alexander, and was noted for the assiduity with which he cultivated those whose favour might increase his worldly prospects. He was first warden of Wadham College, later Bishop of Bristol, and later still Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. He is, moreover, known to have written Latin verses: he edited in 1596 a volume of Oxford verses, *Funebria*, commemorating the death of Sir H. Unton, including original verses of his own.

Other R. W.'s who may have been in touch with Alexander in 1616 are Sir Richard Wynn (a groom of the chamber to Prince Charles), and Robert Waldegrave, son of the printer of Alexander's *Darius* (1603), who settled in London after James's accession to the English throne. Sir Richard Whitbourne (*c.*1579–1626), the traveller and

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writer on Newfoundland, does not seem to have been acquainted with Alexander before 1621; moreover he left England in May 1615 on a voyage to Newfoundland, and seems to have been out of England for the next few years.

XIII. JOHN DUMBAR has escaped the notice of all modern bibliographers and historians of literature. But Tanner (*Bibliotheca Britannica-Hibernica*, London, 1748) adds a detail or two to a very short notice to be found in Dempster's *Historia Ecclesiastica* (1627). Dumbar was a native of Galloway, was educated at Paris and Toulouse, and became a teacher at La Rochelle (*Rupella*). Besides the *Epigrams* from which we quote, he was probably the author of a volume of Latin verse (*Poemata elegantissima*, lib. i.), of a book of orations, and of a volume of notes on ancient history.

XIV. ARTHUR JOHNSTON (1587–1641) was the most distinguished Latin poet of Scotland. He studied medicine in Italy and settled at the University of Sedan (1611). In 1637 he became rector of King's College, Old Aberdeen, and died at Oxford in 1641. He wrote Latin verse voluminously, and edited the *Delit. Poet. Scot.* in two volumes, printed, at the expense of Sir John Scott of Scotstarvet, in 1637. The project of publication was much older and it would appear that one of its originators was Sir William Alexander, but the editor then chosen for some reason did not fulfil the task: see Sir John Scott's letter to Sir David Lyndsay of Balcarres (April 5, 1615)—"At the desire of Sir William Alexander of Menstrie and mine, Mr. John Rea, our old minister, has undertaken the collecting and setting togidder," etc. (*Lives of the Lyndsays*, ii. 5). We have corrected our copy of his verses to Alexander from the reprint of Johnston's poems in Sir W. D. Geddes's *Musa Latina Aberdonensis* (New Spalding Club, vols. i. and ii., 1892–95).

XVI. ANDREW RAMSAY (1574–1659), after being a professor at Saumur, became an active minister of the Church in Scotland, being appointed in 1614 one of the ministers in Edinburgh and in 1620 professor of divinity in the University there. He played a large part in Church history, but generally displeased the extremer people in both camps. His Latin and sacred verse was extremely popular in the seventeenth century.

Space may be found here for a notice of other commendatory allusions to Alexander in the verses of his contemporaries:

(1) Drayton, *The sixt Eglog* in *Poemes, Lyrick and Pastorall* (1606?):

> and thou gentle swayne
> That dost thy pipe by siluer Douen sound,
> *Alexis* that dost with thy flocks remaine
> Far off within the Calydonian grounde,
> Be mindfull of that shepheard that is dead.

This eclogue is a lament for Sidney; it appeared first in 1593, but without the *Alexis* allusion. Although this is the first time that Sir W. Alexander is given that name (which Drummond frequently applies to him later), there can be little doubt that he is the person intended. Drayton was probably in Scotland in 1603 when Alexander was writing his Sidneian *Aurora*; and in 1605, Alexander's home at Menstrie near the river Doven is known to Samuel Daniel who celebrates the "bankes of Douen," where Alexander "meditates sweet notes" (Dedication to *Philotas*). Finally, Drummond himself (Letter to Alexander pr. from Hawthornden MSS. in *Archeol. Scot.* iv. 93) states that

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Drayton, "besides his loue and kindlye obseruance of your L., hath made twice honourable mention in his workes of your L.: long since in his Odes, and latelie in Elegies, 1627—'So Scotland sent us hither' . . . etc." The first of these "honourable mentions" is without doubt the one printed above: the volume in which it appeared contains odes, and has indeed *Odes* as part of its sub-title. The second "honourable mention" is the one given below, (2):

(2) Drayton, *Epistle to Henry Reynolds* (first appeared in *The Battaile of Agincourt . . . Elegies upon sundrie occasions* (1627):

So *Scotland* sent vs hither for our owne
That man whose name I ever would haue knowne
To stand by mine, that most ingenious knight,
My *Alexander*, to whom in his right
I want extreamely, yet in speaking thus
I doe but shew the loue that was twixt vs,
And not his numbers which were brave and hie,
So like his mind was his cleare Poesie;
And my deare *Drummond*, to whom much I owe
For his much loue, and proud I was to know
His poesie, for which two worthy men
I *Menstry* still shall loue, and *Hauthorne-den*.

(3) William Lithgow [the traveller], *The Pilgrimes Farewell to his native Country of Scotland* (Edinburgh, 1618):

Amongst these long goodnights, farewell! yee poets deare:
Grave *Menstrie*, true Castalian fire, quicke Drummond in his spheare.
Brave Murray, ah! is dead; Aiton supplies his place,
And Alen's high Pernassian veine rare poems doth embrace.
There's manie moe well knowne, whome I cannot explaine,
And Gordon, Semple, Maxwell too, have the Pernassian veine;
And yee colledgians all, the fruites of learning gave,
To you I consecrate my love, enstalde amongst the lave.

Alexander's poem to Lithgow will be found in our Vol. II. p. 542.

(4) Besides the Commendatory Poems printed in the text, Drummond of Hawthornden (as *Damon*) addressed a sonnet to Alexander (as *Alexis*), which is given in Drummond's poems, ed. Kastner, ii. 106. He wrote also a pastoral elegy on the death of Alexander's son, Antony (*ibid.* ii. pp. 137 ff.). In addition he alludes to Alexander's sonnets in a short poem *The unkindnesse of Rora* (*ibid.* i. 118), and refers to him again as Alexis in *Teares on the Death of Mœliades* (*ibid.* i. 78). Six poems of Alexander's addressed to Drummond will be found in our Vol. II. pp. 539-543.

(5) Other allusions in contemporary verse are: Samuel Daniel, *Philotas* (Epistle dedicatory) (1605):

And though you have a Swannet of your owne,
Within the bankes of *Douen* meditates
Sweet notes to you, and unto your renowne
The glory of his Musicke dedicates,
And in a lofty tune is set to sound
The deepe reports of sullen Tragedies . . .

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G. Lauder, *Damon, or a Pastoral Elegy on the death of his honoured friend William Drummond of Hawthornden* (first printed, Drummond's *Works*, ed. 1711, pp. xii ff.):

> Ay me! why have not I old *Ayton's* Vein?
> Or great *Alexis* stately Tragick strain?

And lastly, we have (not exactly commendatory) King James's sonnet (printed from MS. in Westcott, *New Poems of James I.*; another version from a different MS. is given in Rogers, *Memorials of the Earl of Stirling*, i. 48-49):

A Sonnett on Sr William Alexander's Harshe verses after the Ingliche fasone.

> Hould hould your hand, hould, mercy, mercy, spare
> Those sacred nine that nurst you many a yeare
> Full oft alas with comfort and with care
> Wee bath'd you in Castalias fountaine cleare
> Then on our winges aloft wee did you beare
> And set you on our stately forked hill
> Where you our heavnly harmonyes did heare
> The rockes resoundinge with there Echoes still
> Although your neighbours have conspir'd to spill
> That art which did the Laurel crowne obtaine
> And borowing from the raven there ragged quill
> Bewray there harsh, hard trotting tumbling wayne
> Such hamringe hard the metalls hard require
> Our songs are fil'd with smoothly flowing fire.

The allusion in the last two lines is partly explained by the title in the MS. from which Rogers prints "The Complainte of the Muses to Alexander upon him selfe, for his ingratitude towardes them, by hurting them with his hard hammered wordes, fitter to be used upon his mineralles." Sir William Alexander speculated unsuccessfully in the attempt to discover gold and silver mines in Scotland; in 1613 the king granted him (with others) a patent to exploit a silver mine at Hilderston, near Linlithgow.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTIE.

3. ADE. ingines, Scots, 'geniuses,' 'minds': O.F. *engin, engien.*

19-20. The World . . . rimes. Birrel's *Diarey* records that on the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603 "all the haill comons of Scotland that had rede or understanding, wer daylie speiking and exponeing of Thomas Rymer [who of course *floruit* c. 1280, "three hundreth yeeres" before] hes prophesee and of uther prophesies quhilk wer prophesied in auld times." So general was the interest that Waldegrave printed "The Whole Prophesies of Scotland, England, and somepart of France and Denmark, prophesied by mervellous Merling, Beid, Bertlingtoun, Thomas Rymour, Waldhave, &c., all according in one" (Edinburgh, 1603): the point in which they "accorded in one" being, of course, the forecast of the inheritance of England by James, who fulfilled the conditions foretold by being born of a "French wife" and "of the Bruce's blood as near as the ninth degree." As well as in Alexander, allusions to the prophesies occur in Drummond and in Spottiswood. (See Chambers, *Domestic Annals*, i. 16 and 377 ff., and Irving, *History of Scottish Poetry*, ed. 1861, 45 ff.)

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21. **cleeres**, 'makes clear.' This is one of the very few instances of Alexander's retention of a common Scotticism, the *-s* form of the plural verb. Its use here is largely accidental, since in the I version the syntax is normal. See note to *Croesus*, l. 2082.

23. **thou might**. Alexander fairly frequently in the early versions uses irregular or provincial forms of the 2nd person of the verb, but usually he corrects them in revisions after E (after 1607); cf. *Croesus* 1187 DE. thou notes (IJ. amazement notes), *ibid.* DE. 1292 thou did (IJ. thou beginst); *Caesar* 1577 E. thou may (IJ. may'st), *ibid.* 1615 E. thou would (IJ. would'st), *ibid.* 2218 E. thou does (IJ. thou dost), *ibid.* 2247 E. comes thou (IJ. com'st thou). But occasionally, as in the present line, the anomaly remains in I; cf. *Croesus* 1225 DEI. thou found (J. foundst), *Caesar* 1420 I. thou keepes (J. keep'st).

38. **world of worlds**. This is misprinted world of words in *Recreations with the Muses* (1637) and in the 1870–72 Glasgow edition. But the I reading is definite: the phrase also occurs in *Julius Caesar* 2686.

64. **Rampiers**, 'ramparts,' in an obsolete sense applied especially to barriers of, or for, water, 'dams.' In *Doomesday* iii. st. 81 Alexander talks of the Ocean as conceived by the ancients, a river "entrenching the solid round," and so describes it as a "raging rampire."

72. DE. **wrack**, 'ruin,' 'destroy.' Although the verbal sense still survives in Scots, Alexander's revisions indicate that he suspected that it was a provincialism: he rejects it from *Croesus* 54. He is, however, not as suspicious of the substantival form; although even with that, he rejects as a rule the form *wrack(e)* (except in *Croesus* 2487 and in *Caesar* 2674), but he is fond of the form *wreake* as a substantive with exactly the same sense (cf. *Alex. Trag.* 3086, etc.), and the rhyme shows that he pronounces it as *wrack*.

73 f. This invitation to James to start a Christian Crusade is not as strange as may first appear. The Scots were apparently often stirred by similar appeals. Thus Thomas Maitland, brother of Chancellor Maitland, addressed to his eldest brother William, who played a large part in Scottish politics, a treatise "On Undertaking War against the Turks" (see the dedicatory poem prefixed to it, especially the concluding passage, beginning

> Ardeo Christicolas armare in praelia reges,
> Inque pharetratos verbis accendere Turcas,

reprinted in *Delit. Poet. Scot.* ed. 1637, vol. 2, p. 171). Lepanto naturally reverberates throughout the period of James's life. The King himself wrote a poem on it, *Lepanto*, which he published in his *Exercises at vacant houres* (1591), where it is accompanied by a French version made by the celebrated Du Bartas (printed also as a separate leaflet *La Lepanthe de Jaques I.*, Waldegrave, Edinburgh, 1591). It is not unlikely that the appearance of a Latin translation of the poem in 1604 suggested to Sir William Alexander the call for a Holy War, since the translation was made by a Scot, Thomas Murray, who, like Alexander, followed James to London, and it was made in 1604, *i.e.* in the year Alexander added the present stanza to his dedication (see *Naupactiados, sive Lepantiados Jacobi Magni Britanniarum Franciae et Hiberniae Regis, Metaphrasis Poetica*, authore Thoma Moravio Scoto: reprinted *Delit. Poet. Scot.* vol. 2). Later Alexander flatters the King's poem grossly (*Doomesday* iv. st. 65), and Drummond hails its author as "him vho song the Turquish vounds" (ed. Kastner, ii. 274). Turkish interests meet us continually during James's reign. In the year of his accession to the English throne, Turk and Christian were grappling on the Danube; the same year Richard Knolles dedicated his *General Historie of the Turkes* to James; in a second edition

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(1610) he brought the story up to date, narrating the horrors of the war in Hungary, and in a preface inviting Christian kings to league together to end the menace; and other three editions were issued before Sir William Alexander died. Further, part of the festivities on the occasion of the marriage of James's daughter Elizabeth (February 13, 1612–13) was a mock sea-fight, depicting, at a cost of £9000, the rout of the Turkish navy by fifteen English pinnaces. Two years later (1615) the poet, George Sandys, published his *Relation of a Journey* in the Turkish Empire, and this was issued again three times before Alexander died. Sir William Alexander's, however, is one of the last pleas for a purely Holy War; he returns to it in his prose tract, *An Encouragement to Colonies* (1624), urging the "miserable follie of Christians" who fight each other and "neglect so great, so glorious and so easy a conquest." There are, of course, other outcries for a war against the Turks, pleading, indeed, a religious motive, but in fact also displaying more obviously political or mercantile reasons. Commonly, the main object is the protection of our Levantine merchants, often taken captive by Turk, Algerian pirate, or Christian turned Turk for the occasion: James frequently recommended churches to collect money for the relief of the captives. In 1616 Bacon, seeking to turn the apparently inevitable Spanish match to some good, suggests that it may lead to an alliance "utterly to extinguish and extirpate pirates," and "that it may be a beginning . . . of a holy war against the Turk whereunto it seems the events of time doth invite Christian kings, in respect of the great corruption and relaxation of discipline of war in that Empire; and much more in respect of the utter ruin and enervation of the Grand Signior's navy and forces by sea; which openeth a way (without congregating vast armies by land) to suffocate and starve Constantinople, and thereby to put those provinces into mutiny and insurrection." So run the instructions Bacon invited the King to give to his Spanish envoy Digby (Spedding, *Bacon's Life and Letters*, vi. 158); and later still (1622) he drew up an *Advertisement touching a Holy War*, urging a final effort to complete the "three noble and memorable actions upon the infidels" which "within the space of fifty years" have weakened the Turkish power. In 1658 Francis Osborne, in his *Observations upon the Turkish Government*, includes a section reprimanding Europe for not rising up against the Turk. Lastly may be noted a memoir addressed to Lewis XIV. by Leibnitz in 1672, urging him to the conquest of Egypt and the destruction of the Turk, instead of attacking the Dutch. The memoir was virtually buried in French archives until the Revolution: at the time of Napoleon's Egyptian schemes, an Englishman published a translation to prove that the French had always intended to seize Egypt (*A Summary Account of Leibnitz's Memoir addressed to Lewis XIV.*, London, 1803).

84. Godfrey's. Godfrey was of course the leader of the First Crusade and the hero of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, which was called *Goffredo* by its author before the revision of 1593. In *Doomesday* ix. st. 93, Alexander mentions again the Crusaders "immortalliz'd by ravish'd Tassoes muse."

87-88. to be, fear'd . . . of, 'to be feared.' In the sixteenth century the verb *to fear* generally retained its O.E. sense and use, 'to frighten' (transitive). Alexander almost invariably uses it so up to I (1616). Cf. *Caesar* 2126 I. to feare your foes, J. To fright your foes; and especially the past part. *feard* = 'afraid,' *Croesus* 1259 DE, *Alex. Trag.* 633 EI, 677 I, 3319 EI, *Caesar* 433 E, 2055 EI, 1105 EI, 2295 EI, 2305 E. But the usage was obviously in flux: once in E (1607) he has *to fear* in the modern sense 'to be afraid of' (*Caesar* 2102 E), and several times in I (1616) he [illegible]cts to that usage (*Croesus* 1259 I, *Caesar* 433 I, 2092 I). In J (1637) he [illegible]s all instances. Of in the present line is a survival of an instrumental use [illegible]n *fear* was used transitively; cf. *Croesus* 233.

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88. Then. It may be noted here once for all that *then* is the commonest spelling of *than* in the sixteenth century.

106. A rustlet. We do not find this word in any dictionary. The later substitute and the metaphor of the whole passage would seem to indicate that it means 'little stream.' It is probably identical with or formed from the French *ruisselet*, which has the same sense.

P. 7. To the Author, etc. These two sonnets will be found also amongst the *Poems in Commendation*. They are retained here as they occur in the *Recreations with the Muses* at this point.

P. 13. Al Potentissimo, etc. Marino's sonnet first appears in the 1616 (I) edition. In April 1611 Marino was imprisoned by Duke Carlo Emmanuele I., who had been led to think that Marino had satirised him in *La Cuccagna*. King James intervened and secured Marino's liberation in 1612. In fact, although *La Cuccagna* is Marino's work, it had been written in early youth and without reference to the duke at all. Perhaps Marino wrote the sonnet printed here as an act of gratitude to James.

CRŒSUS.

The dramatist takes the material for this play mainly from Herodotus, but he fills it out by drawing on Plutarch's *Solon*.

37. DE. conceited, 'imagined': an Elizabethan usage, much more common, however, in Scots. Alexander frequently employs both the verbal form (*to think, to imagine*) and the substantival form (*opinion*); but he usually rejects the verbal form on revision and retains the substantival.

105 ff. The allusion is to the device by which Solon circumvented the law forbidding any one to propose a renewal of the war against Megara for the recovery of Salamis. He feigned madness, and by declaiming verses in the market-place, incited his compatriots to war.

118. I. vagring, 'inconstant.' The Scots usage of *vaig*, 'to wander,' would make Alexander's Latin form appear less pedantic than it appears now.

159. seven-mouth'd Nile. This accords with the usual account of ancient geographers. Herodotus (ii. 17) names three main, two subsidiary, and two artificial mouths of the river. Diodorus simply gives the seven. An Aeschylean fragment has ἔνθα Νεῖλος ἑπτάρους, but Alexander was probably echoing Ovid's *septemfluus flumina Nili* (*Met.* 15, 753) or Virgil's *septemgemini . . . Nili* (*Aen.* vi. 801).

177. I. define: either 'set limits to' or in the archaic sense 'bring to an end.'

179. I, 180 DE. consters, 'thinks out,' 'understands.' For the form cf. *Croesus* 1557 DE, *Darius* 439 ADE, *Julius Caesar* 2763: as will be seen, Alexander removes it as a Scotticism in 1616 in all cases but one.

216. DE. extorse. A Scotticism now obsolete, 'to practise extortion upon,' 'to oppress' (from L. *extors*, rare p.pt. stem of *extorquēre*). The I version uses extort in the same sense (not given under that word in the *N.E.D.*), but in J it is rejected as obsolete; cf. *Alex. Trag.* 2500 EI (J. oppresse) and *Julius Caesar* 2193 E.

217. DEI. ouersyles, 'deludes,' 'beguiles,' Scots.

Act 2, *Scene* 1. The material for this is also taken from Plutarch—with an occasional echo apparently direct from Herodotus; *e.g.* l. 284 and l. 356.

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253. striv'd. Alexander regularly regards a number of verbs as weak, which later usage has accepted as strong; cf. striv'd (*Croesus* IJ 2314, 2437); driv'd (*Croesus* IJ 2822, *Alex. Trag.* 3308); sting'd (*Alex. Trag.* 932); throw'd (*Darius* 2070), etc., etc. Occasionally in revision he substitutes a more regular strong form where previously he has used a weak one; *e.g. Darius* 498 ADE. steal'd, IJ. stole.

258. DE. come. The earlier versions seldom have this, the more regular M.E., form for the past tense. Generally up to 1607 he uses *com'd* (past tense and past part.), but in 1616 he removes all weak forms (except *Julius Caesar* 2720). Both early and late versions as a rule, however, make compounds of *come* weak; cf. o're-com'd (*Croesus* 2912, *Alex. Trag.* IJ 192, 1321, 1820, *Julius Caesar* 2318, 2722).

260 ff. The metaphor is expanded from Plutarch.

262. portative. It is not clear what the sense of this is: perhaps 'carrying themselves,' a slight distortion of the more regular 'able to be carried.'

270. Again echoing Plutarch's words.

281. DEI. weale. Alexander retains this still-surviving archaism in the 1616 versions, but he relentlessly removes it in 1637; cf. *Alex. Trag.* EI 349, EI 702. In *Julius Caesar* 1346 E. weale becomes well in I and the normal substitute good in J. Occasionally, however, he retains the compound *common-weale*.

284. In Plutarch, Croesus says nothing like this, but in Herodotus (i. 30) he does.

319. decore, 'adorn': a not unusual word in Elizabethan English, but more common in Scots. It survives through all Alexander's revisions (except once, *Darius* 2087); cf. *Darius* 318, 466, 1288, 1354, and *Croesus*, 592, 594, etc., etc.

340. his, sc. (his) children; more frequently than in English, demonstrative and possessive adjectives are used without the noun in Scots.

339. DE. nor, 'than.' This is a regular Scots usage with the comparative. Alexander removes it from this line in the I version; but rather strangely he seems to invert the usual process of his revision by introducing the Scots usage for the first time in the I version of l. 919 below and of *Darius* l. 762. Possibly, however, he could urge that the *nor* in both these lines need not necessarily be taken as the comparative *than*: that defence, however, would involve extremely awkward constructions of both the lines.

350. horses. Both Plutarch and Herodotus have 'oxen.'

356. The DE version is nearer to Herodotus than to Plutarch. Herodotus says they fell asleep in the temple; Plutarch does not.

379 ff. This long speech of Solon's is very similar to the corresponding one in Plutarch and different from the one in Herodotus.

395. table-playes. *Tables* from mediaeval times was the name of *backgammon*; hence *table-plays*, games of chance.

Act 2, *Scene* 2. This scene is an expansion of five or six lines of Plutarch telling of Aesop's comment on Solon's words to the king.

438. randon. In both English and Scots the form *random* is only found after the middle of the sixteenth century. *Randon* is more regular, from O.F. *randon*. Although the word is used here in reference to a hawk, it has not the obsolete technical sense used in hawking language.

446. DEI. thesaurize, 'to treasure,' 'value'; *thesaurare* was the regular word in Scots legal documents for 'treasurer,' but the verb is not common.

470. impleasant. The *N.E.D.* marks *impleasing* as obsolete and rare, noting only two instances (1602 and 1616).

540. DE. scance, 'test,' 'scrutinise,' Scots. Cf. 1475 DE below.

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545. DE. **dote . . . with**, 'endow,' Scots.

562. DE. **baddest**: a regular form from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century, when the modern forms, both for comparative and superlative, which had previously been less common, became the standard.

564. Double negatives occur here and in 845 below in all versions; but Alexander removed two others (1259 and 1673 DE).

580. **first mover**: the *primum mobile* or the outermost sphere, invented by the older astronomers to bring their theories and the movements of the heavens into agreement.

583. **none only**, 'not a single one.'

606. **convince**, 'overcome,' 'conquer': an Elizabethan sense, now obsolete.

623. The printer of the *Recreations with the Muses* misunderstood the author's correction of this line, inverting the order 'could finde no accesse' and so destroying the rhyme.

630. **takes**, 'charms,' 'casts a spell on': a common Elizabethan use.

657. I. **to bragge**, 'to brave,' 'to stand against.' Alexander is very fond of this word, either in the sense of 'to boast' or 'to defy' or 'to threaten'; occasionally he uses it in what appears to be the radical meaning—'to make a loud noise' (cf. l. 1002 below).

675. DE. **brookes**, 'holds,' 'enjoys the use of'; cf. 1159 DE below. The *N.E.D.* marks the word as obsolete except in Scots legal phrases. Apparently it was felt to be tainted by provincialism in 1616.

702. DEI. **hings**. This form occurs at least eleven times in Alexander's dramas and is retained in the 1616 version (except once, *Julius Caesar*, 2224). But in 1637 he anglicises all instances.

Act 3. Alexander takes the story of Adrastus from Herodotus (i. 34-45).

739. DE. **vncoth**. An instance of a word rejected as provincial or archaic by Alexander, yet one which has persisted.

739 ff. The dream which is the subject of the first 100 lines of this scene is briefly given by Herodotus (i. 34).

784. **Secretary**. Herodotus, of course, has no such title for Adrastus. It is Alexander's exaltation of him to the place of the Senecan *Consigliere* or *Confidant*.

825. **Cœlia**. Herodotus has no name for her—merely mentioning that, dreading the dream, Croesus provided a wife for his son.

867 ff. The story of Adrastus' love is invented by Alexander to amplify the bald account of Herodotus that Adrastus had unwittingly slain his brother.

890. **like a Lizard**. By 'lizard,' Alexander is referring to the Salamander: the sense intended is what Francis I. of France intended when he chose for his crest a lizard in the midst of flames, with the motto *Nutrisco et extinguo*. The Salamander is also mentioned in *Alex. Trag.* 1013 and in *Caesar* 2438.

891. **wonne**: a Scots form retained for the sake of rhyme.

919. **nor**: see note above, l. 339 DE.

928. The sense is "the fair-seeming generalities were but cunning deception."

941. I. **depthly**. The *N.E.D.* does not record this form, but it may be a misprint; thus in *Aurora*, Sonnet 41, l. 2, **depth** is printed, whereas the rhyme assures *deepe*.

1000. **cleans'd**. This word, or its general Scots equivalent *clenge*, was the regular legal term for 'to exculpate,' 'prove innocent'; cf. *Darius* ADE 19.

1002. **bragge**, 'cry aloud'; see note to l. 657 I above.

1011. **weet**: the common Scots form of *wet*.

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Act 3, *Scene* 2. Alexander returns here to the story as told by Herodotus (i. 36-44).

1069. Obviously a compliment to James: it is a translation of his motto, *Parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.*

1116. DEI. **backd with**, 'with a following of': in Scots *back* and *backing* were used substantivally for 'a band of followers.'

1140. **degener'd.** The verb *degener* and its past participle *degener'd* (*i.e.* degenerate) are very frequently used by Alexander. He never removes them in revision; clearly the word had no provincial or archaic flavour in his day.

1158. **Coate**, in a heraldic sense, 'coat-of-arms.'

1165. DE. **salued**, 'healed,' 'relieved'; the Scots form of *salved*, giving, of course, the rhyme to *valued.*

1187. DE. **thou notes.** See note to *To His Sacred Majestie*, l. 23.

1212. DE. **eschue.** Alexander rejects this word generally after 1607, and finally after 1616. It must have had a taint of pedantry, yet it has persisted in common use; cf. *Darius* 777 ADEI, 2086 ADE; *Croesus* 1034 DE, 1212 DE; *Julius Caesar* 709 E. He retains it, however, in 2480 below.

1215. DE. **tent**, 'care': still survives in Scots and Northern dialects.

1223. **thou . . . stood**: a Scots usage here retained for rhyme. See note to *To His Sacred Majestie*, l. 23.

1242. DEI. **irkes**, 'distresses,' 'grieves'; originally (after 1300) found in northern M.E.: apparently suspected of being provincial by Alexander in 1637; but he retains it in 1742 below.

1250. Supply 'may' before 'infect.'

1257. **ougly**: an obsolete but formerly common form of *ugly.*

1261 ff. Herodotus, of course, has nothing of the following speeches.

1355. **Gyges fault.** Croesus was fifth in descent from Gyges, who (in a difficult predicament) had slain King Candaules and become King of Lydia. For this crime, the oracle announced, vengeance would be exacted in the fifth generation. (See Herodotus, i. 11-13, and i. 91.)

Act 4, *Scene* 1. This is largely expanded from Herodotus i. 44 ff.

1389. **barbarize**, 'act like a barbarian.' The *N.E.D.* quotes no instance earlier than 1648.

1408. **delict**: a Scots legal term, 'offence,' 'crime.'

1413. DE. **quail'd**, 'destroyed.' Though now obsolete, the word was in common use in this sense in Elizabethan English; cf. l. 1840 DE below.

1467. **Elysian Guests**, 'denizens of Elysium.' The somewhat odd description, 'guests,' may possibly be a memory of the denizens of Virgil's Elysium (*Aen.* vi.), who, as they were destined to a future existence on earth, might fairly be called guests of Elysium.

1572. DEI. **micidiall.** The *N.E.D.* has no record of this word. It is probably coined by Alexander from the Italian sub. and adj. *micidiale*, 'murder(ing).' The possibility that it is a misprint for *suicidal* is barred out by the termination *-iall.*

1574. *i.e.* to drown the sword with the very blood it has caused to flow.

1575-76. Inversion and contraction make the sense of these lines doubtful.

1576. **strooke**, 'struck': a common early form.

Act 4, *Scene* 2. Again Herodotus is the source—but he is treated freely. Sandanis is brought in by the historian to urge Croesus against a Persian war; but his arguments are not those of Alexander's Sandanis. Herodotus adds a line to the effect that, besides

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the ostensible reason for attacking the Persians (namely, the Scythian-Median quarrel), Croesus was also moved by ambition—thus giving Alexander the hint for his main *motif*.

1610. DEI. **weed.** Alexander hesitates about the archaism of this word. In 2285 below he removes it in 1616; in the present line he allows it to stand in 1616, but rejects it in 1637.

1623. DE. **innated,** 'implanted by [at] birth': this adjectival sense, practically equivalent to *innate*, was common in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries.

1659. **kindly,** 'according to the laws of nature'—a common Elizabethan sense.

1713-72. For a succinct account of these incidents see Herodotus, i. 73-74.

1742. **Did irke to,** 'were restless to,' literally 'grew weary to': an obsolete sense; cf. note to 1242 DEI above and to *Caesar* 529 EI.

1753. DE. **edg'd on,** 'pricked on,' 'urged on': not uncommon in Elizabethan English, especially in the form *egged on*.

1765. Cyrus was son of Mandane, daughter of Astyages, who had married his daughter to a private Persian, Cambyses, in fear of a dream that her offspring would rule over Asia. When she bore Cyrus, Astyages ordered his slaughter, but this was secretly avoided, and Cyrus was brought up as the son of a herdsman, whose wife took the name of Spaco (in Greek, κυνώ, 'a bitch'), so that the superstition of the Persians might be aroused by saying that Cyrus had been miraculously nursed by a bitch (Herod. i. 107-111, 122).

1783. DE. **choyc'd**: a regular form of the past tense of the Scots *to choyce*, 'to choose.'

1786. **Nor,** 'and although.'

1817. From l. 1844 below it would appear that Alexander is thinking of Ninus as described by Justin (i. 1), or at greater length by Diodorus Siculus. Neither of these, however, mentions his deification. But scholars of Alexander's day are greatly confused in their accounts of early history. Alexander may have identified Ninus with Nimrod, as many did. Many, too, identified Nimrod with Belus (Jupiter Belus) who, according to Isidore, was the Sun or Saturn; and others definitely identify Saturn and Nimrod. Again, Ninus was identified with Belus, although generally he was held to be the son of Belus, who in turn was the son of Nimrod. An excellent idea of contemporary opinion on these matters can be gleaned from Raleigh's *History of the World*, Bk. I. It is not unlikely that Alexander knew Sleidan's *De Quatuor Summis Imperiis*, which may have suggested the expansion of his dramas to a full scheme of four *Monarchicke* tragedies. Sleidan, like Raleigh, does not identify Nimrod and Ninus; but he says of Nimrod, "Primus autem Rex fuit," and of Ninus, "Monarchiam primus omnium coepit."

1834. **A Prince**: Sardanapalus, last of the Assyrian kings according to Justin and Diodorus Siculus. His effeminate manners and licentious life led the Medes to revolt against Assyrian domination.

1846-47. Herodotus specially records that, besides consulting the oracles of Greece, Croesus sent also to the oracle of Ammon in Libya, *i.e.* to the oracle of the great Oasis: hence Alexander's description of **Arabia's desart** is inaccurate. But *Arabia* was used loosely by early geographers, and *Arabian* often meant nothing but 'desert-like.'

1849. The substance of this speech is in Herodotus (i. 71).

1889. Caelia's speech is, of course, pure invention.

2000. **driry,** 'grievous,' an obsolete form and sense of 'dreary,' not uncommon in Elizabethan English.

2003. DE. **to dash,** 'to depress,' a sense surviving mainly in the past part. 'dashed.' Alexander, however, finally removes even the past participle from *Caesar* 2747 EI, although it survived the revision of 1616.

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2082. **brings.** In the plural of the present indicative it is common in Scots to find all persons taking *s* as inflection either when the subject is not a personal pronoun or when the personal pronoun (nominative) is separated from the verb. Alexander, however, even in the earlier versions, very rarely has this idiom. The present instance—*The heavens . . . brings*—is due to the need for rhyme (*springs*). Cf. *Darius* ADE 1578 (*vulgar wits sounds not*, etc.); *Julius Caesar* 3035, I version only (*some . . . strives*). In *Croesus* 2482 DE. **doth** may be meant simply as a singular form with a subject, which, though plural, is taken collectively. But the *-th* form is occasionally found replacing *-s* in the idiom mentioned above; it is probably due to analogy; *-th* is a legitimate substitute for *-s* in the 3rd person singular, and hence may have taken the place of *-s* in the peculiar idiom.

Act 5, *Scene* 1. Again the dramatist follows Herodotus, but with much expansion; then he turns to Xenophon.

2151. DE. **indenized,** 'became dwellers.' The *N.E.D.* quotes no intransitive use of this obsolete form, although it gives an obsolete intransitive sense of *endenizen*.

2152. **tapestred,** 'curtained.' In *Alex. Trag.* the form is **tapestried** (1352 EI), which, however, is rejected in 1637 for **curtain'd.**

2176. **even or,** 'even ere.'

2190. **reave,** 'rob.' The word seems to have fallen out of common use about 1650, although it had been very common from early M.E. Alexander, despite his sensitiveness to the fashion of words, retains it in all revisions both here and in *Darius* 1623.

2293. "They err who call fortune blind: she gave proof of her power of sight." **Fail** in the sense of 'go astray' is not uncommon in Elizabethan English.

2301. DE. **spighting at,** 'angry at': now obsolete, but common in Elizabethan English.

2304. **of rashness did . . . convince,** 'ascribed to rashness.' Many senses of *convince*, implying 'to prove,' 'to demonstrate clearly,' were common, though now obsolete. In l. 606 above it bears another obsolete sense, 'overcome,' 'conquer.'

2383. Herodotus says nothing of the Egyptian chariots: he merely mentions that, after the first indecisive encounter, Croesus withdrew to rally more numbers, intending to summon the Egyptians with whom he was leagued. But Alexander turns to another source for an account of the battle, viz. Xenophon's *Cyropaedia*, picking it up at vi. 3, where Abradatas, King of Susa (a former enemy but now an ally in gratitude for Cyrus' kindness to his wife Panthea), offers to lead the chariots against the Egyptian wing of Croesus' army. Alexander follows Xenophon very closely in the details: *e.g.* ll. 2396-2397 (*Cyrop.* vi. 4) and the speech in ll. 2399 ff. (*Cyrop.* vii. 3).

2387. DE. **backt.** See note to l. 1116 DEI above.

2454. DE. **spouse.** That Alexander should reject this word as an archaism may be surprising; but it is undoubted (cf. *Darius* ADE 655 and 726). Perhaps the A.V. of the Bible has preserved its common use.

2465. **quite,** 'punish' (?). *Quit(e)* in the sense of 'repay,' 'reward,' was common in M.E. and in Elizabethan English: it still persists in Northern dialects. In this line the style and the sense seem to necessitate the meaning 'punish,' *i.e.* 'make pay the penalty'; although it is just possible that *quite* may stand for 'acquit.'

Act 5, *Scene* 2. The dramatist returns to Herodotus (i. 79-80) for the description of the battle and the fate of Croesus (*ibid.* 84-89).

2482. DE. **doth.** See note to l. 2082 above.

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2573. DE. tooles. In the special sense of 'swords,' this, although common from early M.E., seems to have become archaic in Elizabethan days.

2686. DE. combure, 'burn up.' The *N.E.D.* quotes no illustration after 1613: the word was more common in Scots than in English.

2755. DE. in-wilde, 'debased'. (?). This seems to be a Scots form of a rare obsolete word 'to invile' (like It. *invilire*, given by Florio (1598) 'to embase'). The *N.E.D.* gives only one illustration—Daniel, *Musophilus* (1599), cix. In Scots, *wil*, *wyl* is common for *vile*. See *Darius* 334 ADE. invild.

2759. pretend to take, 'claim possession of.'

2812. DE. imbarked. The metaphor would seem to be "every speech was wrapped round with praises of me—as a tree is completely wrapped round with bark."

2834. DE. quaft. This also Alexander suspects of archaism and removes in the 1616 version, although his substitute carrows'd is now obsolete in transitive senses, whereas quaffed remains in use. He uses quaff'd, however, in *Darius* IJ 931.

2855. DE. danger, 'dominion,' 'power': the primary sense of the word, becoming archaic in Alexander's day.

2912. o're-com'd. See note l. 258 DE above. Other instances of this common word in Alexander's plays will not require a note.

DARIUS.

This tragedy is based on the story of Darius as told by Quintus Curtius. The scene is fixed at Babylon, whereas Jaques de la Taille fixes his *Daire* at Ecbatana. In effect, Quintus Curtius makes Babylon the headquarters of Darius after the battle of Issus (where the family of Darius was taken prisoner) up to the battle of Arbela; and most of Sir William Alexander's incidents occur within that period. After defeat at Arbela, Darius fled to Ecbatana, where he was preparing a final rally when the conspiracy led to his death. It may be noted here that the dramatist makes extensive use of the translation of Curtius made by John Brende, published first in 1553 and at least five times more before 1603. It may be that Creede's issue of the translation in 1602 drew Alexander's attention to the possibilities of Curtius as dramatic quarry. But no attempt has been made to distinguish between the original and the translation in the following notes.

12. admir'd, 'gazed at with wonder,' the primary sense common in Elizabethan usage.

19 ff. my courage, etc. Quintus Curtius records that Darius was in the middle of his host on a high chariot, and was the object of the Macedonian attack. To defend him, the noblest of his captains lay dying honourably about his chariot. But the historian adds, a little later, when Darius' horses were wounded, he feared to be taken alive. To escape unknown he leapt from his chariot, was set on a led horse and took to flight, casting his diadem away. Justin leaves out the chariot, but is a little more commendatory of Darius' courage: he is the only historian who says that Darius was actually wounded. But he too says that the flight of Darius lost the battle (Justin, xi. 9). The dramatist, however, can give greater praise to the bravery of Darius, because, as we shall see, he is really merging into one the two battles of Issus and Arbela; and at Arbela, Darius did display more palpable bravery.

19. ADE. cleng'd, I. cleanse, J. clear. See note to *Croesus*, l. 1000.

34. ADE. abated, 'brought low': a favourite word of the dramatist's in this

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sense (cf. *Croesus* 365 DE and 1625 DE). But evidently before 1616 he decided that it had not that sense exactly in English idiom.

69. **Cadusian.** In the war which Ochus, King of Persia, made on the Cadusii, one of the Cadusians challenged any of the Persians to single combat. Darius, then a private citizen, accepted the challenge, and won a victory, the memory of which led his compatriots to make him king on the death of Ochus. The dramatist got his details either from Justin (x. iii.) or from Diodorus Siculus.

83. **fancy,** 'love,' perhaps the commonest sense in Elizabethan literature.

99. **To pointlesse ciphers.** This metaphor is common, even in early English poetry: the reference is, of course, to zero, which, although of no value itself, increases or decreases the value of other figures according to its position. Cf. Langland, *Rich. Redeles*, 4, 53: "Than satte summe, as siphre doth in awgrym, That noteth a place and nothing availith." See also below, 2183. If *pointlesse* is not merely repeating the sense of 'who but spend a place,' it must be one of the earliest references to the decimal notation in literature.

123. ADE. **recureles,** 'cureless': rejected also in 1998 ADE below. *Cure* and most of its derivatives is commonly found in late M.E. and in Elizabethan English in the form *recure*, etc. (Lat. *recūrāre*). The *re-* is not often found after 1680.

137. **tender,** 'take care for': this sense seems to have been in general use in Alexander's day, but it must have fallen out of use soon afterwards.

206. **villipend,** 'undervalue.' This was the common sense of this much-used word in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It was also occasionally used for 'to abuse'—the sense it usually has now.

210. ADE. **exeeme,** 'exempt,' a common Scots word in Alexander's time, now obsolete (cf. l. 713 ADE below). Many Scots verbs are formed, like this, from the Latin present infinitive stem, and not from the past participle as in English. Cf. *Darius*, 380 ADE. **exstirpe,** 857 ADE. **extermine,** 1925 ADE. **inunding.**

231. **Moe.** This form is commoner in Scots than *more*. As comparatives of *many*, *mo* = greater in number, *more* = greater in amount; but frequently *mo* is employed in Scots for all senses.

234. Charidemus, an Athenian who had fled from Alexander's army to that of Darius, had fearlessly told Darius that the Macedonian army, though inferior in size, was greatly superior in quality to that of the Persians. Darius in his pride ordered him to be executed immediately, but too late he repented. The incident is given by Quintus Curtius.

Act 2. Again the dramatist follows Quintus Curtius closely in the detailed incidents. However, he alters the order of the historian's narrative and condenses it by combining incidents. Quintus Curtius tells of three offers of peace by Darius, but the dramatist makes them one, although a line or two betrays their composite nature: *e.g.* l. 322 is part of the first offer; l. 396 is clearly from the third, which was really made not by letter but by a deputation.

269. **corpes.** This is strictly the correct plural. The singular in M.E. was *cor(p)s*, from O.F. *cors*, of which the plural was *cors*. The English plural was also *corps* up to 1750, although the now prevalent plural is occasionally found as early as the sixteenth century.

283. ADE. **preast,** the Scots form of 'pressed'; used in the obsolete sense of 'strove hard,' 'attempted.' Cf. *Darius* 849 ADE and 1314 ADE.

287. ADE. **sea-impyring.** The verb *impyre* (*i.e. empire*) is not uncommon in Elizabethan English. The *N.E.D.* quotes an illustration after 1637. Alexander

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frequently employs it (cf. 998, 1825 ADE versions), but he removes it for the 1616 (I) edition.

297. **he who**, etc.: Themistocles. Cf. *Caesar* ll. 3145 ff., and note on that passage.

334. ADE. **inuild**, 'unworthy,' literally 'debased.' See note to *Croesus* 2755 DE. **in-wilde**.

380. ADE. **exstirpe**. See note to 210 ADE above.

385. ADE. **patrone**, 'pattern,' from F. *patron*. In M.E. the accent was *patrón*; but in the sixteenth century it shifted to *pátron*, and was apparently pronounced *pátr'n*, from which the modern form is taken.

447. **cleare**, 'innocent.' Cf. note to 19 ADE above.

467. ADEI. **yornie**. Professor Craigie assures us that this must be a misprint for **yronie**, echoing Virgil's *ferreus somnus*.

516. **twixt six and seven**, *i.e.* 'merely governed by chance.' The many uses of the phrase, *six and seven*, *sixes and sevens* (occurring as early as Chaucer) are based on the language of dicing. The *N.E.D.* explains the phrase as probably a fanciful alteration of 'to set on *cinque and sice*,' these being the two highest numbers.

551. ADE. **vildlie**, 'vilely.' The *N.E.D.* notes this as a frequent form of the word, not only in Scots, during the years 1580–1650.

555. **A woman**: Tomyris. The incident is taken from Herodotus (i. 205-214). Cf. *Alex. Trag.* 2218.

Act 3, *Scene* 1. This scene is founded on the information, given by Quintus Curtius and Diodorus, that the mother of Darius (Sisigambis), his wife (Statira), his son, and two virgin daughters were taken prisoners.

596. ADE. **disastred**, 'stricken with disaster.' The verb *to disaster* was occasionally used by the Elizabethans; and Sidney has *desastred* (used adjectivally) in his *Arcadia*.

613. Oxatres is not reported killed by Quintus Curtius nor by Diodorus. They relate his bravery in defence of Darius, and tell that, after the death of Darius, Alexander the Great handed the traitor Bessus over to Oxatres for punishment.

679. ADE. **maine**. The rejection of this in 1616 is interesting. It was probably felt to be an affectation, since it is apparently not used of the *sea* until *c.* 1580.

679. ADE, 699 ADE, 701 I, 705 I, **pheere**, 'spouse,' 'mate,' generally written *fere*. Drayton uses the word in 1627, but probably as an intentional archaism. It seems to have gone out of common use about 1600, except in Scotland.

713. ADE. **exeeme**, in the literal sense 'ransom'; cf. l. 210 ADE above.

762. **nor**, 'than.' See note to *Croesus* 339 DE.

764. ADE. **pyn'd**, 'afflicted,' 'tormented.' This, the primary sense, is found in Old English, and was very common in Middle English; but it seems to have given place in the seventeenth century to the sense 'to become wasted from grief or disease.' Evidently Alexander hesitates as to its correctness: he rejects it from this line in 1616, but in 2201 below he retains it until 1637. In *Caesar*, however, he retains it even in 1637 in l. 234, and, stranger still, in l. 748 inserts it for the first time in 1637.

Act 3, *Scene* 2. This is based, with considerable amplification, on the brief account given by Quintus Curtius of the visit of Alexander and Hephaestion to the captive ladies.

783. **Mother**. The term is used by Alexander in Quintus Curtius.

788. **In taking him for you**. The incident is given in Quintus Curtius: but see Introductory Essay, p. clxxviii, *n.* 4.

805. **Impes**, 'scions,' 'offspring.' The primary sense is 'a young shoot,' 'a sapling.'

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The sense in the present line is marked in the *N.E.D.* as obsolete since the seventeenth century.

814. addrest, 'guided,' 'directed.' Although the sense is generally obsolete, it still persists in one connection, *i.e.* in relation to a ship, precisely as Alexander uses it.

836. ADE. in paund, 'in pawn.' The *-d* is generally found in the Scots, but not in the English word. Possibly the Scots form is due to a Germanic word (*pant*, *pand*, *pfand*, according to the language), whereas the English is derived from the F. *pan*—all having the same sense.

849. ADE. prease, 'press,' 'seem eager'; cf. 283 ADE. preast.

859. ADE. mot, 'must.' This is the correct form of the present tense (O.E. *mōt*); it survived in Northern dialects longer than in the South. When the Elizabethans use it, it is meant deliberately to be archaic (*e.g.* Spenser); and it is generally used wrongly owing to confusion with *mought* (past tense of *may*).

864. flourish'd, *i.e.* '[which has] bloomed.' To *flourish* is used in Scots for 'to flower,' 'to bloom.'

873-885. This follows closely the speech of Sisigambis in Quintus Curtius. The speeches in the remainder of the scene are purely invented, many of them without a hint from Quintus Curtius, in whose account Statira is mute and who here says nothing of the Alexander-Hephaestion discourse on love. This discourse seems to be suggested by the comment of Quintus on Alexander's behaviour some time later, when Statira died, the historian recording that her beauty had provoked Alexander, not to lust, but to glory.

914. This is Quintus Curtius, who tells, not, like Alexander in the preceding scene, of Statira Virgo, but of "*two* young virgins in their grandmother's (Sisigambis) lap." The dramatist, however, knew that one of these was called Statira, and that she later became the wife of Alexander.

919. ADE. assotted, 'become mad': apparently the word, which is common in Middle English, was beginning to be regarded as archaic.

922. ADE. to danton, 'to intimidate': a Scots form of 'to daunton'; like the Scots *dant* for Eng. *daunt*, in early Scots it is always spelt *danton*.

Act 3, *Scene* 3. It is first obvious in this scene that the dramatist rearranges the scope of the material of Quintus Curtius. The historian has nothing of the conspiracy of Bessus until after the battle of Arbela and very shortly before the last rally at Ecbatana. The dramatist compresses incidents. The material so far has been taken from the period between the battles of Issus and Arbela: he now brings in incidents which happened between the battle of Arbela and the intended rally at Ecbatana. In effect he has merged the two battles into one, although, by making Babylon his scene, and devoting the earlier part of the play to the Sisigambis-Statira incidents, he leads the reader into supposing that he is thinking of Issus only. But in this scene he takes us straight to the council (ll. 986-7) which Darius called at Ecbatana some time after the defeat at Arbela.

959. occasion. In the ADE text this has the sense 'opportunity,' which was commonest in Elizabethan usage. It was, however, being supplanted by the modern sense, in which apparently it is used in the IJ revision.

992. ADE. vaile, 'advantage' or 'advantageous means.' This sense appears to have fallen out of use in England before 1600.

998. ADE. impyre, 'rule.' Cf. 287 ADE above, 1825 ADE below, and *Caesar* 884 E.

1050. sooth . . . up, 'flatter by apparent agreement': an obsolete sense. Cf. *Croesus* 2330.

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1098. The allusion is to the old theory of medicine. The human body was constituted of a mixture of four "humours," which in turn were constituted of different combinations, in twos, of the four primary "elements" or "fluids," hot, cold, moist, dry.

1126. Hydaspes, the Indian river, now called Jhelum.

1144. ADE. im-paund, I. in gadge, J. in pawne. These alterations are a good illustration both of Alexander's sensitiveness in seeking verbal correctness and also of the apparent vagaries of "usus, quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi."

1146. ADEI. enambling. The *N.E.D.* does not record this spelling of 'enamelling': it is nevertheless common in early seventeenth-century Scots.

1154-55. ADE. Difficile, the regular Scots form in Alexander's day.

Act 4, *Scene* 1. Quintus Curtius and Plutarch alone mention the incidents which form this act, but Plutarch calls Tiriotes "Tireus, a eunuch." Again Alexander is compressing his material. In Quintus Curtius the incident occurs before the battle of Arbela. But in the details, and even in the very phrases of the episode, the dramatist follows the historian very closely indeed.

1172. ADE. ludibrious, 'derisive,' 'mocking.'

1208. ADE. wroken, a common early form of the past participle of 'wreak.'

1219. A. sponkes, 'sparks': still survives in Scots. The word is mainly Scots, although in one or two instances it is used by English writers *c.* 1580–1650.

1220. ADEI. ruth. Alexander's doubt about the correctness of this word surprises us. He evidently was very suspicious that it was becoming tainted with archaism. Twice he removes it whilst revising for the 1616 (I) version (*Darius* ADE 1972 and *Alex. Trag.* 1588 E); but he allows it to remain in that edition in at least three places (*Darius* ADEI 1220, *Alex. Trag.* EI 679, *ibid.* 3270). He removes it, however, in the J version in these three places—twice substituting pity, but in one case preferring rue (as a noun). In *Croesus* 1774 he has ruthful in all versions.

1247. A. tred, DE. troad. *Tred* is a contracted form of *tred(ded)*, *i.e.* a weak form. Alexander's vagaries as between weak and strong forms have been pointed out already; see note to *Croesus*, l. 253.

1248. ADE. recur'd: cf. recureles 123 ADE above.

1277. commodity, 'opportunity.' It is frequently used in Elizabethan English, if not quite for 'opportunity,' yet for 'what is opportune' in a slightly different sense—'advantage': so in Falconbridge's speech in *King John*.

Act 4, *Scene* 2. This very closely follows the account given by Quintus Curtius of the incidents at the council at Ecbatana, when Darius, some time after his defeat at Arbela, was rallying his troops for a final effort. The dramatist finds many of the speeches, both in substance and phrase, ready to hand in the historian. In the later part of the scene he disturbs dramatic probability by bringing in material which Quintus Curtius relates in the natural historical sequence.

1307. This speech closely follows Quintus Curtius.

1309. ADE. harrengue, 'make a set speech as in a forum.' The *N.E.D.* gives the *noun* as in use in Scots from 1450, but not until after 1600 in English. The *verb* is not recorded in the *N.E.D.* until 1660; it must, however, have been used in Scots.

1313. backe. See note to *Croesus* 1116 DE.

1314. ADE. Prease. See notes to 283 ADE and 849 ADE above.

1315. The dramatist omits here a phrase of the historian in which Darius laments his *two* defeats: this is necessary, as the dramatist has merged the defeats at Issus and Arbela into one.

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2183. Cyphers. See note to l. 99 above.

2184. ports, apparently 'gate-posts'; alluding to the employment of sculptured figures in that connection.

2201. ADEI. pyn'd, 'troubled,' 'tormented'; see note to l. 764 ADE above.

2221. account (ADE. accompt). Although the spelling is Anglicised, the sound is evidently retained to rhyme with *prompt*.

THE ALEXANDRAEAN TRAGEDY.

P. 234. The dramatist specifies no place as the formal locality of his scene, although he has not omitted this from his other tragedies. The reason is obvious. The incidents depicted stretch over wide expanses of place which no convention could possibly reduce to one. In time, too, the plot includes incidents covering at least seventeen years (323–306 B.C.); and they are too divergent in nature to allow of the convenient arrangement employed in *Darius*, in which unbroken continuity is secured by the merging of two battles into one although in reality divided by a considerable period of time. Difference in material, also, causes the dramatist in this play to proceed differently with his sources. Up to this point he has taken his story bodily out of the pages of one or at most two of the ancient writers; but in this play he draws from more various authorities and modifies the story of one by details peculiar to another. Thus in his *Argument* (p. 232) he names four tutors, following Justin, whereas Curtius only makes two of them tutors, giving quite different posts to the other two. It is not impossible, however, that had not Quintus Curtius broken off his account soon after the death of Alexander, our dramatist would have relied on him as largely and as extensively as in *Darius*; for the Senecan dramatist and the Roman historian of Alexander have many interests in common, and in fact the dramatist does take what of Curtius is available.

Act 1. The incidents drawn from his past life, which the Ghost of Alexander here recounts, are generally to be found in all the historians of his life; and so of most of them, the dramatist's particular source cannot be exactly specified. The play evidently is supposed to begin within seven days of Alexander's death (Curtius says the body was unburied seven days; cf. l. 4 in this scene).

28. E. ougly: cf. *Croesus* 1257.

31. E. auernall, 'infernal.' The *N.E.D.* quotes Gascoigne (*c.* 1578) for the use of this word as a noun. The earliest adjectival use given is 1660.

43. E. back'd. See note to *Croesus* 1116 DEI.

47. E. improue, 'disprove': a Scots legal term direct from Latin *improbare*, 'disprove'; generally found as *imprieve*.

59. empall'd with horror, 'wearing horror as a pall.' *Empall*, now obsolete, is occasionally found in Elizabethan English, meaning 'to put a pall on to.'

66. funerals. The plural form was used alternatively with the singular up to the end of the seventeenth century. The same usage existed in Old French; but whereas modern French now uses the plural, English prefers the singular.

69. by time, 'in good time', 'early': a common early form of the modern *betime(s)*, apparently falling out of common use about 1600.

71-72. Curtius merely records that Ptolemy did eventually take the body to Alexandria; his motive, to realise the promise of the legend that the land in which Alexander was buried would be all-powerful, the dramatist may have obtained from Aelian.

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75. **foots**: a plural occasionally found when the reference is to the linear measure.

84. I. **march'd**, 'bounded': cf. the use of *marches* for border-regions.

84. When the dramatist revises this line and introduces the *crown*, he is confusing the story of the unburied Alexander with that of the gorgeous decorations at his Egyptian funeral alluded to in 69-70 above as still to come.

100. This is an allusion to the celebrated story of Alexander's visit to the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, who claimed him as his son. The later allusions (109, 119, and 243) are too well known to need a note.

146-7. A minor detail betrays that the source of this incident was not Quintus Curtius, who says that Alexander drank *first* and *then* gave the falsely-incriminating letter to the physician. Plutarch, Justin, and Arrian give the story in the more plausible shape recorded by the dramatist. Diodorus Siculus does not mention the incident.

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2183. Cyphers. See note to l. 99 above.

2184. ports, apparently 'gate-posts'; alluding to the employment of sculptured figures in that connection.

2201. ADEI. pyn'd, 'troubled,' 'tormented'; see note to l. 764 ADE above.

2221. account (ADE. accompt). Although the spelling is Anglicised, the sound is evidently retained to rhyme with *prompt*.

THE ALEXANDRAEAN TRAGEDY.

P. 234. The dramatist specifies no place as the formal locality of his scene, although he has not omitted this from his other tragedies. The reason is obvious. The incidents depicted stretch over wide expanses of place which no convention could possibly reduce to one. In time, too, the plot includes incidents covering at least seventeen years (323–306 B.C.); and they are too divergent in nature to allow of the convenient arrangement employed in *Darius*, in which unbroken continuity is secured by the merging of two battles into one although in reality divided by a considerable period of time. Difference in material, also, causes the dramatist in this play to proceed differently with his sources. Up to this point he has taken his story bodily out of the pages of one or at most two of the ancient writers; but in this play he draws from more various authorities and modifies the story of one by details peculiar to another. Thus in his *Argument* (p. 232) he names four tutors, following Justin, whereas Curtius only makes two of them tutors, giving quite different posts to the other two. It is not impossible, however, that had not Quintus Curtius broken off his account soon after the death of Alexander, our dramatist would have relied on him as largely and as extensively as in *Darius*; for the Senecan dramatist and the Roman historian of Alexander have many interests in common, and in fact the dramatist does take what of Curtius is available.

Act 1. The incidents drawn from his past life, which the Ghost of Alexander here recounts, are generally to be found in all the historians of his life; and so of most of them, the dramatist's particular source cannot be exactly specified. The play evidently is supposed to begin within seven days of Alexander's death (Curtius says the body was unburied seven days; cf. l. 4 in this scene).

28. E. ougly: cf. *Croesus* 1257.

31. E. auernall, 'infernal.' The *N.E.D.* quotes Gascoigne (*c.* 1578) for the use of this word as a noun. The earliest adjectival use given is 1660.

43. E. back'd. See note to *Croesus* 1116 DEI.

47. E. improue, 'disprove': a Scots legal term direct from Latin *improbare*, 'disprove'; generally found as *imprieve*.

59. empall'd with horror, 'wearing horror as a pall.' *Empall*, now obsolete, is occasionally found in Elizabethan English, meaning 'to put a pall on to.'

66. funerals. The plural form was used alternatively with the singular up to the end of the seventeenth century. The same usage existed in Old French; but whereas modern French now uses the plural, English prefers the singular.

69. by time, 'in good time', 'early': a common early form of the modern *betime(s)*, apparently falling out of common use about 1600.

71-72. Curtius merely records that Ptolemy did eventually take the body to Alexandria; his motive, to realise the promise of the legend that the land in which Alexander was buried would be all-powerful, the dramatist may have obtained from Aelian.

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75. **foots**: a plural occasionally found when the reference is to the linear measure.

84. I. **march'd**, 'bounded': cf. the use of *marches* for border-regions.

84. When the dramatist revises this line and introduces the *crown*, he is confusing the story of the unburied Alexander with that of the gorgeous decorations at his Egyptian funeral alluded to in 69-70 above as still to come.

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substance or the expression of the original. *The Alexandraean Tragedy* draws from still larger varieties of material, and uses them much more freely. To illustrate the dramatist's manner, the sources of the following scene are given in fairly considerable detail.

348. **cicatrize**, 'heal'; a metaphor from the art of medicine.

360-369. These lines follow closely the argument of the speech in Quintus Curtius.

370. Antigonus does not appear at the council in either Curtius or Justin. The proposal made by Antigonus in the play is in Curtius, though with different argument, offered by Nearchus, who, as Antigonus here, is the second speaker.

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391. EI. **Nephues**, 'descendants,' with the same sense as the Latin *nepotes*. Up to the end of the seventeenth century it connoted a variety of relationships from nephew, niece, grandson, to remoter descendants.

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1020. Again the detail is from Quintus Curtius.

1050 ff. The reasons here given point to the change in source. Justin alone gives them.

1073. **deprav'd**, 'disparaged.' A fairly common Elizabethan sense, like the Italian *depravare*, 'to backbite' (Florio).

1084. The episode of Leonatus is brought in by Justin precisely in this context, and his story is told in the same way.

1090. E. **commou'd**, 'roused to passion.' In this and allied senses the word is restricted to Scots after *c.* 1600.

1167. **Agis.** This detail is brought in either from Quintus Curtius or from Plutarch. Alexander's words describing Antipater are in the last paragraph of Quintus Curtius' book—although they are not there specifically referred to the time of the siege of Megalopolis, where Antipater defeated Agis, King of Sparta.

Act 3, *Scene* 2. The scene must now be supposed to have shifted from Babylon to Greece. For the retrospect of Alexander's life and death the dramatist draws on all his favourite sources—Curtius, Justin, Diodorus, and Plutarch.

1320. E. **sliderie** (IJ. slippery): the E form still survives in dialects.

1334 ff. Roxana's account of her meeting with Alexander follows Quintus Curtius very closely.

1354. **Asia's Prince**, *i.e.* Darius. Curtius also alludes to the daughter of Darius in this context.

1364. **dited**, 'imposed,' 'commanded.' The *N.E.D.* marks the word as mainly Scots after 1500.

1394. **thrise Monarchs seat.** Babylon had been held by Nebuchadnezzar, then by the Persian kings, and thirdly by Alexander.

1412 ff. The account of the poisoning mingles details from Quintus Curtius and Justin. Curtius, like the dramatist, calls the banquet-giver Thessalus; Justin calls him Medius, a Thessalian; but the details of the poison and the description of the poisoned king are taken almost verbally from Justin.

1429. **With others**, etc., *i.e.* resolved to conquer in this battle, as in all the rest.

1433. Only Justin mentions this detail.

1438. This is an amplification of Justin's sentence: "Agnoscere se fatum domus maiorum suorum, ait; nam plerosque Aeacidarum intra trigesimum annum defunctos" (xii. 15).

1442. **come** (past tense). See note to *Croesus* 258 DE.

1454. **portentuous.** This spelling is occasionally found in the sixteenth century. The Latin has two forms *portentosus* and *portentuosus*.

1460 ff. The speech of Olympias is built closely on the narrative of Justin xii. 14.

1490. The poison is described (almost exactly in these words) by Justin.

1505-8. Here Plutarch's *Alexander* supplies the incident and the phrase.

1516. **throwes.** This was the regular form of the word until 1615 when *throe* is first found. But *throwe* is the usual one until *c.* 1700.

allow'd, 'praised,' from O.F. *alouer* (L. *ad* + *laudare*): in both English and French this form was identified with *allow* from L. *allocare*, whence the many senses.

1525 ff. This refers to an incident noted by Quintus Curtius. When Alexander's captains appealed to him to return from India instead of seeking other worlds to conquer, the king replied to them in a speech, ending with the expression that it would be the greatest fruit of his labour if his mother Olympias might at death be consecrated to immortality (book xi.).

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1532 ff. This account of Sisigambis, mother of Darius, and her grief at Alexander's death, is taken in all its details from Curtius.

1548. This detail also comes from Curtius, and with it the word *nephew* (*nepos*) applied by the dramatist to the *niece* of Sisigambis, whom Alexander had given in marriage to Hephaestion, when he himself married Statira, the other daughter of Darius. Hephaestion's death shortly preceded that of Alexander.

1550. **fleet**, 'swim.' This hyperbolical use is obsolete: the word itself is really the commoner early form of the modern *float*.

1568. **degener**. Cf. note to *Croesus* 1140. The frequent further occurrences of this word will not call for a note.

1650. **remord**. Cf. ll. 252 and 818 above.

1660. Lysander tried to corrupt the oracles to ease his way to the throne of Sparta.

1706. **humour**, 'character': cf. *Darius* 1320 ADE.

Act 4, *Scene* 1. The dramatist again follows Justin in the order of events: Justin's treatment of the war between Eumenes and Antigonus (xiv. 1-4) brings him quickly to the besieging of the army of Eumenes by that of Antigonus. This is the clue for the dramatist: he turns to Plutarch's account of this siege of Nora, finds it recorded that Antigonus sought an interview with Eumenes to arrange a truce, and that at the meeting they fell on talk of divers matters. So the whole scene is built up by rifling Plutarch's *Eumenes*; occasionally even the moralisings are taken over.

1918. **attemptive**, 'venturous,' 'given to bold attempts.' The *N.E.D.* marks it as rare and obsolete, citing only two illustrations, both from S. Daniel and both written in 1603.

1922. **Chus'd at the Musters**. The Musters were the official assemblies of soldiers for inspection or of recruits for introduction into service.

1938. **fact**, 'crime': cf. note to *Darius* 1480.

1961. This reference to the self-slaughter of the Cappadocians is succinctly narrated by Justin xiii. 6.

1967. E. **vindicatiue**. The *N.E.D.* marks this as the common form of *vindictive* from 1590 until 1690.

1973. It would seem that in this detail the dramatist is supplementing his account of Perdiccas by drawing on Diodorus Siculus xviii. 34 ff.

2017. Plutarch tells that Eumenes insisted that in his treaty with Antigonus the two sides should swear friendship not only to each other, but to the family of Alexander.

Act 4, *Scene* 2. As usual, the dramatist is following Justin in the order of his incidents: he probably chooses Lysimachus as collocutor with Cassander, because Justin goes on straightway to talk of the league between the two after the death of Olympias. For his material the dramatist draws on Diodorus xviii., but in the selection and compression of the details he is guided by Justin xiv.

2059. **then**. The sense is obvious when it is remembered that *then* is commonly *than*.

2069-80. Diodorus and Plutarch, but not Justin, recount the annoyance of Cassander when his father Antipater, at the point of death, appointed Polysperchon to be ruler over Greece and Macedonia, allotting only the second charge to Cassander.

2090. **Polypercon**. All the historians have Polysperchon.

2133 ff. The account of the death of Eurydice and Philip is taken from Diodorus xix.

2187. Diodorus xix. is again the authority for the death of Nicanor.

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2191. Iolas, Iollas, or Iolaus, was another of Cassander's brothers. The desecration of his tomb by Olympias is recorded by Diodorus xix.

2206. **a Towne** : Pydna.

2217. **widow'd Empresse** : Semiramis.

2218. **Thomiris** : queen of the Massagetae, who conquered and slew Cyrus the Great (Herodotus i. 205-214) : cf. *Darius* 555.

2239. **Pausanias** : the assassin of Philip.

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2393. **blesse**, *i.e.* 'blisse,' a common spelling.

2436. **she by hers**. Cassander's son, Antipater II., murdered his mother, Cassander's wife, Thessalonice (Justin xvi., Diodorus xxi.).

2500. EI. **extort** (J. **oppresse**). See note to *Croesus* 216 DE.

2559. **wight**. See note to *Darius* 1864 ADE.

Act 5, *Scene* 1. For this moralising scene the dramatist deserts the formal historians on whose narratives he has relied ; he constructs it out of Plutarch's *Phocion*, whom he knew to have been, like Aristotle, one of Plato's pupils.

2630. **Æson-like**. Aeson, the father of Jason, was rejuvenated by Medea's art ; she drew the blood from his veins and infused in its place a decoction of magic herbs.

2697. **forgoe**, *i.e.* 'go before.'

2709. E. **ougly** : cf. note to *Croesus* 1257.

2748. **Lemnian flame**. The island of Lemnos was sacred to Vulcan, who, as Homer tells (*Il.* i. 594), fell upon it when hurled from heaven by Jupiter. It was a volcanic island, and flames, traditionally associated with Vulcan's forges, were said to burst forth from its mountains.

2764. **His daughters marriage**. Philip was slain whilst celebrating the marriage of his daughter Cleopatra to Alexander of Epirus.

2773. **choos'd**. For the weak form of the past tense see note to *Croesus* 253. In the present instance there was perhaps confusion with the Scots verb, *to choyce* (past tense, *choyced*), which has the same meaning, and is used by the dramatist in *Croesus* 1783 DE.

2785 ff. The favours shown by Alexander to Phocion, and Phocion's reception of them, are recorded by Plutarch, from whom the dramatist takes his account.

2800. **furniture**, 'belongings in general' : one of the many common uses of this word in the sixteenth century.

Act 5, *Scene* 2. Diodorus, Justin, and Plutarch are the sources of this scene. Diodorus supplies the fuller details, Justin again is the model for the reduction of them to a simple scheme, and Plutarch lends the picture of Eumenes. Rather unusually, the dramatist takes the particulars of Eumenes' last speech, not from Plutarch, but from Justin. He combines authorities similarly in the later part of the scene ; the detailed horrors of the siege of Pydna are enlarged from Diodorus ; whilst the description of Olympias' death closely follows Justin.

2874. **prevented**, 'anticipated,' the usual sense in Elizabethan English : cf. 3106 below.

2903. **quite**, (apparently) 'quit.'

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2992. **Agiraspides.** The Argyraspides were a celebrated Macedonian legion of Alexander the Great's veterans, so called from their silver shields. Eumenes won them as allies, but secured the jealous enmity of their two captains, Antigenus and Teutamus; and ultimately was betrayed by the legion, who were bribed by the promise of the return of booty which they had allowed to fall into the hands of Eumenes' enemy, Antigonus.

3057. **moe**: cf. note to *Darius* 231.

3069 ff. Plutarch concludes his account of the death of Eumenes by succinctly recording the punishment inflicted on the traitorous Argyraspides.

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3135. **Philastrus.** This 'star-lover' is the dramatist's invention to hold out the promise of retribution in the time beyond the scope of his drama: naturally enough he pretends that Philastrus, whose function is to foresee the doom of Macedonia, is one of those prophets who foretold Alexander's death and whose prophecies Quintus Curtius reported.

3151. I. **Barbares**, 'barbarians.' *Barbare* was the usual substantival form in English up to *c.* 1600, when *barbarian* replaced it. But *barbare* remained as the more usual Scots form.

3190. **wreake**, 'destruction': cf. 3086 above.

3267. This detail is given by Justin.

3270. EI. **ruth.** On Sir William Alexander's distrust of this word cf. note to *Darius* 1220 ADEI.

3309. **Th'unwilling swords**, etc. A similar conceit occurs in the well-known passage, pilloried by Boileau and again by Rostand in *Cyrano*, of *Pyrame et Thisbé* (V. ii.), a tragedy by the French poet Théophile de Viau:

> "Ha! voicy le poignard qui du sang de son maistre
> S'est souillé laschement: il en rougit, le traistre!"

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illegitimate son of a concubine of Philip V., and the later, a supposititious child not of Philip's blood at all.

3412-13. These are very rare instances of unrhymed lines in Alexander's plays.

3465. **wreake**, 'destruction': cf. 3086 above.

JULIUS CAESAR.

The material on which the dramatist based this play is in one respect strikingly different from that he used in his earlier tragedies. *Caesar* is the only play in which he clearly makes partial use of dramatic, as opposed to historic, sources. Ultimately, of course, and indeed immediately, for by far the greater part of *Caesar*, he gets his material from Plutarch. But he also incorporates conceptions of some of the characters, and even the phrases they speak, from at least two dramas—Muret's *Julius Caesar* and Garnier's *Cornélie*. Indeed one might fairly say that he interprets the figure of his hero in the light of the hero of Senecan drama in general, and particularly of the Caesar of Muret and Garnier. His Caesar is the tyrant whose pride and self-confidence expresses itself in terms of sheer arrogance. He is, however, essentially heroic; and in Alexander, as in Garnier, his devotion to Rome, and his clemency to enemies, are particularly emphasised. In one respect Alexander's Caesar resembles still more the Caesar of yet another predecessor in classical drama, Grévin; for in both, the fear-stricken Caesar of the eve of the murder is a prominent *motif*. It has, indeed, been alleged (Ayres, referring to Lester, cited in Furness's edition of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*) that Grévin's is a definite source of Alexander's play. In the absence of Lester's arguments, however—his dissertation is still unpublished—the case seems by no means clear. The fears of Caesar, which constitute the main point of resemblance between the two writers, might surely have occurred independently to both of them. Moreover, Grévin was expanding Muret's *Caesar*. He found that Muret in Caesar's first speech mentioned the many dangers threatening the Dictator; only, however, to provide the hero with an opportunity for despising fear:

> "Mihi multa vates dira minitantur quidem,
> Suadentque, amicis ut meum stipem latus;
> At enim timere Caesaris nunquam fuit."

But neither in Plutarch nor in Suetonius is Caesar free from fear. Moreover, the very tradition of Senecan drama suggests, as the peripeteia, the fearless man reduced to fear. The probable conclusion, therefore, seems to be that Alexander drew his portrait without aid from Grévin. For the same reasons it would not seem likely that Pescetti's *Cesare* (1594) was known to Alexander, although both the Italian and the English play have prologues introducing deities. Indeed, if any suggestions beyond Plutarch's are to be brought in to account for Alexander's insistence on the motive of fear, they are more likely to have been Shakespeare's than others'. Yet it is impossible to detect marks of definite indebtedness to Shakespeare. But Alexander's debt to Muret and to Garnier is positive: its extent is indicated in the Introduction, pp. clxxviii–cxc, and other details of it will be pointed out in the following notes. It remains to be added that Alexander's borrowings from Plutarch in detail, and even in phrase, are so extensive that it has only been thought necessary to point them out in special cases.

Act 1. On the dramatist's employment of Juno see Introduction, p. clxxviii.

6. Ambrosie. This, a French form, was not uncommon in Elizabethan English, but was never so common as the form *ambrosia*.

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18. Diomedes mates: cf. Virgil, *Aen.* i. 39-41. It may be stated here that mythological and historical allusions abound in this play. It is not, however, proposed to include notes on the bulk of them. Many will be recognised by everybody at sight; others need only the giving of a name to facilitate reference to any classical dictionary. Occasionally, however, some peculiarity of phrase or use will necessitate a note.

31. haunting, 'consorting with': the limited application of the word to ghostly visitors was only beginning *c.* 1600.

42. remaine, *i.e.* remain in the same divine manifestation. The allusion is, of course, to the trick by which Juno caused the death of Semele. The jealous wife of Jove persuaded his paramour to beg him to appear to her (Semele) in the same glory in which he approached Juno. Jove unwillingly complied; but his thunder and lightning terrified Semele, and, the fire seizing her, she gave premature birth to Jove's son, Bacchus.

45. Rheas bosome, *i.e.* the earth, of which Rhea was the goddess.

93. the same mans sonne, *i.e.* Pyrrhus (Virgil, *Aen.* ii. 512, etc.).

117. Antenor. See Virgil, *Aen.* i. 242 ff., for the legend that Antenor founded Patavium (Padua). Colonists from Antenor's city are said to have settled on the islands of the lagoons, founding the city of Venice.

139. the builder, etc. The allusion is, of course, to the murder of Remus by Romulus for scornfully leaping over the walls which Romulus was erecting to enclose his city on the Palatine hill. It was, perhaps, suggested by Cicero's speech in Garnier's *Cornélie* (i. ll. 27-32): in fact ll. 23-36 in Garnier may be compared with ll. 137-140 in Alexander.

234. pin'd, 'tormented': see note to *Darius* 764 ADE.

Act 2, *Scene* 1. This scene is cast closely on the model of IV. in Garnier's *Cornélie*. The Caesar depicted, therefore, is very similar to Garnier's, who in turn is in the mould of Muret's. Particular resemblances in phrase not noted below will be found in the Introduction. It is perhaps worth noting that in the Caesar-Antony dialogue which opens Grévin's play it is Caesar who utters his fears, whilst Antony soothes him by contemning them: here (and in Garnier) Antony suggests care and mentions the need for it, whilst Caesar is merely the fearless conqueror.

373. In the *Recreations with the Muses* (1637) your is a misprint for you.

440. Perhaps this was suggested by Garnier's *Cornélie* (ll. 321-322):

> "Et que Romme t'ait veu trionfer à trois fois
> Des trois parts de la terre asservie à ses loix."

465. Æmathian plaines: the Thessalian plains in which Pharsalus was situated, the site of Pompey's defeat. The foregoing details illustrating the arrogant confidence of Pompey's captains are straight from Plutarch.

471 ff. These lines are explained by their source in Plutarch, which tells of "an ancient oracle which said that it was predestined unto the family of the Scipios to be conquerors in Africk": so Caesar, either to mock his enemy Scipio, or urged by real superstition, entrusted nominal charge of his army to a mean fellow called Scipio Sallution, who was descended from Scipio Africanus.

529. EI. irke of, 'are restless at': cf. notes to *Croesus* 1242 DEI and 1742.

579. Sibylla's books. Plutarch preserves the Sibylline prophecy that "the Romans might overcome the Parthians if . . . they were led by a king, but otherwise that they were unconquerable" (North's trans.).

589. villipends, 'holds cheap': cf. note to *Darius* 206.

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629 ff. This version of Caesar's employment of Antony to offer the crown as a test of public feeling is, of course, virtually Plutarch's; but in the drama it is somewhat glorified by the motive Caesar gives—which is not Plutarch's.

Act 2, *Scene* 2. The Cicero of this scene is modelled directly on the Cicero, not of the historians, but of Garnier's *Cornélie* (Act I.). Further, Alexander knows that he will later require Decius Brutus (Albinus) for the incidents of the murder of Caesar. He therefore introduces him with Cicero in this scene; but his Decius here plays a part for which historical sources gave Alexander no warrant. In effect, Garnier is again the model. Act IV. of *Cornélie* is a dialogue between Cassius and Decius Brutus (called *Decime Brute* by Garnier). In it Decius plays a part very similar to that played in the histories and in other *Caesar* dramas by Marcus Brutus (whom Garnier does not introduce at all): he is at heart ready to organise a conspiracy, but seems anxious to examine the whole rights of the case before finally committing himself. In all probability, Garnier presented him as Marcus Brutus and merely confused the names. Thus Alexander's Decius is modelled on a flagrantly unhistorical figure; and the confusion of his predecessor leads him (Alexander) to a certain amount of undramatic doubling when later the English dramatist brings in the real Marcus Brutus. He has then a Marcus Brutus hot from Plutarch, and a Decius Brutus whose prototype was (by confusion) the same Marcus Brutus of Plutarch.

635. Scilla's, *i.e.* Sulla's, as in 723 below.

726. evill-girded youth, with smooth-comb'd haire. This seems borrowed from Suetonius, cap. xlv.: "ideoque et deficientem capillum revocare a vertice assueverat [translated by Holland "and therefore he both had usually drawne downe his haire that grew but thin, from the crowne toward his forehead"] . . . Usum enim lato clavo ad manus fimbriato, nec ut umquam aliter, quàm super eum cingeretur, et quidem fluxiore cinctura. Unde emanasse Sullae dictum, optimates saepius admonentis, *ut malè praecinctum puerum caverent.*"

748. pined. The E and I readings (suting, having suted) look as if the sense of 'being pined' is 'having put himself to pains [to ingratiate himself with them].' For its regular sense, 'tormented,' cf. note to *Darius* 764 ADE.

831 ff. The description of the death and funeral of Pompey is taken from Plutarch's *Pompey*.

835. Possibly suggested by Garnier's *Cornélie* (ii. ll. 315-317):

> "D'avoir veu les yeux bas *tant de grands Rois barbares*
> Apporter à tes pieds leurs sceptres et tiares,
> *T'embrasser les genoux.*"

837. By one. Plutarch (*Pompey*) gives his name, Philip.

840. The Roman. Also from Plutarch's *Pompey*.

864. Possibly suggested by Garnier, *Cornélie* (iv. l. 1100):

> "Et de Rome César trionfe en Rome mesme."

917. Dost. Not often is the second person found for the third, whereas the third is frequently used where the second is more normal: cf. note to *To His Sacred Majestie*, l. 23.

984. wreake, 'wrack,' 'destruction': cf. *Alex. Trag.* 3086.

985-6. Probably the allusion is to Plutarch's description of Caesar's invasion of Britain.

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Act 3, *Scene* 1. The ultimate and in the large part the direct source of this scene is Plutarch (*Caesar* and *Brutus*). The distribution of the dramatic rôles, however, in this conspiracy scene varies considerably in the *Caesar* plays. In Muret's *Caesar* (and after him, in Grévin and Pescetti) Brutus is a convinced rebel before Cassius appears; and probably Alexander's model in making (as Plutarch and, with him, Shakespeare make) a scene in which Cassius is the first mover, is Garnier's *Cornélie* (iv. 1). In Garnier, however, the Brutus concerned is Decius, not Marcus (see note above at the beginning of notes to Act 2, Scene 2); but the substance of the argument in both Garnier and Alexander is not unlike in the parts where Plutarch is silent. Garnier, however, ends his scene at the conversion of Brutus, whereas Alexander continues it to permit the now convinced Brutus a few speeches mainly on the central theme, that his love of his country has conquered his love of his friend. This motive may, of course, have been constructed from a hint supplied by Plutarch (see note to l. 1143); but it may also have been suggested by the succinct expression of it by Muret (ii.):

> " At mihi et honores et semel vitam dedit,
> Plus patria illis omnibus apud me potest ";

or by Garnier (*Cornélie*, iv. 1125-28):

> " Je l'aime cherement, je l'aime, mais le droit
> Qu'on doit à son païs, qu'à sa naissance on doit,
> Toute autre amour surmonte : et plus qu'enfant, que pere,
> Que femme, que mary, nostre patrie est chere."

1111 ff. The argument of Cassius in these lines is straight from Plutarch's *Brutus*.

1143. **my fathers death**, etc. Plutarch (*Brutus*) mentions this incident *à propos* of Brutus's setting principles above private considerations : " it was thought then that Brutus would take part with Caesar, because Pompey not long before had put his father to death; but Brutus, preferring the respect of his country and commonwealth before private affection, and persuading himself that Pompey had juster cause," etc., etc.

1229. **of Cicero the ridiculous name.** The name was supposed to be derived from *cicer*, a kind of small pulse. Its use as a patronymic therefore denoted that the family was originally of mean farmer stock, just as were the ancestors of the Fabii (from *faba*, a bean). It may be added that Plutarch (*Cicero*) has an alternative explanation of *cicer* and *Cicero*.

1280 ff. This justification of the murder of Caesar, by distinguishing tyrannicide from regicide, is, of course, not Plutarch; but it sits well on a courtier of James I.

1303. **Petreius** : the ally of Pompey, who finally slew and was slain by Juba in a mutual compact of death.

1313. **wreake**, 'destruction' : cf. 984 above, and *Alex. Trag.* 3086.

Act 3, *Scene* 2. The source of this scene is Plutarch's *Brutus*. By including a scene for Brutus and Portia, Alexander deserts his models in classical drama : neither Muret nor Grévin (nor the *Cornélie* of Garnier) introduces Portia. Pescetti, however, introduces her and makes the motive of their relationship a distinct part of the drama; but there is no evidence that Alexander knew Pescetti's play.

1358. **engrossing**, 'monopolising,' 'taking sole possession of.' This is a common metaphorical sense in Elizabethan English.

1369. **prevented**, 'anticipated' : the usual sense, cf. 1491 below.

1374. **objected**, *i.e.* 'placed opposite it.' The verb *to object* was formerly used in its radical sense 'to put over against.'

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1395 ff. Plutarch, at the beginning of his *Brutus*, declares that he "framed his manners of life by the rules of virtue and study of philosophy."

1402 ff. These few lines of "Platonic" philosophy are perhaps suggested by Plutarch's remark that Brutus "loved Plato's sect best."

1405. Thessalia's bounds, *i.e.* where the battle of Pharsalia was fought.

1445 ff. Portia's speech is taken very closely from Plutarch. As will appear, its details suggest the manner by which the brief Plutarchan material may be amplified into as long a scene as Alexander makes it.

1492. Our famous Father. The allusion is, of course, to the suicide of Portia's father, Cato.

1513. Like Asia's Monarchs wife. We cannot identify the exact allusion.

1542. th'author of my race. Plutarch recalls briefly the deeds of Brutus' ancestor: "Junius Brutus that drave out the Tarquins"; and a little later (as Alexander in l. 1550) he alludes to his action in slaying two of his sons for conspiracy with the Tarquins.

1594. vilipend, 'consider of small account': cf. note to *Darius* 206.

Act 4, *Scene* 1. Grévin, alone of the classical dramatists, has a scene in which Decius Brutus, Marcus Brutus, and Cassius meet together in the course of the plotting; but again it would appear that Alexander's arrangement of the scene is independent of Grévin's. Alexander's immediate source is Plutarch's *Caesar* and *Brutus*; but the dramatist is already committed to a Decius Brutus (ii. 2), modelled, not on Plutarch's Decius, but on Garnier's, and so perforce he retains the earlier conception. But in smaller details of this scene his close adherence to Plutarch leads him into discrepancies: thus the Cicero spoken of here (ll. 1785-96) is pure Plutarch, but he is not the Cicero of the earlier scene (ii. 2), where Alexander was building on Garnier.

1762. Ligarius. The incident is taken straight from Plutarch's *Brutus*.

1928. The *Recreations with the Muses* (1637) misprints it betrai'd for if betrai'd.

1945. Laena. This incident, as well as the one concerning Casca's visitor, is also straight from Plutarch's *Brutus*.

1969. some few Thebans, etc., *i.e.* the seven Theban exiles, who in 379 B.C. returned to Thebes and slew the commander of the Spartan garrison, Leontiades.

1971. one Athenian, *i.e.* Thrasybulus, who with an army, at first only a hundred strong, overthrew the Thirty (404–403 B.C.).

1976. El. brangling, 'shaking,' 'staggering': a Scotticism, from the Fr. *branler*.

1981. Lepidus. The incident and the name are from Plutarch's *Caesar*.

Act 4, *Scene* 2. The only one of Alexander's predecessors who emphasises Caesar's *fear* as a dramatic motive is Grévin (see above, note to the beginning of the play). But Alexander appears merely to be developing Plutarch's hints: Plutarch definitely records that Caesar "did fear and suspect somewhat" when he heard of Calphurnia's dreams and of the other omens; and that his fear was so widely known that the conspirators suspected that Caesar might therefore not come to the Senate. And it is precisely in similar contexts that Alexander is led to portray the wavering, fear-haunted Caesar. Throughout the scene he incorporates material directly and closely from Plutarch's *Caesar*.

2019. discern'd, 'decreed.' Up to *c.* 1600 *discern* (Fr. *discerner*) was confused with *decern* (Fr. *décerner*).

2041. E. debatteild. The *N.E.D.* has no notice of this word.

2050. straited, 'hard-pressed.' Alexander is drawing on Plutarch's account of the battle of Munda, embodying even Caesar's phrase (ll. 2051-52) from it. Plutarch

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also records that Pompey's younger son escaped, but that the head of the elder was brought in a few days later. The *N.E.D.* has a very apposite illustration of the use of the word *straited* from Gorge's *Lucan*, x. Argt. (1614): "Caesar . . . being straighted by his foes," etc.

2059. E. **wrack**, 'ruin,' 'destruction.' See note to *To His Sacred Majestie*, 72 DE.

2081. **sanguinians**, 'red-faced men.' Plutarch makes Caesar say that he does not fear fat and smooth-combed men, but pale-visaged lean ones. The dramatist simply compounds the descriptions. The *N.E.D.* quotes this line as one of its five instances of the word; but it gives the applied sense, 'one of a sanguine temperament.'

2078. **Dolabella**, etc. Plutarch records these warnings, without, however, putting them into Calphurnia's mouth.

2101. **Cassius**. This incident (Cassius' surrender of his fleet in the Hellespont, after Pharsalia, to a much inferior force of Caesar's) is apparently not recorded by Plutarch. It is in Appian ii. 88, and Suetonius lxiii.

2121. E. **vindictive**. It is likely that the dramatist wrote *vindicative* in the E version (1607). The metre needs it, and, moreover, *vindicative* was the regular form up to *c.* 1620. Cf. note to *Alex. Trag.* 1967.

2125-37. This conversation is built upon hints given by Plutarch, who, however, makes no mention of Calphurnia in this connection. After stating that some of Caesar's friends counselled him to have a bodyguard, he gives Caesar's reply—"better to die once than always to be afraid of death," and immediately adds that Caesar also sought to "win himself the love and good-will of the people, as the honourablest guard and best safety he could have."

2147. **condignely**, 'most fittingly.' *Condign* was very common in Elizabethan English; but from the seventeenth century it has been used limitedly with reference to 'fitting' or 'appropriate' punishment.

2161. **by fits**, apparently 'by making the calendar fit (correspond with) astronomical observations.' See Plutarch's account. The *N.E.D.*, however, gives no allied sense at this early date.

2188. **denouncing**, 'announcing': cf. note to *Alex. Trag.* 3121.

2229-34. Caesar's danger at the battle of Munda is fully recorded by Plutarch, who, however, does not mention previous ill-omens.

2308-20. **Alexia**, etc. The reference is to the siege of this Gallic stronghold, where Caesar, besieging the Gauls within, suddenly found himself also surrounded by an outer ring of fresh Gallic troops. The dramatist's story is very close to Plutarch's.

2323. **thrise**. Caesar goes on to tell of the three occasions on which the sea had, as it were, tried to overcome him (ll. 2325 ff., 2333 ff., and 2345 ff.). All the incidents are from Plutarch.

2344. **Amiclas**. Amyclas was the captain of the bark which Caesar commandeered on the second of these three exploits. His name is preserved in Lucan (v. 520), whose description of the storm the dramatist has in mind.

2345. **flote**, 'flood': a common Elizabethan sense of the modern *float*.

2419. **portentuous**. See note to *Alex. Trag.* 1454.

2438. **Salamanders**. See note to *Croesus* 890.

2470. **EI. thrist**. For the metathesis of the *r*, common in Scots, cf. *Darius* 1689 ADE.

Act 5, *Scene* 1. The material of this scene is drawn from Plutarch's *Brutus* and *Caesar*. The incidents referred to are taken over as they stand. The presentation of

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the characters, however, is somewhat arbitrary: generally one can find a hint from Plutarch as its basis, but occasionally, notably with both Cassius and Antony, the character is deliberately idealised to obtain the dignity of the tragic ending. The employment of the Chorus as an interlocutor is noteworthy; it is, of course, an obvious expedient to voice the opinions of the Roman crowd as given in Plutarch.

2523 ff. The hint for this speech is Plutarch's remark that the people hesitated at first whether to condemn or to approve the murder, as indeed the Chorus informs us in the following lines (2543 ff.).

2542. **engag'd**, 'staked': the radical sense.

2555 ff. The dramatist's Antony is nobler than Plutarch's. The latter recognises the depth of Antony's friendship for Caesar, but he presents his actions immediately after the murder simply as those of an opportunist. His Antony makes no immediate protest against the murder; he is, in fact (as Plutarch twice tells us), one of the first to move that the Senate extend a general amnesty to the conspirators, thereby securing credit as one who would seek above all the peace of the city (a hint which the dramatist uses for Antony's speech, ll. 2587 ff.); and further, Antony's winning over of the crowd by the funeral speech is narrated by Plutarch as an opportunist's sudden inspiration on seeing a chance to gain chief power for himself.

2567 ff. The Cassius of this last act is one shorn of all the worser features of Plutarch's figure, and presented merely from one point of view, viz. the hot-headed lover of liberty—'choleric' in Plutarch's phrase.

2620. **Parthians wooden showre.** The Parthians were especially celebrated for their skill as bowmen: they had a peculiar trick of shooting from horseback over their backs whilst retreating (Plutarch, *Crassus*; Virgil, *Georg.* iii. 31, etc.).

2639. Cicero is a lay figure in Plutarch's accounts of the events immediately following the murder. But he is a most obvious person for the dramatist to employ for purposes of summary moralising to round off the story, especially as, under Garnier's influence, he has already joined the *dramatis personae*.

2651. **The worlds chiefe treasure**, *i.e.* the sun. The allusion is, of course, to the story of Phaeton.

2674. **wracke**, 'ruin': see note to *To His Sacred Majestie*, 72 DE.

2683. **his Sonne in law**, *i.e.* Pompey.

2686. **world of worlds.** Cf. Dedicatory Poem, *To His Sacred Majestie*, l. 38.

2699 ff. The argument here adduced by Antony is put into his mouth in Plutarch also.

2763. **E. misconster.** For the form see note to *Croesus* 179 I.

2785. **Mausolean**, *i.e.* as magnificent as the tomb erected for Mausolus, King of Caria, by his queen Artemisia, in the fourth century B.C.

Act 5, *Scene* 2. Muret has a final scene devoted to Calphurnia and the Chorus. For his much longer scene Alexander draws very extensively on Plutarch again. For instance, his very full details of the incidents of the murder are straight from Plutarch, with very minor additions (such as the last words of Caesar to Brutus (l. 2940), which are Suetonius, not Plutarch), or even more minor modifications (such as the suppression of the name of the conspirator who held Antony in discourse whilst the murder was done—suppressed, probably because Plutarch is in error on the point).

2833. **denounce**, 'announce': cf. 2188 above, *Alex. Trag.* 3121.

2858. **obdur'd**, 'obdurate,' 'become hardened.'

2993. **two**, *i.e.* (probably) Antony and Lepidus. Plutarch merely says that they fled and disguised themselves: perhaps the dramatist was thinking of the remark of

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Suetonius, that the fear of Antony and Lepidus prevented the conspirators throwing the body into the Tiber.

3099 ff. There is, of course, nothing of this speech in Plutarch.

3136. **eye-lesse guide**, *i.e.* blind Fortune.

3145. **gallant Grecian**, *i.e.* Themistocles, the victor at Salamis. He was noted for his ability to take advantage of adversity (l. 3147).

3148. **banish'd**, etc. When the Athenians exiled him, he found a home, first with Admetus, and then with the Persians.

3151. **He**: Caius Marius. **one who then was Fortunes childe** (*i.e.* who was then prosperous): Sextilius, Praetor and Governor of Africa. The construction of the sentence is a little involved: *He* is subject to *regain'd* in l. 3156. But the sense of the stanza is made quite clear by a passage from North's *Plutarch* (*Caius Marius*) [Marius had fled to Africa and was met by a sergeant sent by Sextilius to forbid him entry]: "Marius hearing this commandment, was so angry and sorry both, that he could not readily tell what answer to make him, and paused a good while, and said never a word, still eyeing the sergeant with a grim look: until he asked him what answer he would make to the Praetor's commandment. Marius then fetching a deep sigh from his heart, gave him this answer. Thou shalt tell Sextilius, that thou hast seen Caius Marius banished out of his country, sitting amongst the ruins of the city of Carthage. By this answer, he wisely laid the example of the ruin and destruction of that great city of Carthage, before Sextilius' eye, and the change of his fortune: to warn Sextilius that the like might fall upon him."

3158. **Theater**. Plutarch (*Pompey*) describes the magnificence of the theatre which Pompey erected in Rome.

3171-72. **One**, etc., *i.e.* Romulus.

3173. **Village**, *i.e.* Rome.

3176. **now**, *i.e.* in the chaos after Caesar's murder.

3177. **Which first**, etc. The allusion is to the successive government of Rome—(1) by a king; (2) by two consuls; (3) by decemvirs; then (4) by two consuls again; and (5) finally by a dictator (*i.e.* Caesar).

3179. **States** is here 'conditions': **of which three States**, *i.e.* of which three forms of government (by king or by two consuls or by decemvirs).

3180. **Two by Two's lusts**: two of the three forms of government (viz. the kingship and the rule of the decemvirs) fell by the lust of two men (the kingship by that of Tarquin, the rule of the decemvirs by that of Appius Claudius). **One by Two men's pride**: government by two consuls was ruined by the pride and consequent jealousy of Pompey and Caesar.

A remark may be added here on a mistaken allusion to Sir William Alexander's *Julius Caesar*. In the *Spectator* (No. 300) Steele concocts a letter, ending as follows: "[it] called to my mind the following four lines I had read long since in a Prologue to a Play called *Julius Caesar*, which has deserved a better fate. The verses are addressed to the little Criticks:

> 'Shew your small Talent, and let that suffice ye,
> But grow not vain upon it, I advise ye.
> For every Fop can find out Faults in Plays:
> You'll ne'er arrive at knowing when to praise.'"

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In many old editions of the *Spectator* there will be found a footnote to the effect that this passage refers to Sir William Alexander's *Julius Caesar*; and one biographer of Alexander (E. F. Slafter, *Sir William Alexander and American Colonisation*, 1873, p. 11) has accepted the statement without question. But an additional reason for correcting the mistake is that, as the lines occur in a Prologue, and as they are written in the Restoration vein, it might lead to the further error of assuming that our author's *Julius Caesar* was presented on the stage during the Restoration period. In point of fact, the play to which Steele alludes is the Duke of Buckingham's [Sheffield's] *Marcus Brutus*. This is one of the two plays which their author constructed out of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*; and the lines quoted by Steele will be found, with very minor modifications, in the prologue to *Brutus*. But since neither of his plays were printed until 1722, it is not clear how Steele knew them in 1712.

END OF VOL. I.

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